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MEXICO IN 1827.*

THE book now before us is the production of Mr. Ward, his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires to the Government of Mexico, whose mission commenced in the year 1825, and continued into that of 1828.

The information communicated by Mr. Ward is principally, though by no means exclusively, either of a political or commercial character, and doubtless of the most authentic as well as most recent description. The work is comprehended in six books; and, from a concise statement of the respective contents of these, the reader of the present pages will immediately collect the range of materials of the entire production. Thus, the First Book, subdivided into four *sections*, (they ought to have been denominated *chapters*,) informs us of the "Boundaries, Geological Structure, and Climate" of Mexico: its "Population;" its "Productions;" and the "Spanish Colonial System," under which it was anciently governed. In the Second Book, we have the history of the Revolution, from 1808 to 1824, the date of the final overthrow and death of Iturbide; in the Third, the description of the "Present Form of Government;" accounts of the state of Religious Establishments and feelings, and of the Army, Navy, and Trade; and reflections on the former and probable future importance of the last. The Fourth Book, comprising four sections, is devoted to the "Mines of Mexico;" and the Fifth and Sixth to the "Personal Narrative" of the author; that is, to a narrative of his excursions in the country. The Appendix supplies some political papers, and some local descriptions, from the pens of recent writers.

Upon the difficulty of writing the truth concerning the commercial prospects of Mexico, in such a manner as to meet the present state of public feeling in England upon that subject, Mr. Ward, in his preface, has thus expressed himself:

"It is difficult for a person who is desirous to lay before the Public an impartial view of the present state and capabilities of Mexico, to determine exactly at what point to commence his undertaking.

"Three years ago, nothing was questioned that could tend to enhance the opinion entertained of its resources. Now, the most cautious assertions are received with a smile, and facts, however well demonstrated, are hardly admitted to be such, if they militate against a preconceived opinion.

"This state of things is, perhaps, the natural consequence of the advantage that was taken of the first removal of those barriers, which so long separated the Old World from the New, by men, some of whom were themselves enthusiasts, while many had no better object than to turn the enthusiasm of others to account. Both, unfortunately, concurred in exciting the imagination of the ignorant by pictures of a state of things, that could have no foundation in nature or truth.

"Viewed through the medium of delusive hope, Spanish America presented nothing but prospects of unalloyed advantage. Great and instantaneous success was to attend every enterprise there, without the employment of those means, upon which the experience of the world has hitherto proved success to depend. Time, industry, perseverance, a knowledge of the scene upon which operations were to commence,—of the men by whom they were to be conducted,—of the language and peculiarities of the country in which they were to be carried on; all these were stated to be considerations of minor importance; capital alone was represented as wanting; and facts, important in themselves, were so warped and distorted, in order to favour this theory, that when its fallacy was demonstrated, the facts fell to the ground with the superstructure which had been raised upon them.

"Unexampled credulity amongst the disappointed, was succeeded by obstinate unbelief. Transatlantic States and adventures were involved in one indiscriminate condemnation; and, even at the present day, enterprises of the greatest public utility are stigmatized as bubbles, because, during a period of unbridled speculation, bubbles may have been recommended by a similarity of form to the notice of the public.

* Mexico in 1827. By H. G. Ward, Esq. his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country during the Years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. Two Vols. 8vo.

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"It is possible, that on a closer examination of the subject, we may find that the expectations of 1824, and the despondency of 1828, originate in the same cause,—namely, a want of proper data for the regulation of our opinions; and it is the hope of being able to supply these data, with regard to one very interesting portion of the former dominions of Spain, that has induced me to undertake my present task."

After these preliminary remarks, it will be the business of the ensuing pages to take a cursory view of "Mexico in 1827," under the exact series of heads presented by Mr. Ward.

I. The internal geography of Mexico is still but imperfectly known; but its boundaries, or relative position, is already defined with sufficient exactitude.

"The republic of Mexico, which comprises the whole of the vast territory formerly subject to the Vice-royalty of New Spain, is bounded to the East and South-east by the Gulph of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea; to the West by the Pacific; to the South by Guatemala, which occupies a part of the isthmus of Darien; and to the North by the United States."

It is added,

"It will be perceived, by this sketch of the Mexican territory, that, at the two most distant points of S.S.E. and N.N.W. (the southern extremity of Yucatan, and the boundary line, where it runs into the Pacific,) it extends over twenty-seven degrees of latitude, or 1876½ English statute miles. Its greatest breadth is in the parallel of 30 N. lat. where, from the Red River (Rio Colorado) of Texas, to the coast of Sonora, Humboldt gives the distance at 364 leagues, of twenty-five to the degree."

Placed between the north parallels of 15° and 42°, (a space occupying nearly two thousand miles in a north and south direction,) and infinitely diversified as to the elevation of its surface, the agricultural capabilities alone, of this vast country, are almost incalculable. It is, however, in tropical, or, as it is commonly called among ourselves, in colonial produce, alone, that its fecundity can appear. In the production of wheat, its powers must be more limited; so much so as scarcely to promise that it can ever appear in even the adjacent West India market. Mr. Ward assigns his reasons for not supposing "that the exportations of Mexico in corn will ever be very considerable"

The prospects of Mexico as a "manufacturing country," and as a "maritime country," come next under consideration.

Of the Population, Mr. Ward, after estimating it at eight millions, observes,

"Before the revolution this population was divided into seven distinct castes.

1. The old Spaniards, designated as Gachupines, in the history of the civil wars.
2. The Creoles, or Whites of pure European race, born in America, and regarded by the old Spaniards as natives.
3. The Indians, or indigenous copper-coloured race.
4. The Mestizos, or mixed breed of Whites and Indians, gradually merging into Creoles, as the cross with the Indian race became more remote.
5. The Mulattoes, or descendants of Whites and Negroes.
6. The Zambos, or Chinos, descendants of Negroes and Indians.
- And, 7. The African Negroes, either manumitted or slaves.

"Of these Castes, the three first, and the last, were pure, and gave rise, in their various combinations, to the others; which again were subdivided, *ad infinitum*, by names expressing the relation borne by each generation of its descendants to the White, (Quarteroons, Quinteroons, &c.) to which, as the ruling colour, any approximation was desirable."

"The Mestizos (descendants of Natives and Indians) are found in every part of the country; indeed, from the very small number of Spanish women who at first visited the New World, the great mass of the population has some mixture of Indian blood. Few of the middling classes (the lawyers, the Curas, or parochial clergy, the artisans, the smaller landed proprietors, and the soldiers,) could prove themselves exempt from it; and now that a connexion with the Aborigines has ceased to be disadvantageous, few attempt to deny it."

"Next to the pure Indians, whose number, in 1803, was supposed to exceed two millions and a half, the Mestizos are the most numerous caste: it is, however, impossible to ascertain the exact proportion which they bear to the whole population, many of them being, as I have already stated, included amongst the pure Whites, who were estimated, before the Revolution, at 1,200,000, including from 70 to 80,000 Europeans, established in different parts of the country.

"Of the Mulattoes, Zambos, and other mixed breeds, nothing certain is known.

"It will be seen by this sketch, that the population of New Spain is composed of very heterogeneous elements: indeed, the numberless shades of difference which exist amongst its inhabitants, are not yet by any means correctly ascertained.

"The Indians, for instance, who appear at first sight to form one great mass, comprising near two-fifths of the whole population, are divided, and subdivided, amongst themselves, in the most extraordinary manner."

"I cannot conclude this sketch of the population of Mexico, without remarking upon one great advantage which New Spain enjoys over her neighbours, both to the North and South, in the almost total absence of a pure African population. The importation of slaves into Mexico was always inconsiderable, and their numbers, in 1793, did not exceed six thousand. Of these many have died, many have been manumitted, and the rest quitted their masters in 1810, and sought freedom in the ranks of the Independent army; so that I am, I believe, justified in stating, that there is now hardly a single slave in the central portion of the republic.

"In Texas, (on the Northern frontier,) a few have been introduced by the North American settlers; but all farther importations are prohibited by law; and provision has been made for securing the freedom of the offspring of the slaves now in existence. The number of these must be exceedingly small, (perhaps not exceeding fifty altogether;) for, in the annual solemnity, which takes place in the capital on the 16th September, in commemoration of the proclamation of the Independence by Hidalgo, at Dolores, a part of which was to consist in giving freedom to a certain number of slaves, which is done by the President himself, the greatest difficulty was found, in 1826, to discover persons, on whom to bestow the boon of liberty, and I much doubt whether any can have been forthcoming in the present year.

"The advantages of such a position can only be appreciated by those who know the inconveniences, and dangers, with which a contrary order of things is attended. In the United States, where the Slaves, Mulattoes, and Free Blacks, constitute more than one-sixth of the whole population,* they are a constant source of disquiet and alarm."

II. The fourth section of the preceding book, in which we are furnished with a view of the "Spanish Colonial System," forms a proper prelude to the subject of the Second Book, or history of the Revolution through its progress between the years 1808 and 1824; because, in the grievances subsisting under that system, as, in a great degree, we are to discover the causes of the Revolution, so, also, we are to discover the grounds of belief, that a return of the country to the dominion of Spain is a very improbable event. Mr. Ward has also justly thought, that in tracing the history and causes of the Revolution, and in exhibiting the feelings of the parties engaged, he has afforded to his readers the best means of judging of the present stability of Mexican independence;—a topic of considerable moment, as well under commercial as under political views. To this historical and most interesting portion of the volumes we are prevented, by our limits, from doing more than making reference.

III. We pass to Mr. Ward's description of the "present political condition of the United States of Mexico;" and we preface this part of our analysis by a quotation from among the first pages of the book, in which the new subdivisions of the country are supplied:

"The former division of New Spain into what was denominated the 'Kingdom of Mexico,' and the Eastern and Western Internal provinces, was never very distinct, and is now of little importance; as the Republic is distributed, under the

* "By the census of 1810, the total population amounted to 7,239,903 inhabitants, of whom 1,377,810 were black, either free or slaves; by that of 1820, the total population was 9,638,226, of whom 1,538,118 were slaves, and 233,557 free people of colour."

present system, into States, of which the Federal government is composed. These states are nineteen in number, and commence to the South, with the Peninsula of Yucatan or Merida to the East; and Tabasco, Las Chiapas, and Oaxaca to the South and West; which are followed in regular succession towards the North by Veracruz, Tamaulipas, San Luis Potosi, New Leon, Cohahuila, and Texas, which comprise the whole territory to the frontiers of the United States, on the Gulph side: La Puebla, Mexico, Valladolid, Guadalajara, Sonora, and Cinaloa, the Western extremities of which border on the Pacific; and Queretaro, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua, and New Mexico, which occupy the centre of the country, and extend, between the two oceans, towards the Northern frontier. Beyond these again, are old and New California, (which in some maps is called New Albion,) and the Indian territory, the extent and inhabitants of which are almost equally unknown. The two Californias and New Mexico are not yet admitted to the rank of independent States, their population not entitling them to be represented in the Congress. Each of the others returns a quota of deputies, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants."

In general terms, the constitution of government of the "United States of Mexico," as even the preceding extract will have led the reader to anticipate, is formed upon the exact model of that of the "United States of North America;" but the strenuousness with which the exclusive toleration of the Roman Catholic religion is asserted in the former makes an important difference. The state of the Mexican church is therefore at this moment a subject of internal difficulty. Upon the breaking out of the Revolution, the Creole, or inferior clergy, were found to be its most active promoters, and even, in several distinguished instances, its military leaders.

"Hidalgo, Morelos, Matamoros, and numberless others, who perished during the war, were all *Curas*, or Parish priests; and the facility with which they induced the lower classes to follow their standards, at a time when, out of twenty of their adherents, nineteen knew nothing of the rights of the cause in which they were engaged, is no mean proof of the advantages which the Crown might have derived from their support, had it been secured by a timely participation in the honours of their profession."

The point at present to be accomplished is, that the Court of Rome should consent to co-operate with the Mexican Government in the manner of its ancient co-operation with the Court of Madrid; but here arises the difficulty. Shall the Court of Rome acknowledge, as an independent state, the country which the Most Catholic King still denominates a dependence upon his crown? The present sentiments of the Court of Rome, in the mean time, upon the general question of the relation between the Church and all Civil governments, have been unequivocally declared to be hostile to temporal sovereignty. See page 328, vol. i.

Mr. Ward, indeed, anticipates that the Mexican Government will not wait much longer upon the pleasure of the papal chair!—But we can afford no farther space for this part of the subject.

The subjects of Revenue and Trade are treated in detail by our author; and, with respect to both, he looks to the future with an entire confidence. Connected with these interests, too, is the question of the permanent independence of the crown of Spain; and this is considered by Mr. Ward as certain.

IV. The four sections on the "Mines of Mexico" will command the most critical attention from that numerous class of English readers, the safety of whose own fortunes and prospects, or the cheerfulness of whose hopes, have become connected with the success of the extensive operations of which, with the aid of English capital, they are now the scene; and here, too, Mr. Ward's anticipations of the future are eminently favourable.

The mineralogy of Mexico is indeed an important part of its history. To it belongs, in addition to that of its agriculture, the consideration of one of its main sources of national wealth; and to it also belongs a leading feature of the geography of the country. To the south of Mexico belongs its agriculture, and to the north its mines; and, in like manner, the agriculture is

proper to the lowlands, and to the parts adjacent either to the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans; and the mines are seated upon the lofty table-land which is embraced by the Cordilleras of the Andes. A specimen of the favourable views entertained by Mr. Ward of the prospect of the English Mining Companies, occurs in the following.

“There is, perhaps, no British Company to which so little justice has been done by the Mexicans as that of Real del Monte; a circumstance which is to be attributed entirely to a misconception of the system pursued there. Many people imagined that Captain Vetch, the Director, having it in his power to make the Mines pay at once, had not done so, in order to allow time for the completion of surface-works, which, though highly advantageous at a more advanced stage of the negotiation, were not essential in the first instance. Indeed, I had myself heard this statement so often repeated, that I could not but conceive that there must be some foundation for what so many agreed in affirming. Upon this point my visit to Real del Monte completely undeceived me, by enabling me to convince myself that the delay which had occurred was owing entirely to the immense scale upon which the undertaking was carried on, and to the impossibility of effecting the drainage of any of the principal mines before the arrival of the steam-engines, the departure of which from England had been unfortunately retarded.”

It is nevertheless admitted, that

“There is hardly a single Company amongst those now formed, that has not expended considerable sums upon mines, which, had they been better acquainted with the country, they would never have attempted to work. This is not to be attributed entirely to the Directors in Mexico. In 1825, the rage for taking up mining contracts was such, that many adventurers, who presented themselves in London for that purpose, disposed of mines (the value of which was, to say the least, very questionable) to the Boards of Management in England, without the agents of the Company upon the spot having been either consulted, or even apprised of the purchase, until it was concluded. Others were contracted for in Mexico without proper inquiry or precaution; and large sums were often paid down for mere pits, which, upon investigation, it was found impossible to work. In some cases, operations were actually commenced, and all the preliminary parts of a mining establishment formed, without sufficient data to afford a probability of repayment. In many of the districts immediately about the Capital (as Zimapan, El Doctor, Capula, Chico, Temascaltepec, &c.) this has been the case; and although these desultory experiments have been subsequently abandoned, still they have been a drain upon the Companies, which is the more to be regretted, because it never could have been productive of any great result.*

“In general, the selection of mines amongst the first adventurers was determined by a reference to Humboldt. Any mine not mentioned in his ‘*Essai Politique*’ was rejected as unworthy of attention, while those which were favourably spoken of were eagerly sought for.

“In this respect, the work in question has exercised an influence highly prejudicial to British interests, not from any fault of the author’s, but from the conclusions imprudently drawn from the facts which he has recorded.

“Humboldt never asserted, or meant to assert, that a mine, because it was highly productive in 1802, must be equally so in 1824. A general impression of the mining capabilities of Mexico was all that he wished to convey: and how could he illustrate their importance better than by presenting statements of what had been done, as the best criterion of what might still be effected in a country, the mineral treasures of which he regarded as almost unexplored?

* “I do not wish to enumerate the individual instances of these failures that have come to my knowledge, but there is one very generally known, that of Mr. Bullock’s mine at Temascaltepec, which was purchased of him by the Houses of Baring and Lubbock, and upon which I should think that 20,000*l.* must have been expended before their agent (Mr. Bullock) could convince himself of the injudiciousness of his choice. What induced him, in the first instance, to fix upon this particular spot, I am unable to state, for I have never discovered any record, or even tradition, respecting the former produce of the mine. Certain it is, however, that it does not now contain the slightest vestige of a vein, nor has one ounce of ore (rich or poor) been raised from it.”

"Unfortunately, the consequence of these statements was to direct the attention of the world exclusively to spots which, from the enormous quantity of mineral wealth that they have already yielded, may fairly be supposed to have seen their best days.

"I do not mean to say that the great mines taken up by our Companies are exhausted; on the contrary, I believe that they will still amply repay the adventurers for the stake invested in them; but I have, certainly, little doubt that, in many instances, the same capital might have been laid out elsewhere with a much more immediate prospect of advantage."

The Mines are so important a part of the national resources of the country, that, according to Mr. Ward, all its riches, public and private, depend upon them; and these are the sole springs of its agriculture and trade. To these, all the wealthy families are indebted for their fortunes; and from those fortunes have proceeded all public improvements.

"Melancholy, indeed, would be the fate of Mexico, if the source from which all her riches have hitherto been derived, were, as some suppose, exhausted and dried up! She could not only find no substitute for her mines in her Foreign Trade, of which they furnish the great staple, Silver, but her resources at home would decrease in exactly the same proportion as her means of supplying her wants from abroad. Her Agriculture would be confined to such a supply of the necessities of life as each individual would have it in his power to raise;—districts, formerly amongst the richest in the known world, would be thrown for ever out of cultivation;—the great mining towns would become what they were during the worst years of the Revolution—the picture of desolation; and the country would be so far thrown back in the career of civilization, that the great majority of its inhabitants would be compelled to revert to a Nomadic life, and to seek a precarious subsistence amidst their flocks and herds, like the Gaucho of the Pampas, of whose Indian habits Captain Head has given us so spirited and so faithful a picture. I desire no better proof of this than the contrast which exists, at the present day, in every part of New Spain between the degraded situation of the husbandman, or small landed proprietor, in any district without an outlet, and that of a proprietor (however small) in the vicinity of the mines. The one is without wants, and almost without an idea of civilized life; clothed in a leather dress, or in the coarsest kind of woollen manufactures;—living in primitive simplicity perhaps, but in primitive ignorance, and brutality too;—sunk in sloth, and incapable of exertion, unless stimulated by some momentary excitement; while the other acquires wants daily with the means of gratifying them, and grows industrious in proportion as the advantages which he derives from the fruits of his labour increase; his mind opens to the advantages of European arts; he seeks for his offspring, at least, that education which had been denied to himself, and becomes, gradually, with a taste for the delights of civilization, a more important member himself of the civilized world! Who can see this, as I have seen it, without feeling, as I have felt, the importance, not only to Mexico, but to Europe, of a branch of industry capable of producing such beneficial effects? And *alone* capable of producing them; for Mexico, without her mines, (I cannot too often repeat it,) notwithstanding the fertility of her soil, and the vast amount of her former agricultural produce, can never rise to importance in the scale of nations. The markets of the Table-land must be *home*-markets, and these the mines alone can supply. On the Coasts, indeed, the productions of the Tropics, which we term Colonial Produce, might serve as an object of barter; but these, supposing their cultivation to be carried to the greatest possible extent, could never cover the demand upon European industry, which the wants of a population of eight millions will, under more favourable circumstances, occasion, as their value must decrease in proportion to the superabundance of the supply, until they reach the point at which their price, when raised, would cease to repay the cost of raising them. Thus the trade of Mexico would be confined to her Vanilla and Cochineal (of which she has a natural monopoly); while the number of those who consume European manufactures in the Interior, (which does not yet include one-half of the population,) would be reduced probably to one-tenth. Fortunately, there is no reason whatever to apprehend the approach of that scarcity of mineral productions with which many seem to think that New Spain is menaced. Hitherto, at least, every step that has been taken in exploring the country has led to fresh indications of wealth, which, in the North, appears to be really inexhaustible. To the European manufacturer, it is a matter of indifference whether the silver, which is transmitted to him in return for the

produce of his labour, proceeds from Guanajuato, or Durango, from the centre of the Table-land, or the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre. The capability of the country to produce it in sufficient quantities to ensure a constant market, and an equally constant return, is the only point which it can be of importance for him to ascertain; and of this, from the moment that a sufficient capital is invested in mining operations, I have no scruple in stating that there can be no doubt."

It is to be regretted, upon the other hand, that events have occurred to moderate, toward the conclusion of the work, the tone of confidence in which, thus far, Mr. Ward had spoken of the Mexican future. In the Fourth Book, he had said—

"As the mines improve, these remittances will increase: we have, at present, but little more than the proceeds of that capital, by which the regeneration of the mines is to be effected, in conjunction with a produce, not exceeding one-third of the average standard before the Revolution. When the mines begin to pay, the case will be very different; for, in addition to the *half*, which I suppose to be absorbed by the expenses, one moiety of the remaining half will go to the Mexican proprietor, and consequently remain in the country, until it is exchanged there for the produce of European industry.

"Upon the amount of that produce consumed, the most important branch of the Revenue depends; and it is to the increase or diminution of the Revenue again, that the creditors of Mexico must look for regularity in the payment of the interest due upon the loans contracted in this country."

It was evident, even here, that Mr. Ward felt the force of certain secret misgivings; but, in subsequent pages, he "speaks" very fully, and very strongly. The evil, and the danger, in short, consists in the violence of domestic parties, the Escoceses and the Yorkinos, of the respective principles of whose politics, and the origin of whose names, Mr. Ward gives us a very distinct account.

V. The "Personal Narrative" of our author forms, as may be expected, the "light reading" of his book, and abounds in passages of pleasing and useful interest. In the narrative of the author's first visit to Mexico, in 1825, we meet, in juxta-position, the contrasted descriptions of human poverty and natural riches.

"We found at Santa Fe the first specimen of the sort of accommodations that we were to expect on our journey through the *Tierra Caliente* of Mexico. The village was composed of five or six Indian huts, rather more spacious than some which we afterwards met with, but built of bamboos, and thatched with palm-leaves, with a portico of similar materials before the door. The canes of which the sides are composed, are placed at so respectable a distance from each other as to admit both light and air: this renders windows unnecessary. A door there is, which leads at once into the principal apartment, in which father and mother, brothers and sisters, pigs and poultry, all lodge together in amicable confusion. In some instances, a subdivision is attempted, by suspending a mat or two in such a manner as to partition off a corner of the room; but this is usually thought superfluous. The kitchen occupies a separate hut. The beds are sometimes raised on a little framework of cane, but much oftener consist of a square mat placed upon the ground; while a few gourds for containing water, some large glasses for orangeade, a stone for grinding maize, and a little coarse earthenware, compose the whole stock of domestic utensils. We found, however, provisions in abundance; fowls, rice, tortillas, (thin maize cakes,) and pine-apples, with a copious supply of orangeade, furnished an excellent supper, after which we commenced our preparations for the night. We had all taken the precaution of providing ourselves with brass camp-beds, which, in America, are one of the necessities of life: they pack into so small a compass that two of them make a light load for a mule; while, when put together, which requires but little time or trouble, they ensure to the traveller the means of resting after the fatigues of the day with every possible convenience and comfort. Above all, the mosquito-net should not be forgotten; for without it there are few parts of the New World in which those troublesome insects do not make such an example of a *nouveau débarqué*, as not only to deprive him of rest, but to throw him into a fever for some days. We put up our beds in the open air, under the shed which projected from the front of the inn, while Dr. Mair and Mr. Thompson, whose baggage was not come up, slung two cots, which they had brought from on board, to the rafters above us.

Our horses were picketed close round the shed, with an ample provision of Zacate, (dried maize stalks;) the servants slept on the outside, wrapped up in cloaks, with our saddles for pillows; and beyond them again the men and horses of the escort were stationed, with a large watch-fire, and two or three sentinels, to prevent robberies during the night. Upon the whole, I have seldom witnessed a more curious scene, and we could none of us help remarking, as we contemplated it, that if this were a fair specimen of the introduction to American Diplomacy, there would be few candidates for the Missions to the New States amongst his Majesty's older diplomatic servants in Europe."

To the foregoing is presently subjoined,

"Nothing can be more monotonous than the general character of the country from Veracruz to the Puente; the sand-hills do not indeed extend above three miles into the interior, but for some leagues there seems to be a struggle between vegetation and sterility. Patches of a rich and luxuriant green are intersected by long intervals of rocks and sand, nor is it until you reach Paso de Ovejas, that any thing like regular cultivation is discovered. There we passed the ruins of a large Sugar Hacienda, which had been abandoned during the Revolution, and saw evident traces of a rich and productive soil. But on leaving the river to which this fertility is due, we again found ourselves in a sandy desert, where little but the Mimosa was to be seen, except in spots where some apparently insignificant stream called into existence, at once, the luxuriant vegetation of the Tropics. In these we were quite bewildered by the variety of plants, all new to the European eye, and generally thrown together in such fanciful confusion, that the most experienced botanist would have had some difficulty in classing them; for, as each tree supports two or three creepers, the fruits and flowers of which bear no sort of proportion in point of size to the slender branches of the mother plant, it is not easy to distinguish them, at first sight, from the produce of the tree to which they cling. The air is quite perfumed at times with this profusion of flowers, many of which are most delicately coloured, (particularly the varieties of the *Convolvulus* kind;) while the plumage of the birds, of which, in some places, the woods are full, is hardly less brilliant than the flowers themselves. Flocks of Parrots and Macaws are seen in every direction, with Cardinals, Censontlis, or mocking-birds, and a thousand others, the names of which, in any language, I cannot pretend to give; Deer, too, occasionally bounded across the road; but of the Jaguars, (Mexican Tiger,) and other wild animals, we saw none, although their skins are to be met with in great abundance. Throughout the *Tierra Caliente*, not one hundredth part of the soil has been brought into cultivation; yet in the Indian cottages, many of which I entered, I always found a plentiful supply of Indian Corn, Rice, Bananas, Oranges, and Pine-apples, which, though certainly not equal to those of the Havana in flavour, seemed to us, when heated with travelling, a most delicious fruit. Of the Banana I am not an admirer; its taste reminded me of sweet pomatum, and I gave it up after a very short trial. All these fruits are produced, with little or no labour, on a spot of ground in the vicinity of the cottage, which, though apparently too small to support a single individual, is usually sufficient, with the addition of a few Frijoles, (beans,) and a little Chile from the Interior, to provide for the subsistence of the whole family. For this, indeed, not much is required. They seldom partake of animal food: their fowls supply them abundantly with eggs, and enable them, when sent to the market of the nearest town, to purchase a little clothing: this, however, the beauty of the climate, and a sufficiently primitive notion of what decency requires, enable them, in a great measure, to dispense with. If a horse be added to the establishment, which is indispensable where there is any mixture of white blood, the forest furnishes abundant pasturage, and it causes no additional expense. A saddle, and a Machete, a long cut and thrust sword, which is almost always worn, are indeed costly articles; but these are transmitted, as heir-looms in the family, from one generation to another; and the young man who obtains possession of such treasures, during his father's life-time, by any exertions of his own, may be said to have established his independence at once."

The reader will here be beforehand with us in our concluding remark, that the whole of these volumes display, in the most advantageous point of view, the talents, the industry, and the temper of their author.

The volumes are adorned and illustrated by numerous lithographic prints, executed from the drawings of Mrs. Ward. They do credit to the lady's

pencil ; and, where the subjects are architectural, they bear testimony that the Moorish taste, so strongly cherished in Spain, has been transplanted, in the most decisive manner, into the Spanish colony of Mexico. It is a curious addition to Arabian history, that the arts of the Arabs, after being spread by themselves to the western limits of Europe, should have been carried by their Spanish subjects and scholars into America. The countries of the Pacific Ocean, which interposes itself between America and India, are thus, if even there, the only interval, in the circuit of the globe, in which the works and the influence of Arabian genius are not to be discovered !

A SWISS TOUR.—NO. V.

LEAVING Meyringen after noon, we proceeded through the valley to the small village of Brienz, on the shore of the lake. It is in a charming situation, and provided with a very good inn. Soon afterward we hired a boat to cross the lake, in order to view the falls of the Giesbach. After rowing about a league, we landed, and walked up a winding path to a chalet that stands just below the falls. It is inhabited by a family, consisting of husband, wife, and five or six children ; and each individual is blessed in a certain way with a musical taste, and voice to give vent to it. This family circle is represented to the life in a coloured plate, sold amidst a host of other choice Swiss subjects : the old man seated at a piano, and each member, with mouth wide open, joining in the song. The piano is actually in the chalet, and any stranger may command a melodious display, just beside the cataract. The waterfalls of the Giesbach have a character as well as beauty altogether peculiar ; six of them are seen at one glance, descending in succession from the lofty and wooded heights of the mountain above. They have the appearance at first of artificial cascades in a superb garden, so elegant and tasteful is their appearance ; but their grandeur, and the great body of water, quickly convince us that the hand of Nature alone is there. The middle and highest fall is seen from a small gallery carried directly behind it, and the cataract rushes close beside, and almost on, the spectator ; but this contrivance diminishes instead of augmenting the effect, since it is perceived thereby that the torrent, which looked so resistless in front, is composed of a slender volume of water, through which the light pierces. The falls above, on the higher declivity, are very fine ; and inferior in grandeur as the Giesbach undoubtedly is, altogether, to the more impetuous Reichenbach, imagination cannot conceive so lovely a situation as it enjoys ; shrouded amidst the richest wood, the beautiful lake into which it plunges spreads directly underneath.

Quitting this attractive spot, we returned to the village of Brienz, and to our tranquil apartment that looked far over the shores. During supper, a company of female singers, said to be the best in the country, came into the adjoining apartment, and commenced a kind of shrieking lament,—not in the plaintive voice of sorrow, for it rang shrilly and wildly through the whole house. They were six in number, and each took her part in the air with infinite rapidity and in excellent time. We adjourned to the garden in front of the hotel, and it being a fine moonlight night, the singing sounded much softer than from within. They gave a variety of songs, during more than an hour, and would have continued till midnight, if permitted. The lake had a lovely appear-

ance in the clear light, and the rush of the distant cataract on the other shore was distinctly heard. Next morning we took boat in order to cross the lake: the Belle Bateliere has given up her trade of rowing since her marriage, and with less captivating rowers we went on our course. The shore opposite the village is particularly bold and well wooded all the way down toward Interlaken: about half way, the snowy mountains are seen in the distance; a small isle, too, adds to the scene; yet, however attractive in many parts, this lake must yield in charm and variety to that of Thoun, from which it is separated by so small a territory.

Passing down the river Aar to a small wooden bridge, we landed and went to Interlaken: this village is greatly resorted to by travellers of all nations, as much for a residence of a few months or weeks, as for a transient survey. Here are two well-organised boarding-houses for their reception. The situation of the place is central, and excellently adapted for excursions to some of the finest spots. A residence here is also excessively cheap; indeed, the charge per day at the houses of reception is often so low as three francs, or half a crown, including board and lodging! The table d'hôte frequently displays a motley assemblage of guests; and as the neighbourhood is really beautiful—the Aar pouring its blue stream through luxuriant banks, and a high wooded eminence or knoll, with a kind of frail building on its summit that looks out on extensive prospects, the spot is absolutely like a fashionable watering-place—has tea-parties, fishing excursions, pic-nics; is perfectly romantic, and cannot fail to fascinate travellers upon their first journey from their own loved isle, and by whom the wonders of the land are yet unexplored. Great and rich is the variety of characters assembled; most of them animated with an eager appetite for Nature, a devouring passion for glaciers, avalanches, and inaccessible mountains. What is Clifton, with its poor hot-wells, and its mean, miserable river filthily creeping along? or even Matlock, with its pigmy mountains and shallow glens? Here the mighty Jungfrau is directly opposite the windows of the dining and bed-rooms: the Staubbach might be heard to roar, if it could possibly be detached from the rock to which it clings so closely; and lakes, gloomy valleys, and horrid precipices, may not be counted, for number! Dazzled by the variety and splendour of these objects, or rather lulled by the good accommodations and comforts of the boarding-house of Interlaken, how many a determined tourist, or family party, who left “the city,” or, maybe, the politer end of town, with energy and glorious hope, have lingered here ingloriously on the banks of the Aar, and returned, satisfied that the land had its good things, leaving its perils all untried.

Not thus, however, thought or acted a desperate traveller with whom two friends that were for a short time our companions, fell in contact on the heights of the Simplon. A Yorkshire gentleman, alone (at least accompanied only by his guide), and on foot, was overtaken by them, who were also pedestrians, about mid-day. He had a pair of top-boots, a great-coat with four capes, a staff of tolerable thickness, and a broad-brimmed hat. The day was excessively hot, it being in the month of July; yet so rapid was his pace, that they had some difficulty at first to keep up with him. Overjoyed, however, at meeting with two fellow-countrymen, he after a while slackened his progress,

A TOUR IN MEXICO IN 1827.

HAVING made rather an extensive tour in the States of Mexico in the year 1827, and feeling reluctant to "bestow all my tediousness" on the reader, I have fixed my introduction to him at a place concerning which much interest has been lately excited,—the town of Real del Monte. The hospitality which I experienced among my friends engaged in the English Mining Company established there, as well as the objects of curiosity it afforded, induced me to prolong my stay a little at that spot. It is distant rather more than twenty leagues from the city of Mexico, and in the direct road thence to the sea-port of Tampico, whither I was proceeding. The town is situated on the side of a hill, yet on one of the most level spots in its vicinity; the surface of the country being, with hardly any exception, rugged and uneven for several miles around. The view, as far as the eye can reach, consists entirely of a range of mountainous summits, whence the district derives its name of Real del Monte. Most of these are well clothed with verdure; a peak here and there, however, exalting itself in naked majesty above its neighbours. The character of the whole is grand and beautiful. The size of the town would be very imperfectly estimated at first by a stranger. When I entered it (June 1st), the number of houses in absolute ruin nearly equalled that of the inhabited ones. The fury of the late Revolution, which freed Mexico from the Spanish yoke, was peculiarly felt around the mines, occasioning their total abandonment. The dwellings, chiefly built of unburnt bricks, and roofed with "tejamanil," slight shingles of fir-wood, if spared from the devastations of man, soon fell a prey to the ravages of the periodical rains. Three churches, besides several small chapels, remained unimpaired by hostile hand. The same forbearance with regard to places of worship, when all beside was spoiled, had prevailed here as well as throughout Mexico. In front of the principal church is a large plaza, or square; and, besides the few regular streets, a great number of huts are scattered around, so buried amid an ever-verdant variety of shrubs as not to be visible till you find yourself suddenly close to them. The numberless small winding paths which lead to these are in like manner so concealed that, till actually treading them, one has not the least suspicion of their existence. The whole population at this time, much increased since the renewal of the working of the mines by the English, was probably above three thousand souls. The English were numerous also, amounting to near two hundred, including agents, miners, and artizans of all kinds. Almost all the stone-built houses were occupied by them; and though purchased in a very dilapidated state, no cost or labour had been spared to render them fit for their accommodation.

The principal objects of interest in Real del Monte are its celebrated mines; and I did not omit, during my stay, to make inquiries concerning their state and prospects. I shall state a few such facts as came under my observation relative to them, wishing to place the truth in its strongest light, and leave arguments on the subject to others. I was informed that the dismissal of a mining captain had arisen from his having stated to Mr. Morier, the British Ambassador, with true Cornish bluntness, that he considered the whole adventure as "a miserable job." Notwithstanding, however, such an example, I found no great difficulty in obtaining the information I wished. The long discussions to which these speculations have given birth may, on a closer view, give way to a very plain tale. If the radical principle on which all the South American mining speculations were founded is shown to be false and absurd, it will spare the trouble of seeking, in the faults of their management, reasons for the disappointment with which they have been attended. The motives which induced Europeans to undertake the working of deep and extensive mines, in a state of utter ruin, long abandoned, and left as hopeless by the Mexicans, must have been founded on a confidence of their superiority to these latter in the art and means of working them. Four essential points of consideration are—capital, industry, eco-

nomy, and skill. As to capital, though the superiority of the English cannot be denied, yet it is also true that there exist even in Mexico, monied men well able and willing to advance large sums on a mining speculation which should seem to hold out a fair inducement. In proof of this, a Spanish family at Pachuca, only one league distant from Real del Monte, is at this time deriving great riches from mines not quite so deep indeed, but more profitable. Secondly, with regard to the alleged superior industry of the English, I will only repeat the expressions of the then managing agent, who told me that the labours of the very best of the English workmen amounted but to what in Cornwall are termed "stems," or work done "out of course." Nothing can be more evident than that these men had no longer the same stimulus to exertion which they possessed in their own country. The profits of a Cornish miner at home are proportioned to the quantity of work performed, or ore raised by him. In a foreign country, engaged at a fixed salary for a term of years, his only care is to save appearances, and spend the allotted period with as much ease to himself as may be. Add to this, that the possession of four or five times his former wages gives him temptation to dissipation, and to a consequent idleness, extremely difficult to resist. Thirdly, economy is a point which the English adventurers had it in their power to preserve, yet in this they seem most to have failed. It would be far too long, and beyond my power, to enter into particulars; but the stranger, on entering Real del Monte, cannot but be struck at the great abundance of surface-works—huge storehouses and other buildings, extensive walled and floored yards for the reception of ore, and expensive roads for the carriage of it. And if he is struck at the magnificent scale of these works, will he not be still more astonished, on inquiring whether the works below ground keep pace with those above, to be informed that little of the ore for which such preparations have been made is yet discovered? that, so far from the mines being cleared of their rubbish and drained of their water, to judge from the contradictory accounts respecting that hoped-for consummation, it seems very doubtful whether it will ever take place at all? I should omit the most heavy article of unnecessary expenditure, did I not mention the continual purchase of new mines, which were all set at work together, ere a single one had been proved. At one time, any kind of hole christened by the natives with the name of a mine, must have had bad luck indeed not to find a price. The last but not the least important point which I have named, of supposed superiority in the English, is, that of greater skill in the working of these mines than is possessed by the natives themselves. Herein I will again quote the inornate but very intelligible language of the Cornish miners, who confessed to me "that any old woman, born and bred on the mines, knew more about silver ore than they did." Yet, however curious the presumption of the new adventurers may appear in this particular, it is under this head that we must class the only real advantage possessed by them,—the introduction of the steam-engine. Natives, as well as English, whom I questioned on the subject, having, in truth, at that time some trifling interest in the adventure, all concurred in referring to the "maquinas" for its ultimate success. This solitary improvement, then, on the part of the English, is to be set against the numerous disadvantages laboured under by them, of which I now come to speak, and which are by no means of a light order. The first of these which I shall mention is one of more consequence than it may at first appear. This is their constant liability to deceit and robbery from the natives in their employ. These are, perhaps, hardly to be exceeded any where for a low kind of cunning. Their various arts of secreting the more valuable part of the ore are almost inconceivable. To reduce it to powder and plaster the hair with it is a common trick; but when they proceed on a larger scale, it is with the connivance of the person on the surface, who receives the bags of attle, or rubbish, which he wheels away to the appointed pile. By some signal, easily communicated from below, he is informed which of these bags contains a portion of ore, and takes care to

empty it in such a manner that it may be concealed for the time, and easily found again afterwards. In the former working of the mines, their owner, Count Regla, was invested with the arbitrary power of a judge in his own cause, and might at pleasure make an example of any detected person; yet the crime was still so prevalent, that he found it expedient to enact a law whereby any one succeeding in carrying off ore might immediately, with impunity, bring it to sale on the very spot whence it had been stolen, which was preferred to its being sent to another market. If, with the influence of the Count Regla, it was found impossible to suppress theft, how much more must the English be exposed to suffer from it! We may consider the greater propensity of the natives to cheat them, from the natural jealousy entertained against foreigners and heretics; and their greater capacity to do so, from the others' ignorance of their habits and manners, and even language. It is true, Veladores, or guards, are appointed in great number, but of what sort? Natives themselves; in whom the trust reposed may only enable the trade to be carried on in a more wholesale manner. Other disadvantages there will be no occasion to dwell on, as they need but be named to show their weight and moment. Such are, the allowance of profits to the Count Regla, no less than a clear half (independent of a duty to Government), in earnest of which he already receives what are denominated "*alimentos*," a yearly sum in advance, before any of the expected riches are in sight. If, with these drawbacks, we connect the unsettled state of the Government, to which recent and serious insurrections give ample proof, it will seem worse than doubtful, even supposing that the mines should yield profits, whether the English adventurers will ever be allowed to reap them. I will only add, that all I could collect from persons best qualified by experience to decide; but confirmed the impression which I had previously entertained, that the single advantage of the introduction of the steam-engine by the English, burdened by the stupendous and almost insuperable difficulties of conveying it to the spot, and the deficiency of proper fuel when there, is not sufficient to counterbalance the many disadvantages under which they labour; and that, by a natural and inevitable consequence, every South American mining speculation, conducted as they have been, must end sooner or later, to repeat the words of the Cornish captain, in "*a miserable job*."

I am now going to attempt the description of a ball which took place a few days after my arrival at Real del Monte, in honour of the establishment of a militia in the town. The warmth of the season proved no obstacle to this favourite mode, among the Mexicans, of celebrating any agreeable event, public or domestic. The entertainment was held at the house of the *Alcalde*, or chief magistrate for the year. The English party with which I attended, arriving early, we lighted our segars, and seated ourselves, as etiquette at first prescribes, at the end of the room opposite that allotted to the ladies. The apartment was spacious, furnished all round with good cushioned benches; and lighted by solitary candles, fixed to the walls at a respectful distance from each other, and having each a large tin reflector, which added much to the brilliancy of the assembly. The room being tolerably filled, the ball was opened by two or three couple waltzing, till their numbers having gradually increased, after a short time they formed into a country-dance. The waltz step, however, is still the favourite, and almost only one employed; though much diversified by the constant motion of the arms, with which they form a variety of curious figures. The dexterity with which both sexes shift their "*cigarros*" from one hand to the other in the changes of the dance is remarkable. These, which consist of a little tobacco rolled up in paper, must be held between the finger and thumb, and only applied to the mouth for occasional whiffs; thus, while one hand is employed in this office, the other is round their partner, and the fume ascends between for their mutual benefit. That females should use such things, will no doubt appear shocking at first view of the case, especially as they are always smoked through the nose; yet I can safely assert, from my own observation, that to the native beaux

who are accustomed to the sight, the fragrant steam issuing from the nostrils of the fair one is rather a provocative to gallantry. In a small room adjoining that of the ball, was a table spread with a profusion of cakes of different kinds, attended by a few bottles of Frontignac, some of bad sherry, and more of "aguardiente," strong white brandy of the country. After partaking of these potent refreshments, several of my countrymen, I observed, grew rather rude in their gaiety. "Esto es lo peor de los Ingleses"—"This is the worst of the English," said an old man near me. One of them, in particular, was so disorderly as to salute several ladies, and among others the lady of the house, her husband, the Alcalde, standing by. The latter, though, I believe, a temperate man, and well inclined to the English, instantly exclaimed, "Amigo, se dan puñaladas"—"Stabs are given, my friend," said he, "among us for these things." In fact, it was high time for our young friend to be removed, and the company soon after separated. As I departed, I observed one of the lower classes, who, towards the close of the evening, generally intrude themselves as spectators, lying on his back dead drunk in a corner of the room.

On the morning after the ball, I was informed by the young gentleman whose department had been so over-vivacious at it, and who slept in the same house wherein I was quartered, that he had had a narrow escape from the vengeance of some of the annoyed party. They lay in wait for him where it was supposed he would pass; but, his rambles being probably rather devious that evening, he had taken an unexpected route and eluded them. Another Englishman; however, was stopped by them, his arms seized by one man, while others stepped up on each side of him, muffled in their cloaks. On finding their mistake, they let him go, but prevented his returning to warn his friend, whom they did the honour of inquiring after most particularly. We may conclude hence that such frolics as excite the jealousy of these irritable people cannot be indulged in without danger. Jealousy, however, is generally confined to foreigners. In their intercourse among themselves prevails a disgraceful laxity and indifference. The priests use their influence to instil into the female mind the most violent prejudices against English heretics. Their favourite illustration of our merits is by a comparison to asses. They arrive at this conclusion, no doubt, from seeing that their idol worship and solemn ceremonies, which they consider the highest offices of the soul, make no impression on us, which insensibility they impute to our having no souls at all. Hence the term of "monos" (monkies) is also frequently and obligingly bestowed upon us. A servant of the British vice-consul at Vera Cruz, on the first arrival of a party of Cornish miners, was heard to call to his fellow to come and see the fine monkies—"unos monos muy grandes." A gentleman who was among the first who visited this country after the Revolution had opened it to strangers, told me that on taking a warm-bath, the servant who assisted could not contain his expression of surprise at perceiving his want of an appendage possessed by most varieties of the monkey genus—a tail. But to return to our young countryman, who, however imprudent, had not deserved so heavy a punishment as assassination. I, at his desire, accompanied him to the house of a person suspected of having joined in the ambush laid for him. He denied the charge, but in such a manner as gave more reason to suppose him guilty. After a few angry words, my friend begged to inform him that he had a brace of pistols at his service. But this was a resource which by no means met the ideas of the other. He retorted, "Y yo tambien tengo un cuchillo a su servicio de su picho de V."—"And I also have a knife at your bosom's service," which was all the satisfaction to be obtained from him. Fire-arms are little understood, and much dreaded by the Mexicans. Neither are what are called the laws of honour held in much honour by them. One Colonel Cortazar, in the Mexican service, boasted to me of a trick he had played a brother officer in an affair of the kind. Happening to quarrel, he gave him one of a brace of pistols which was unloaded, reserving a loaded one for himself. In the result the other, though not aware of this inequality, did not possess sufficient re-

solution to put it to the test ; which prevented the Colonel's reaping any advantage from his *ruse*, of which, however, he spoke with great glee. Assassinations are more frequent in Real del Monte, it is said, than in other districts of Mexico. They are most likely to occur on the Sunday, a day fixed on for the payment of the weekly wages of the workmen,* and by consequence chiefly devoted to gambling and drinking. The English have little temptation to frequent the common places of resort of the Mexicans on these occasions, and are the less exposed to danger ; but among the natives scarcely a week passes without some sanguinary occurrence. The only case which came under my observation, was the act of an officer in the militia newly raised for the preservation of tranquillity. In the exercise of his authority he interfered between some persons quarrelling in the street, and cut off one man's arm at the elbow. His sword being as sharp as a razor, shaved cleanly through the socket bones, and the arm hung by a small bit of flesh or muscle. He said, indeed, that it was a mistake, and that he only meant to strike with the flat of the blade ; but on my expressing some commiseration for the sufferer, replied that it was "very little"—"Es muy poco, señor, es muy poco." Such is the light way of regarding these affairs, in general, in this country. Even the women are by no means uninfected with the fondness for the knife ; and many more murders are committed by them than those of the eye alone. It is when gazing on these belles, seated perhaps at a cock-fight, without an idea of any more refined recreation than seeing the poor birds kill each other with slashers—it is when contrasting them to the ornaments of female society in England, that one feels most being in a barbarous country, and the heart yearns for home. There was at this time a woman in prison at Real del Monte, under rather singular circumstances. Being in the employ of an Englishman as cook, she received a visit from one of her countrymen, who reproached her with having acquired a partiality for heretics in such gross terms, as provoked her to plunge a knife into his side, which caused his death in a few hours. The punishment of such a crime seldom exceeds a short imprisonment ; after which an escape is usually contrived at. Hardly any offence is so much persecuted and interdicted by the priests as that of two persons living openly together as man and wife, without the sanction of the marriage tie. The only reason for this is that they receive a considerable fee for the performance of the ceremony. In other respects the priests themselves are far from the purest examples of morality. A new era has, however, within a few years opened to the Mexicans ; and it is to be hoped that many virtues will speedily spring up and grow among them, that were hid and depressed under the debasement of Spanish despotism. The dress of the common classes in Mexico is simple, and easily described. The principal garment of the men is a "zarape," much resembling a blanket, inwoven with a variety of colours, and large enough to wrap several times round the person. Their pantaloons are frequently of coarse brown leather, open at the sides in the fashion called "Wellington." It is thought a great ornament to show part of a loose white drawers hanging out at this opening. The women's upper garment consists of a "pano," a coarse cotton shawl : below this they have but their shifts, and their "enaguas" or petticoats, tied very tight just above the hips. In this, however, I am describing the dress of the lower orders: the richer imitate in most particulars that of Europeans.

I was so fortunate as to gain at Real del Monte an agreeable companion for the rest of my journey, in an English gentleman lately attached to the mines, and now, like myself, returning to his native country. As the roads to Tampico were represented as extremely bad, to be as little incumbered as possible, we reduced our baggage to two mule loads, which, with our own horses and that of our Arriero, or Muleteer, formed the whole of our little cavalcade. On the evening before our departure, we called on the Alcalde to

* This has been since happily altered by Mr. Tindall, who superseded Captain Vetch in the direction of the mines.

take leave. Our conversation fell on religion, and both he and his lady pressed us with great warmth, and apparent sincerity, *to think*, that we might be converted from the errors of heresy. Their daughter, who was one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood, sat by us; and I cast a glance at her occasionally, to see if she partook of the interest which her parents expressed for our conversion; but she showed a most provoking insensibility. I must mention, however, as one proof at least of what may be regarded as refinement, that, on extending my hand to this young lady at parting, she was so slow to reply to my advances, that her mother had time previously to approach and say, “*Las señoritas Castellanas no dan la mano a los caballeros*.” —“The Spanish young ladies do not give the hand to gentlemen.” This, indeed, is a privilege which one may more easily dispense with here than in some other countries. The finger-ends of these fair creatures are tinged, not with henna, but with the smoke of their tobacco, which, exuding through the paper “*cigarros*,” gives them exactly the colour produced by green walnut-juice. The old lady herself was eminent in this respect; and her face, she told me, had not been washed for fourteen years. Too frequent ablutions in cold water are supposed by the Mexicans to injure the softness of the skin.

We left the town of Real del Monte about noon on the 14th of June, descending by a road made by the English Company to the neat village of Omitlan, at about a league’s distance. In this space we counted no fewer than thirteen bridges over the stream which encircles the hills along whose base the road is formed. These bridges are strongly built of timber, with buttresses of mason-work. The fury of the torrent was in some places very great, increased by the opposition of many fallen rocks, and sudden turnings in its course. At times, the rugged precipice rising on each side almost perpendicularly, gave an awfulness to the close dell between. The jutting rocks seem ready to fall on the head of the traveller, and the mountain goat is seen frisking on their top with the utmost fearlessness. At Omitlan we were kindly welcomed by El Señor Cura, a person of much consideration, having added to the profits of his cure of souls those of the cure of hides. He pressed us to enter his house, where we partook of a beverage of his own composition, called “*rompompí*,” a mixture of eggs, brandy, and spices. Hence we proceeded over a plain, rendered extremely slippery by some rain which had fallen in the morning, to the town of Grande, distant four leagues. The heat of the climate was already much greater than among the mountains we had left, though it had not yet become oppressive. About midway we were hailed from a “*pulque*” shop, and invited to drink, with an assurance that an opportunity so desirable would not again occur on the road we were pursuing. Huts by the road-side for the sale of pulque, the fermented juice of the aloe, are very frequent in regions where the plant flourishes, and often afford a welcome refreshment to the traveller. This beverage, which is in colour like milk and water, is most palatable when newly taken from the bullock-hides, where it is placed to ferment, and is then called “*pulque-dulce*.” It is of an intoxicating and narcotic nature, and the prevailing sluggishness of the inhabitants of this country may be greatly attributed to the immoderate use of this liquor and of “*cigarros*,” and the facility with which both are obtained by them. The road at the entrance of Grande is skirted by wild cherry-trees of an enormous size, but the fruit is small, and apparently worthless. The town is considerable and well built, and the “*meson*” or inn is, for the country, incomparably good. We should have been well pleased to pass the night here, but had previously settled to proceed to Soquital, a Hacienda about two leagues farther on. A Hacienda combines the characters of a country-seat and a farm, the centre often of an estate of immense extent. As it not unfrequently is the case that no other place of shelter exists within several leagues, it is open to passengers in general; and the traveller whose rank entitles him to distinction, or who bears a recommendation to the owner, is usually entertained by him with the greatest hospitality. The owner of a large Hacienda is looked up to with no little awe by his immediate dependents. Most of these are, in general, Indians, and virtually in a state of

bondage to him. They dwell around his mansion in miserable huts, built of "tejamanil," which serve both for sides and roof. Many of them having incurred a small debt to the proprietor which they are unable to pay, are held in consequence liable to him for their services on such terms as he may choose to grant. This, with a natural disinclination in others to change their habits and places of abode, seems to bind them his hereditary slaves.

Our host had three daughters, one of whom I felt a curiosity to see, from having heard the effects her charms had produced on a young English workman at the mines of Real del Monte. While living in the same neighbourhood, they had somehow formed an acquaintance with each other, easily effected in this country, where the difference of station is little or no bar to intimacy. Becoming enamoured, and thinking his case desperate, he was tempted to hang himself for her sake, and had nearly effected his purpose when discovered. I looked in vain in this young lady's face to find an excuse for so violent an expedient. At supper a grace was pronounced, not by either of the party at table, but by an attendant—a slipshod damsel. Some traveller in Mexico, I think Mr. Bullock, was much struck on a similar occasion at the spirit of devotion which prompted such an act. At least, this mode of performing it by proxy is more according to the Roman Catholic than to Protestant ideas of devotion. Our supper consisted of two or three hot dishes, with the never-failing "frijoles" or beans, and "chili," the principal ingredient in the cookery of all classes. Our liquors were Xerès, or sherry, strongly brandied, as is the case with most Spanish wines in this country (which are generally imported through the United States), and "aguardiente."

15th. After several leagues of a level country, we came this morning to the steep and rocky descent of Santa Monica, well termed the "dread of Arrieros." Instead of any attempt to form a practicable path here, it seems as if pains had been taken only to add fresh obstacles to those of nature; and though dismounted, and leading our horses by a halter, we were in a continual state of anxiety both for them and ourselves. At the base lies the great Barranca, a deep valley, or rather ravine, formed by the mountains on each side. Through this runs the bed of the Rio Grande, or great river, composed of the different streams from the mountains uniting in their course to the sea. There are two usual roads hence to the coast; one rough and circuitous over the mountains, the other more plain and easy, between them. But the latter being often intersected by the windings of the river I have mentioned, the swelling of the waters in the rainy season often renders it impassable. It must be confessed that the descent of Santa Monica, and the crossing of the river at its foot, where it is perhaps widest, afford fair specimens to the traveller of the difficulties which await him in his progress, so that he may choose between those of mountain and flood. Though the rainy season had commenced, we determined to try the Cañada, or valley-road; but our undertaking did not prove a very successful one. On this our first crossing, however, the depth not being great, our baggage-mules got over with little trouble. For ourselves and horses, as the streams ran with great rapidity, we thought it best to undress, and, fastening our clothes to the backs of the animals, led them across.

We obtained to-day at one of the few huts which we passed, a drink called "tipache," a substitute for pulque, extracted from rice and sugar. It is cooling and pleasant to the taste. It was very late, and quite dark, ere we reached San Bernaldo, our resting-place for the night. Here we were glad, after much trouble, to gain the shelter of an outhouse half filled with grain, where we stretched the mattresses we brought with us on the rush-mats of the country laid on the earth floor. Our greatest annoyance was from the multitude of moths, that breed among the corn, which being disturbed by our arrival, retaliated by constantly flying into our faces. We could get nothing for supper but some "tortillas," thin pancakes of maize or Indian corn; but this might be owing to the lateness of the hour. The owner of the house observing that I was about to lock the door after him, turned back, and rather rudely took away the key, saying we were among honest people ("hom-

bres de bien"), from whom no harm was to be apprehended. I did not much like this manœuvre, but it would have been useless to object; and on reflection I attributed it, and no doubt truly, to an honest feeling.

16th. In the morning we saw San Bernaldo to be a long, straggling village, nearly a league in extent; but all its houses, or rather huts, presenting the same poor appearance. Two leagues farther on is the town of Zacualtipan, nearly twice as large as Grande, and containing some thousands of inhabitants. It is not, however, so well built, and its church is an unusually mean one. We were here informed that the waters had already risen to such a height as to prevent our progress in the direction which we had intended; we were obliged in consequence to diverge from the accustomed route, towards an Indian village called Tianguistengo. On the road thither, our fears were chiefly divided between the chances of falling forward, from its steepness and ruggedness, and of being jammed between its rocky sides from its extreme narrowness. At a little distance from Zacualtipan we came to a beautiful clear stream of water, where, in the manner of the country, a large party of damsels were washing linen. The kneeling postures in which they were engaged, and their attire on such occasions, afford advantages for the contemplation of their various figures, which might strike a searcher after the picturesque. The first view of Tianguistengo on the road from Zacualtipan, whence it is distant about six leagues, repays all the difficulties of the way. After ascending the steep side of a mountain, the path slopes gradually downwards along the brink of a precipice. Here, just beneath, but at an immense depth, the village suddenly opened on our sight, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. The habitations display a remarkable neatness, having walks of communication between them, fenced on each side with great regularity, and overhung with festoons of the most beautiful shrubs. It seemed as if Nature had resolved to surpass Art even in its own manner, and in its most favourite walk. The spot on which this pretty village stands is perfectly flat: the contrast it affords to the mountainous scenery in which it is buried gives it, at a distance, the appearance of an enchanting vision. When at last we reached it in reality, we were no less pleased with the cleanliness and civility of its inhabitants. They allotted us a comfortable little shed for our beds, and cooked some fowls for our supper; while, forgetting the fatigues of the day, we sat smoking our segars at the door, and looking at our animals eating their maize before us. This room, however, did not seem at first to be exclusively appropriated to us, being filled by persons of both sexes, showing wonderful curiosity, particularly the women, concerning us, and every article of our baggage.

LONDON LYRICS.

Kemp Town.

QUOTH Ralph to Hugh, at evening's close,
As, in their sight, tall Kemp Town rose:
(Did Babel e'er rise faster?)

"See, in its front, yon lamps of glass—
Strange that the town should waste its gas
To illumine lath and plaster.

The houses yet few tenants hold,
Yet, in yon lamps, like burnish'd gold,
The gas at night-fall quivers."

"Well! where's the wonder?" answer'd Hugh—

"Here butcher's law is builder's too—
The lights before the livers."

A TOUR IN MEXICO IN 1827.*

17th.—From Tianguistengo, we found ourselves obliged to make a still more circuitous tour among the mountains than we had been led to expect. Great part of this route is scarcely known but to the Indians, and was probably never before undertaken by an English traveller. Our Arriero being unacquainted with it, we were obliged to depend on casual information, and as passengers and habitations were alike rare, found ourselves often much at a loss. I do not remember that we saw a single inhabited hut this morning; but we were frequently disappointed at seeing what at a short distance appeared such, but on approach proved invariably deserted, having been only erected for use during the season when the crops of maize are collected. The scenery was very magnificent. Our path often wound down the side of some mountain, the direct descent of which was fearful to contemplate, only to ascend another equally steep beyond it. Their tops are chiefly covered with large fir, and their bases generally divided from each other by a swift, clear stream of water, overhung by trees of different kinds, dipping their boughs in its current. When, on attaining some high summit, we could take an extended survey of the mountainous scenery around, though impossible to satiate the gaze, the mind shrunk at the immensity of the landscape. Grand as it was, and seen only for a moment, it seemed beyond and above our capacity of enjoyment, like those hues

“ Of the sky,
Which from our earthly memory fade away.”

There was scarcely a sign of animated life in all the mighty range, excepting our own small party moving slowly on. Not even a little bird chirped on the bushes near us, but the harsh scream of the guagua, or maccaw, was sometimes heard, resounding at such a distance as only added to the dreary impression of solitude. In the afternoon we arrived at the village of Huchiquiltan, not above two or three leagues from our last resting-place. As it was Sunday, all the inhabitants of the environs were, according to custom, collected in the plaza, or market-place, in front of the little church, trafficking in their fruits and vegetables, and such pedlary articles as are usually exhibited at these weekly markets or fairs. The only fruit, however, which I remarked was a few plantains, apparently brought from a distance. We met a good woman here who lived at a place called Colouacan, about a league farther on our road; and being anxious to proceed as far as possible, she promised to give us a shelter there. We found Colouacan to consist of half a dozen huts, of which hers was the largest and best. The family consisted of a fine young woman, two little girls under twelve, and two children. The girls struck me as lovely specimens of the Spanish Creole race. The Spaniards themselves whom I met with in Mexico are in general of a harsh and dry exterior, while the pure Indian shows a dull, broad set of features, somewhat resembling those of an Esquimaux, and repulsive to a European. The race sprung from these different sources, however, is possessed of greater attractions. Black eyes, very long lashes, and good teeth, are found not unfrequently united to an oval countenance, decked with fine and flowing hair. Their charms also ripen more rapidly than in northern climates; and even children are distinguished by a pensive expression of features, and signs of maturity, the contrast of which to their light, infantine figures, renders their appearance peculiarly interesting. An European who looks at them, may sometimes forget the absence of that delicacy of skin, and beauty of complexion, which a torrid climate can seldom boast. Their prematurity, however, is balanced by as early a decay, to which the heating nature of their food, always seasoned with chili, and the charcoal fumes with which their habitations are filled, may, perhaps, contribute as much as the climate. With the evening, arrived at our hut a young fel-

low, husband of the eldest daughter, and apparently lately married, which I suppose occasioned the allotment to them of a separate division of the hut, but did not prevent our sharing it for that night. The trouble and inconvenience thus imposed by our visit on this goodnatured family was not submitted to by them from a desire of gain. They asked only four rials (two shillings English) for our accommodation, including a fowl, with tortillas and frijoles, dressed for our supper, and a plentiful supply of milk in the morning. We had also brought a stock of chocolate from Huchiquitlan, which is one of the main resources of the traveller in Mexico.

18th.—On leaving Colouacan, we ascended a long, steep hill by a road which looked like a ditch dug out in the wet clayey soil. It was so deep and narrow as quite to exclude the rays of the sun, and prevent any view of the surrounding country. The sides were consequently always dripping, like those of a cavern, the moisture from which found its way downwards in a small dribbling rill between our feet. One of the baggage mules a little in advance of our party, made a violent effort to mount a gap on one side, but tumbling back, rolled over several times, and I thought would not have stopped till it had overturned all in the rear, and sent us rolling down the hill together. After toiling great part of the day up this tedious ascent, we reached Aguacatlan, a small village, prettily situated in a valley fringed with spreading trees. We rested here an hour or two, but could find no person who understood, or would appear to understand a word of Spanish. The only answer to our inquiries for some articles of sustenance was “Amounka, amounka;” equivalent to the Spanish “No hay” (there is none), so often encountered in this country. Any intimations of a disposition to enter the huts of these harmless, but extremely timorous people, filled them with dismay. One might have imagined that the invasions and oppressions of Cortez and his followers were still fresh in their recollections, and that the impressions then made unfavourable to the European character, had descended to them by tradition, with little diminution from subsequent opportunities of intercourse. At length, by the mediation of our Arriero, who knew something of the Indian language, we gained admission into one of their huts, where we got some eggs boiled, and a pot of some kind of young greens. This last was a very great treat to us; and the good people, who, now that we were quietly seated among them, laid aside their alarm, showed more amusement than disapprobation at the eagerness with which we appropriated what they had prepared for themselves. Our road to Calnales, another village, two leagues farther on, was tolerably level and good. Here we were introduced to a large public apartment as our place of lodging, the mud floor of which, though rather uneven, was swept clean. Adjoining was the prison, but untenanted; and in front, across a small plaza, a neat little chapel. In expectation of our supper, it was delightful to ramble among the beautiful orange trees surrounding every house. The fruit was fine, and almost as numerous as the leaves, but so green as not yet to be distinguished from them by colour. The village and valley are overlooked by a remarkable rock, called the Aguila, which struck me by its resemblance, though on a smaller scale, to the Ailsa rock on the coast of Scotland.

19th.—For our supper of the preceding night, consisting of three fowls, with the usual accompaniments of frijoles and tortillas, we paid only seven rials (three shillings and sixpence), and left Calnales highly pleased with the friendly and simple manners of its nearly Indian population. I could not help remarking to-day what seemed at first an army of small green insects, of the most various and fantastic shapes, but all crossing in the same direction the path we were pursuing. On examination, I found them to be ants, carrying every one a piece of the same kind of green leaf, large enough completely to cover and conceal their bodies. Ludicrous as the comparison may seem, I was irresistibly reminded of “Birnam wood marching to Dunsinane.” I killed with my sword a snake lying asleep on the point of a rock, close to my path. It was rather longer and more slender than a European viper, and of a bright green colour. We entered to-day the district of La Mesa, or Table Land,

where the country, though flat, is still picturesque and well-wooded. We passed two small villages, but without stopping, till we reached Mexatlan, by far the worst quarters we were thrown in during our journey. Before arriving there, we saw a mountain, near which we passed, literally on fire. The grass and brushwood at its base having been ignited, according to the usual method in these parts of clearing the ground for cultivation, the flame had communicated itself, and the whole hill was blazing upwards like one immense bonfire, which even by daylight presented a splendid spectacle. At Mexatlan we could discover only three dirty, miserable huts, at some distance from the road, concealed among thick foliage. Here it was with grudging that they bestowed on us a draught of water; and though we saw no few poultry around us, we were peremptorily denied any thing to satisfy our hunger. The manners of the inhabitants were such, that I could not but say to myself, if these were fair specimens of the natives as found by the first invaders, they might be excused for all the cruelties inflicted on them. We deemed it advisable, however, to confine ourselves to more gentle methods, and the sight of some silver was the prevailing argument which at length induced them to part with a young turkey to us. Having paid the money, we were allowed to enter the huts, but were quickly driven out again by the stench and filth, which corresponded perfectly with their exterior appearance and that of their tenants. Neither was the courtesy we experienced from the female inmates of these dwellings such as to tempt us to prolong our stay in them. I had summoned all my gallantry on entering in the hope of softening the heart of a good dame who sat toasting tortillas: but she either did not understand my fine speeches, or was unwilling to waste her own in reply. Losing patience at last, I snatched up one of her cakes, at which she uttered the most dissonant scream, and had I not made good my retreat in the most hasty manner possible, would, I fear, have knocked me down with one of the stones she used in kneading them. There was even here a person calling himself *Alcalde*, who sold me for a rial his wand of office, the necessary appendage of that authority. We were obliged to lay our beds in a ruined cattle-shed, with little covering left overhead, and plenty of mud beneath. Here we were chiefly tormented by the sharp bites of a winged insect, which I never met with elsewhere. It seemed a very diminutive beetle, not much larger than a flea, and black in colour; which, burying half its body in the flesh, left a bloody mark that itched for days after. In this situation, the only alleviating circumstance was the natural beauty of the spot. We were surrounded by orange and lime-trees of every different species, and above all the high citron-tree, whose fruit had already acquired that magnificent size and pale golden colour which entitle it the "fairest of fruit."

20th.—We started earlier than usual this morning, glad to leave our unpleasant quarters. Our road still lay over La Mesa, and, though less grand, the scenery was equally romantic, and presented a greater diversity of animal and vegetable life. Our path often resembled the close smooth walk through a shrubbery, edged with the most beautiful and curious shrubs and plants. The bird called in Mexico the *calandria*, often darted before us, displaying in its colours the contrast of the brightest orange to the deepest jet. The beautiful cardinal, all red, even to the hue of its bill, frequently on some bush not far off charmed us as well by its note as its plumage. I should in vain attempt to describe the endless and gaudy variety of butterflies that floated in the air around us. Yet the most brilliant of these did not surpass a large species of dragon fly, some of which had a yellow, others an azure spot at the tip of each of their four wings. The texture of the wings being transparent, these colours, when in quick motion, are the only part visible, and playing around the body produce a magical effect. We crossed in the morning with some difficulty, and not without a wetting, a broad swift stream of water; and were not a little pleased to meet on the other side a party of *Arrieros* with loaded mules, which seemed to indicate that we were once more entered on a somewhat frequented path. They in-

quired anxiously concerning the depth of the stream we had just crossed. We rested at noon at a small neat village called Clapesco, three leagues from Mexatlan. On comparison of the two places, we were struck, as we had been on more than one former occasion, at the partial and capricious spread of civilization in the country through which we were travelling. Nothing could surpass the clean and cheerful looks of all the family in whose cottage we stopped to refresh ourselves. We saw here, for the first time, that troublesome insect the garrapata, which we had been taught by report to hold in so much dread. It resembles a bug in size and shape, but is of a light brown colour. Like a tick, it is accustomed to fix itself fast into the flesh, so that the head will often remain when the body is removed: but the application of a lighted segar, in the first instance, will speedily make it let go its hold. As we approached the coast, we found them literally swarming in the long grass and low shrubs, from which, with great speed, they transfer themselves to the animal, and thence to the person of the traveller. Between Clapesco and another village, called Aguatipan, distant five or six leagues, we passed through a grove of plantains on the bank of the river, the main channel of the streams from the mountains, to which our road had again brought us. The freshness of the shade afforded by these gigantic plants is truly delicious. The fruit, which hung down in enormous clusters towards us, was out of our reach even on horseback. But it was green, being usually gathered in that state to ripen. At the entrance of Aguatipan I observed a young negress, almost the only one I ever saw in the interior of Mexico. Her symmetry was admirable, and the bright deep hue of her skin lost nothing by comparison with the dull brown colour of the Indians. The houses are prettily disposed round an oval level space, skirted with trees. The huts themselves, much prettier than those we had hitherto met with, being built wholly of cane, and thatched with the leaves of the palm. Of similar materials are constructed a bed and table; and often seats in front of the habitation, under a verandah of the same work. The perfect uniformity and simplicity of these abodes produce a pleasing effect. Their inhabitants, indeed, were not much disposed to pay any attention to strangers, and our company was rather suffered than welcomed. Thus we were disappointed of our supper, but much pleased with our lodging, in a large shed, the lower part of which was intended as a shelter for cattle, but the upper part, separated by a layer of reeds, at a good distance from the ground, formed a comfortable kind of loft for our beds.

21st.—We entered this morning on a marshy country, in which we found the mosquitoes very numerous, though not so indefatigable as we were afterwards doomed to experience them. Proceeding about a league, we came to the river of which I have already spoken, over which we were ferried in a canoe, formed of the hollowed trunk of a large tree. Although the stream was scarcely one hundred yards broad, the crossing it was attended with much delay, it being necessary entirely to unload the horses and mules, and take across the baggage in the canoe at several turns. The animals themselves are transported by a rope fastened round their necks and held by some person in the canoe, by which, being dragged into the water, they are guided across. We reached in the afternoon Puerta del Calabozo, a village three or four leagues farther on, where we had again to cross the river; but finding the difficulties of embarkation still greater than in the morning, resolved to defer it till next day. This was evidently a very unhealthy spot. The ground was so swampy that it was hardly possible to pass from any one hut to another, without stepping in mud up to the ancles. Necessity, however, at first, and afterwards curiosity, prompted us to penetrate to the interior of several, which we found in a sad sickly state. Many were the deplorable objects, wasted away to pale skeletons, apparently in the last stage of virulent fever. We considered these as symptoms of our entrance on the dreaded region of the yellow-fever, and feared that we should find similar or progressively worse ones, throughout our progress to the coast, always the worst seat of infection. But these apprehensions proved happily unfounded,

though increased at the time by the gloomy predictions of the poor sufferers here. Every one seemed either under the influence of sickness, or of a sullen, silent melancholy, inspired by the dread of it. We hired an empty house at a dollar the night, which the owner, a sulky old woman, exacted in advance, observing that she had been once cheated by some of our countrymen. It was not till after several rebuffs that we prevailed on her to get something for our supper; but I fancied that she had been soured by the loss of some or all of her relatives, for the poor soul seemed quite alone and comfortless. Some milk which we obtained here had such a peculiar flavour as to induce me to content myself with a very moderate draught.

22d.—It rained heavily, to complete the inconvenience of our passage in a leaky canoe. The natives who assisted commented on this as the attendant of a sickly season. Not more than three leagues on the other side of the stream, we came to Tantayouca; the first place deserving the name of a town that we had met with since Zacualtipan, where we turned out of the main road, which we had just re-entered. Although we had made but half a day's journey, we felt constrained to halt on finding ourselves once more among houses built of stone, and shops furnished with European articles. The town is not large, but cheerful; and, as we did not see any symptoms of sickness, so neither did we find any gloomy forebodings of it. The school-master of the place very politely resigned to us his own apartment, adjoining the public school-room. This, indeed, was rather a noisy neighbourhood, the boys bawling out their lessons all at once, on what, I believe, is called the Lancasterian system.

We spent most of the evening in conversation with the master, Don Manuel Manso, a person of more intelligence than had lately fallen in our way. He affirmed the Holy Alliance (*Santa Liga*) to be "*una conspiracion contra las luces del siglo*." Of his own countrymen he spoke in general as an unenlightened set, and was evidently desirous to convince us of his own particular superiority. The luxury of a clean tablecloth and a silver fork was not the less appreciated by us here, from our preceding meals having been for some time eaten merely with the aid of our fingers.

23d.—Soon after leaving Tantayouca, the road enters on groves of palm-trees, extending in every direction as far as the eye can reach. This view, though novel and striking at first, soon acquires a character of sameness from the uniformity of their round tops and straight trunks. About mid-day we stopped to luncheon at a few huts called *Les Huevos*. The inmates of one of these, a middle-aged matron and her young daughter, were both very lively in conversation, and showed great briskness at a repartee, which we attributed to their frequent intercourse with passengers in this part of the road. We saw only a few more huts, at a short distance from the road, and none of such an appearance as to tempt us to approach them till we reached, just before nightfall, *Los Alacranes*, nearly four leagues farther on. This is a rancho, or small farm, comprising two or three dwellings, inhabited by a numerous family. For our bed-room we were accommodated with a loft, such as I have described on a former occasion.

24th.—The same scenery as yesterday: a flat uninteresting country, with palm-trees. After proceeding between two and three leagues, we again crossed the river in a canoe, at a place called *Chiquian*. Here were a few habitations where we could obtain nothing eatable but some young palm-tree hearts; which, when newly cut, are as sweet and crisp as a chesnut; and, stewed, form a wholesome and savoury dish. A little farther on, at the larger village of *Tancame*, we were saluted from the mouths of a hundred dogs at once. It is not the custom of this country to destroy any part of a litter, so that almost every house harbours a little pack of these animals, which fly out and bark with the utmost fury at passengers, but never bite. In the interior many betake themselves to the mountains, where they herd with the jackalls, and, I believe, intermix their breed with them. Here they are used to rouse the jaguar, or, as it is usually called, the tiger of America. This animal, which is of rather a torpid nature, when disturbed by their

barking, instead of turning on his hunters, is apt to seek refuge in a palm-tree, where they have a good opportunity of shooting it. The ocelot, or Mexican cat, called by the natives *tigrillo*, is also found in these palm-forests. I procured a skin of each kind. That of the jaguar measured about five feet, and its tail two more, and resembles the leopards of the old continent. The ocelot is not above half the size, but its fur is much finer, beautifully marked along the back and sides with dark stripes, and its belly white with a sprinkling of little black spots. This species was represented to me as more fierce and ravenous than the other, but neither will often attack man, if not provoked. We passed no more habitations till we reached, at sunset, the rancho of Canchegil, having journeyed in the day about eight leagues. The family here was small, and in a state of great poverty. Our supper consisted of a dish of "*carne charqueada*," charqued, or, as the Americans of the United States term it, "jirked" beef. A lump of meat is sliced round, somewhat as one would pare an apple, in stripes not exceeding half an inch in thickness, but extending several yards in length. These are hung up to dangle and dry in the sun. They thus become rather hard, but that fault is remedied by an immoderate quantity of lard used in stewing them. The want of a candle was here poorly supplied by a slip of rag dipped in some kind of grease: this being ignited, flamed for a minute or two, and gave us an opportunity of casting a glance around the loft in which our beds were laid. There was great difficulty, however, in holding this flimsy torch so as to keep the lighted end uppermost, and not burn one's fingers. Hearing a rustling in the thatch over my head, I looked up and saw, just above, a scorpion, startled probably by the blaze, winding his bloated body and long train from among the palm-leaves. The light went out just as I had discovered the character of this disagreeable guest. I was rather alarmed, never having in the interior seen any of half the size of this, which was, I suppose, four inches in length. But the sting even of these large ones, as I have since witnessed, though indeed exquisitely painful, is by no means fatal.

25th.—Our mules taking fright and starting off at full speed as soon as loaded, in quite a different direction from that which we intended, gave us a long chase after them. One bore on his back a young parrot, of a small green species (*cotorra*), crimson on the top of the head and around the bill, which I had bought the day before for four rials. It was, as may be supposed, soon dislodged from its post in the race, and did not again make its appearance. After travelling a league or two, we found ourselves obliged to ford a large pool or lake. The water was very muddy, notwithstanding which I could not resist the temptation of cooling my limbs in it. Near at hand were a few huts, in one of which we found a delicious refreshment in some *acoque*, or sour milk. I obtained here for a couple of dollars two young parrots of the species called *loro*: green like the *cotorra*, but larger, and having orange on the crest and throat instead of crimson. Thousands of both kinds were continually flying and screaming around us among the palms through which we were still travelling, and in which they build their nests. Ere we reached the resting-place for the night, the scenery assumed a more diversified appearance, being very fertile and well-wooded with trees of various descriptions. We slept at a solitary rancho, named *El Paso de Mayo*, which is only at a short day's journey from the coast and the town of Tampico. We found, on arriving, only one woman, who repulsed our addresses with much discourtesy. But on her husband's return from the labours of the day, her demeanour suddenly changed, and she proceeded to cook for us a supper of "*carne charqueada*," and supplied us also with a little *aguardiente*, attending us in the most obliging manner. Hence it was evident that her previously impolite behaviour had been but the effect of her apprehensions of us as strangers, in the unprotected state in which she was then left. Here were some cattle beset in a most frightful manner by a species of *garrapata*, different from that which attaches itself to man, and of the size of a common English beetle. The ears and other parts of horses and cows, were literally filled with them. In a division of the hut in which;

separate from the rest of its tenants, we stretched our mattresses, I observed on the walls several spiders of marvellous dimensions. They do not appear to use webs either for prey or security, but trust for both to the speed of their long legs. One of these was holding crunched in his pincers, a cock-roach nearly the size of a man's thumb, and that with the utmost apparent *sang froid*. A blow which I made at him, he eluded with the quickness of lightning, and in a moment gained some remote part of the dwelling. I was told that they will sometimes bite people when asleep, out of mere "malicia," causing much pain and inflammation. Just as we had betaken ourselves to rest, a party arrived, principally of women, "flying from the pest," as they termed it. They gave the most dire accounts of the raging of the black vomit at Tampico, magnifying, as is usual, the dangers from which they had themselves escaped.

26th.—Though this day was to end our journey and its attendant privations, yet we may be pardoned if we were, in the course of it, somewhat affected by the uncheering reports of the preceding night. We met a good many travellers on the road from the coast, all whom our imagination represented as "flying from the pest," like those of the evening before. Soon after setting out, we started a buck, a doe, and two young deer in our path. I also picked up a turpen, or land tortoise. This creature, which I took to England with me, ate nothing during the voyage; and on my return I gave it to an old lady, who seemed struck with its abstemious qualities, and in whose keeping I will answer for it that it ate nothing afterwards. Before we reached the new town of Tampico, the sandy soil and freshening breeze gave signs of our approaching the sea-shore. On gaining the top of a hill, we saw the town lying close before us, and had at the same time a full view of the ocean. I never felt so much ecstasy at seeing land after a long voyage by sea, as now, at the first glimpse of that beautiful element, after several years' confinement to the interior of a foreign and barbarous land. There is to an Englishman a feeling of national pride connected with the sight, as well as the recollection of former pleasures. The new town, or rather village, of Tampico, is still at two leagues to the interior of Pueblo Viejo, or Old Town. The former is composed entirely of habitations of one story, roofed with tejamanil, and inhabited principally by those who supply the markets of Pueblo Viejo de Tampico. We reached the latter early in the afternoon, thus having travelled about two hundred miles in thirteen days. This is a large and respectable town, with some handsome buildings and many good shops. Of these, several were kept by Germans. They complained that trade had been almost entirely transferred to a third town, Tampico de Tamaulipas, on the opposite bank of the Rio Tampico, which is here about a league across. This is of equal population (near three thousand), but not so substantially built as the other. It has, indeed, only sprung up within the last three years; the site having been fixed on as more convenient for trade, and somewhat nearer the mouth of the river. Its distance from the Bar is about seven miles. It was supposed also that the ground being a little higher would prove more healthy; but I doubt greatly if it has been found so. The houses are less crowded together; but the vicinity of an immense marsh more than balances that and its other advantages. After a heavy fall of rain, it is accustomed to emit intolerable effluvia; and one night while I remained there, turned all silver articles and utensils quite black, requiring repeated frictions to restore their original colour. Houses newly whitewashed at the same time became perfectly yellow. The river between the two towns is choked in many places by small islets, which add to its beauty, though they impede its navigation. They abound with a great variety of cranes and other birds. Of these, the soft tinge of the rose-coloured spoonbill is extremely beautiful. We did not see so much cause for alarm from sickness on the coast as we had anticipated. Yet we were still very anxious to sail, as, in addition to the risk, the mosquitoes, sand-flies, jiggers, and many other plagues, combined to render our situation at best very uncomfortable. We were so unfortunate, however, as

to be detained at Pueblo Viejo and Tamaulipas three weeks for want of a vessel, Tampico being yet but a small trading-port. During this period, many persons were with great suddenness taken off by the vomito: among others, the captain of a vessel in which I had engaged a passage,—a cause of my farther detention. This poor man, who died after a few hours' sickness, was, a few hours after his burial, dug up again by the natives;—a liberty which these good Christians seldom scruple to take with the bodies of heretics, unless properly watched. Their motives are, partly a love of mischief, and partly a desire for the grave-clothes. The great evils to be avoided for the preservation of health are,—exposure to the beams of the sun, and any violent exertion either of body or mind. The game of billiards is a great resource, as affording a pleasing recreation to both, without fatiguing either. Accordingly, nothing is so universal. Among the worst foes are the mosquitoes and sand-flies, whose attacks, depriving their victim of his nightly rest, are often the primary causes of fevers. The croak, or rather roar, of the bull-frogs from the neighbouring marsh has, I think, like the cawing of rooks, a soothing effect, and rather tends to invite slumber; but this opinion of mine is, I dare say, singular. Lemonade, of which I drank great quantities, is, I suppose, of service in keeping the body cool; and I never felt the prickly heat. Having embarked at last on board a small American schooner bound to New York, I found the accommodations so bad that I ere long repented my too great haste, and wished I had remained even at Tampico, till a more favourable opportunity.

Hi.

THE PREDICTION.

Yes, wreath thy golden locks, fair Maid,
 Yes, deck thy blooming bower,
 And tune thy lute, though clouds invade,
 And gathering tempests lower.

The storm will come, thy flowers shall die,
 Thy lute's sweet strings be rent,
 And thou shalt view their wreck, yet sigh
 O'er them no fond lament.

For he, the loved, the cherish'd youth,
 For whom thou bidst them smile,
 Ere then, shall own his changeeful truth,
 And tell thee of his guile.

Poor trusting Maid! thy falling tears
 Too soon will mix with mine;
 I weep to think how sad appears
 The fate of thee and thine.

Thy speech can like thy lute delight
 With music sweet and rare,
 The roses on thy cheek are bright,
 As those upon thy hair.

Yet what, alas! in one short hour,
 Will this gay scene impart?
 A broken lute—a blighted bower—
 A torn and bleeding heart!

M. A.

again. So also it is a point of policy in the editor of a magazine, when he breaks up a long article, to choose that precise paragraph at which the reader will not reply to his *To be continued*—"Who cares?"—or "No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me," but shall be agonized with impatience for the rest, and call upon the gods to annihilate both time and space, and to drive the moon through her lunation, as if she was one of the Melton hunt, or a member of the four-in-hand.

These cases, however, are not by any means parallel; for what would an audience say, if, at the end of a fourth act, a gentleman, dressed in a full suit of black with a cocked hat under his arm, should step forward with a supplicating "Ladies and gentlemen," and dismiss the house with a reference for the rest of the play, like a justice's mittimus, to the end of "one calendar month?" Wits, you know, on the other hand, have short memories, and the preceding number of a magazine is not always within reach to refresh our recollections; so that "Continued from our last" is often little better than an invitation to skip the article. Therefore once more, Mr. Editor, I thank you, for myself and the public, for abstaining as much as possible from this provoking practice of your rival contemporaries.

There is something in the very essence of a Magazine peculiarly congenial to my disposition, which from the cradle was discursive and miscellaneous. I never could believe that the human mind was formed to be tied down for ever to one subject; nay, not even to be trusted with an entire pursuit, but to be confined like a pin-maker's journeyman either to heads or points;—I ever thought the

Æthereum sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem

was created to expatiate at large through the wide fields of nature and of science,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

and, in short, to embrace the "omne cognoscibile;" to which nothing is more conducive than the reading your Magazine. Magazines hold that just medium between occupation and amusement, study and dissipation, which redeems the labour of learning, and avoids the reproach of idleness; and really, Mr. Editor, I must say you have as agreeable a variety, and as charming a list of contributors, as a reader could wish. What a funny fellow is "Peter Pindarics!" How agreeable the "Campaigning Cornet!" "Lips and Kissing" set one's mouth watering. "Grimm's Ghost," like all his family, grim or ghost, is truly delectable. I say nothing of your own contributions, to save your modesty a blush; but Don Leucadio was delicious—though, between you and me, is he not a bit of a Radical, or a Carbonaro, or some such thing? His dislike of Inquisitions makes him suspected of being suspicious. I hope he is gone to Spain for more news of his interesting curate. I wish also your "Silent River" would murmur once more: he flows with so sweet and melancholy a movement, that all your readers must cry out "That strain again."

"Select Company" is a most choice article; the "Reflections on a Plum-pudding" are very relishing; the "Bachelor's Thermometer" was well graduated; the "Land of Promise," a land of performance; and your "One-handed Flute-player," quite an ambidexter. *Cætera quid referem!*—where all excel, it is useless to particularize; but there is one of your correspondents for whose signature I always look with

a singular earnestness—for I am never disappointed, when I find M. at the end of an article. I hope I am not alone in my partiality for that writer; for whether he favours us with verse or prose I am equally prepared to admire his wit, and to venerate the deep thought which that wit involves. With this lively interest in your Magazine and its “jolly crew,” you may naturally suppose I am all ears whenever the subject is started; and I heartily wish the space which I propose to occupy with the present article, would allow me to mention the half of what I have heard.

First, Sir, you are to know that the New Monthly Magazine is conducted with a vast deal of spirit, very lively and wittily written, but—as dull as an oyster; devilish clever, but—d—d stupid; full of variety, with—too much sameness; in most extensive circulation, but—does not sell. (G—d help Mr. Colburn, then, “*Thinks I to myself*,” for he must soon be ruined.) Mr. Campbell’s Lectures are the only things worth reading in the book; but what is Greek literature to us? There’s nothing amusing but Grimm’s Ghost, except Peter Pindarics and the Irish Bar. Doblado’s Letters are highly interesting by the air of verity they possess, though—they are evidently fictitious, and not a word of them true. The great merit of the publication is, that it does not meddle with politics; but—it is too decidedly a Tory work, the editor is a reputed Whig, and half the contributors downright Radicals. The public rejoice that the editor is no saint, but they would like the publication much better if it were a shade more “*Serious*.” One gentleman asks for a series of geological essays, one wishes for a paper on the millennium, and another would be delighted to know the meaning of the hieroglyphics on the tomb in the British Museum. There is “a constant reader” who thinks it does not “*look like a magazine*,” for want of double columns; and two maiden ladies, with whom I sometimes drink tea, would think much better of the publication if it were stitched in a blue cover.

These, Sir, are some of the lights I have collected concerning your Magazine, and the manner in which it is conducted; and I doubt not that your good sense and discrimination will enable you to profit by the information I thus afford. I rely with confidence on your candour in appreciating the industry with which I have gleaned, and the simplicity with which I have communicated these fruits of my research. So with a parting “*Floreat æternum*” I take my leave, subscribing myself your admirer and friend,

M.

SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL CAREER OF SIMON BOLIVAR, President of the Republic of Colombia.

SIMON BOLIVAR, commander-in-chief of the Independent forces of Venezuela, and president of the Colombian republic, is descended from a family of distinction at Caracas, where he was born about the year 1785. He was one of the few natives of the Spanish colonies who were formerly permitted to visit Europe. After finishing his studies at Madrid, he went to France, and, during his stay at Paris, rendered himself an acceptable guest in its social circles by the amenity of his manners and his other personal recommendations; in the midst, however, of all its distractions, his strong and ardent imagination anticipated the task which the future fortunes of his country might im-

pose upon him, and even in his twenty-third year, he contemplated the establishment of her independence. Whilst he was at Paris, Bolivar's favourite and principal occupation was the study of those branches of science which belong to the formation of a warrior and statesman; and he was anxious to form such connexions as might give a more perfect direction to his hopes and views. Humboldt and Bompland were his intimate friends, and accompanied him in his travels in France: nor did he think he had learned enough until he had traversed England, Italy, and a part of Germany. On his return to Madrid, he married the Marquis of Ulstariz's daughter; and shortly afterwards, went back to America, where he arrived at the very moment when his fellow-countrymen, who were wearied with the oppressions of the Spanish government, had determined to unfurl the standard of independence. The talents, rank, and acquirements of Bolivar pointed him out as the worthiest and best qualified among them to be placed at the helm; but he disapproved of the system adopted by the Congress of Venezuela, and refused to join Don Lopez Mendez in his mission to England, which was connected with the interests of the new government. Bolivar even declined any direct connexion with it, though he continued a staunch friend to his country's liberties.

In March 1812, an earthquake devastated the whole province, and among other places, destroyed the city of Caracas, together with its magazines and munitions of war. Fresh troubles followed this catastrophe, in which twenty thousand persons lost their lives; but its most disastrous result was, that it became a rallying point for the priesthood, and facilitated their endeavours to bring back a considerable portion of their superstitious flocks to the ancient order of things. In their hands, the earthquake became a token of the Divine wrath, and, indeed, it was so manifest a token, as they alleged, of the indignation of Heaven, that the anniversary of the insurrection was the chosen day of its occurrence. The credulous mind was disconcerted and overwhelmed by these insidious representations; dissension enfeebled the Independents; and a succession of disasters overtook them on the approach of the Spanish general, Monteverde, who lost no time in attacking them whilst labouring under these disadvantages. Bolivar hastened to join Miranda, who had fought in the ranks of the French revolutionists under Dumourier, and had already unsheathed his sword in the cause of freedom. But Miranda's efforts were unsuccessful, and he was obliged to retreat as far as Vittoria. Bolivar himself was unfortunate in his first attempts. He had obtained the governorship of Puerto Cabello, in conjunction with the rank of colonel; but was compelled to evacuate this place, in order to save it from the destruction which impended over it, in consequence of the revolt of his prisoners, who had made themselves masters of its citadel and well-supplied ramparts. The loss of so important a position was deeply felt by the Independent army, though it did not weaken Bolivar's ascendancy. The Congress of New Grenada gave him the command of a corps of six thousand men, which he led across the mountains of Tunza and Pamplona to the farthest extremity of New Grenada, on the banks of the Tachira. After putting some parties of Royalists to flight, he marched upon Ocana with the view of penetrating on that side into the Venezuelan territory. Rivas, his second in command, having reached him with reinforcements granted by the Con-

gress of New Grenada, he attacked his enemies at Cucuta, routed them, and despatched a detachment towards Guadalito under the orders of Don Nicholas Briceno, who levied more troops in that neighbourhood, and then proceeded to occupy the province of Barinas. Bolivar, in the mean while, met with fresh successes at Grita, and seized upon the department of Merida: whilst Briceno, being defeated by the Royalists, fell into their power with seven of his officers. This event afforded the Spaniards an opportunity of applying to their own colonies the same horrible system of warfare which they had practised in Europe, under the pretext that every means is allowable to repel aggression. Tlear, the governor of Barinas, ordered these prisoners to be shot, together with several other members of families of distinction, who were accused of holding correspondence with the Independents. Bolivar, who had hitherto conducted the war with great forbearance, was inflamed with indignation at these cruelties: he swore to avenge Briceno, his brother in arms, and declared that every Royalist who should fall into his hands should be consigned over to the vengeance of his soldiery. But this spirit of inexorable justice and retaliation ill-accommoded with Bolivar's character: the menaces he held out were, we are assured, never realized but on one single occasion, and that, indeed, at a time when the safety of his followers appears absolutely to have required it. His army increasing daily, he divided it into two corps, one of which he committed to Rivas; while, placing himself at the head of the other, he advanced towards Caracas through the districts of Truxillo and Barinas. After several engagements, which terminated in their favour, the two commanders were assailed by the flower of Monteverde's troops at Gestaguanes; and the obstinate encounter which ensued was finally determined by the Spanish cavalry, who passed over to the side of the Independents, and thus gave them the victory. Monteverde then shut himself in Puerto Cabello with the remains of his army. On the other hand, Bolivar followed up his success, and invested Caracas, which capitulated by the counsels of a junta suddenly collected. The conditions which he exacted were by no means severe: he declared that no one should be molested on account of his political opinions; and that those who wished to withdraw were at liberty to remove themselves and all they possessed. Whilst Bolivar was entering the place, the governor made his escape, and embarked for La Guyra, leaving fifteen hundred Royalists at the conqueror's mercy.

Monteverde, spite of the humiliating situation in which he was placed, assumed a tone of arrogance which could not fail to hasten the entire defection of the colonies from the mother-country: he refused to ratify the treaty presented to him, and declared "that it was derogatory to the dignity of Spain to treat with these rebels." The disdain which the *rebel* general displayed was much more in character, for he confined himself to leaving the insult unnoticed. He was received with great enthusiasm at Caracas on the 4th of August, 1813.

Marino, another commander, was equally victorious in the eastern provinces; and the entire region of Venezuela, with the exception of Puerto Cabello, was rescued from the grasp of its oppressors.

Bolivar, desirous of turning his success to the account of humanity, proposed an exchange of prisoners with Monteverde; who, regardless

of the disparity of numbers, was unwilling to lower his pride to such a compromise: he preferred applying the reinforcements which had reached him to a fresh assault upon the Independents, at Agua-Caliente. This assault recoiled upon himself: the greater part of his force was destroyed; he was saved with difficulty from falling into the hands of his enemies, and was carried to Puerto Cabello, severely wounded. Bolivar had hoped that this victory would have drawn the calamities of war to a nearer close; he again sent a flag of truce to the Royalists, accompanied by Salvador Garcia, an individual whose virtuous character entitled him to the esteem of all parties. But Salomon, the new Royalist commander, proved himself to have inherited the impolitic principles and ferocious disposition of his predecessor: he ordered the venerable priest to be loaded with irons and cast into a dungeon. It appears as if the Spaniards had been anxious to exasperate men's minds, and aggravate the horrors of a warfare, the principal miseries of which were ultimately doomed to fall on their own heads. Puerto Cabello, being vigorously attacked both by sea and land, was speedily reduced; an event greatly hastened by D'Eluyar, a young soldier, to whom the Independent general had intrusted the operations of the siege. The citadel, however, refused to capitulate, though it was afflicted with disease, in want of provisions, and without the remotest hope of being relieved. In consequence of its obstinate resistance, Bolivar determined simply to invest it, and was deterred from attempting an assault, which must have proved murderous, and might have miscarried. During this siege, a battalion of the Independents was attacked by a party of Royalists, and behaved so ill that Bolivar thought it right to disarm it; but a short time afterwards the battalion, eager to regain its lost credit, armed itself with pikes, and rushing on the enemy, plundered them of their arms and accoutrements, and used them for its own equipment. This achievement signalized the combat of Araure. The whole of the campaign of this season was eminently conducive to the prosperity of the Independent cause.

The inhabitants of the province of Caracas, as is the case with all infant republics, were extremely jealous of the liberty which it had cost them so many sacrifices to acquire; their mistrust was roused by the continued dictatorship which was exercised by Bolivar, who delegated it to his inferiors, by whom it was abused to a degree which frequently redoubled their apprehensions; and, although he had never himself applied his power improperly, yet his refusal to resign it on the requisition of the Congress of New Grenada engendered a spirit of discontent which met him even in the midst of his own followers. He perceived that this was the proper moment for divesting himself of his authority. A general assembly of the principal civil and military officers was therefore convoked on the 2d January, 1814; and in its presence Bolivar was resolved upon renouncing his dictatorial powers; after rendering a scrupulous account of his operations, as well as of the plans he had deemed it necessary to adopt. His power was tottering; but this proceeding gave it new vigour. The leading persons of Venezuela,—men whose patriotism was above suspicion,—Don Carlos Hurlado de Mendoza, governor of Caracas; Don J. Ch. Rodriguez, president of the municipality; and the highly respected Don Alzura, sensible of the necessity which still existed for the tutelary superintendence of such a leader as Bolivar, were joined by their colleagues in

soliciting him to continue in the dictatorship, until the province of Venezuela should be united again with New Grenada.

The Royalist party were, by this time, aware of all the difficulties in which their struggle against the Independent provinces was involved; and hoping for new allies in the slaves which peopled them, they sent agents secretly among them to organize their irregular bands. Among these emissaries were Palomo, a negro, who was a notorious thief and murderer, and a man of the name of Puy, who was abhorred in every quarter; in short, the persons pitched upon for the purpose were every way worthy of their mission and the object it proposed. The new plot was revealed to Bolivar by some intercepted despatches; though it was not in his power wholly to prevent its execution. Any country that has long been the theatre of war, must contain numbers who are ready for plunder and devastation, particularly when they can put on the false mask of a pretended "good cause;" the activity of the Independent general did not long permit them to pursue their ill designs with impunity. The execrable Puy, who was far more bloodthirsty than any of his comrades, repaired to Barinas, where, fearing that its inhabitants would rise *en masse* against him, he seized and shot five hundred of them. The remainder owed their rescue entirely to the sudden appearance of Bolivar on the spot. In a few days the Royalist agent again fell upon the town, and massacred the remnant of his victims. Exasperated by the infamous conduct of his adversaries, Bolivar assumed a character totally foreign to his generous principles and habits, and ordered eight hundred Royalists to be shot. This severe retaliation occasioned the death of the Independents who were imprisoned in Puerto Cabello; but whom the Governor had hitherto spared. In the midst of these shocking scenes, Bolivar was eagerly prosecuting a more honourable warfare: he routed one of the principal Royalist commanders near the Tuy, whilst Rivas was obtaining minor advantages over the motley horde commanded by Rosette, a mulatto; and Yañez, a Royalist partisan, was totally defeated at Ospinós, and perished on the field of battle. Rosette, and Bovès another Royalist leader, were not, however, to be discouraged by these reverses; they were strengthened by considerable reinforcements, and immediately resumed the offensive, by marching to Caracas and attacking Bolivar himself. Here he was so ably seconded by Marino and Montilla, that he completely defeated the Royalists at Bocachica; and being joined by Urdaneta and Morino on the 28th of May, he obtained another signal victory over the Spaniards, who were under the command of the gallant Cagigal. These repeated successes were unfortunately the occasion of disaster to the Independents; for their over-eagerness in the pursuit of their foes led the respective generals to separate, and Bolivar was consequently attacked in an unfavourable position in the plains of Cura, where the Spanish cavalry had ample space for operations: the Independents fought manfully for several hours, but were at last obliged to resign the contest. This victory reanimated the hopes of their opponents; and Cagigal, Bovès, and Calzadas, having effected a junction, menaced Marino's division, which was compelled to retreat before far superior numbers into Cumana. The reverses which now attended the Independents' operations led to consequences in the highest degree disastrous. The people, being deprived of the benefits which induced them to approve or tolerate a military government, began to discern its

disadvantages, and were become sensible that the very rapidity of military movements, and the arbitrary measures which follow in their train, were irreconcilable with the spirit of liberty. They soon learned to look upon the ill-success of those who fought in defence of that liberty with an eye of indifference. These impressions incapacitated the Republicans from recruiting their forces at this period. They were obliged to raise the siege of Puerto Cabello and embark for Cumana, where Bolivar arrived with the shattered remnant of his forces. The Spaniards reentered La Guyra and Caracas, and the inhabitants of Valencia, notwithstanding a gallant defence, were forced to capitulate. The conquerors have been charged with violating the terms of this surrender, and putting the eloquent Espejo and other officers of the garrison to death, after the town had surrendered. A short time before all these reverses, a young man, who was descended from one of the first families of Santa Fè, had hallowed the cause of independence by an act of devotion which is well worthy of being handed down to posterity. Ricante was in command of the fort of San Matteo, and an action was contesting at some distance from it. One of the Royalist chiefs determined to make himself master of the fort, the garrison of which was extremely scanty, and made his way towards it at the head of a strong detachment. Ricante, perceiving that resistance was useless, sent away all his soldiers, who joined their countrymen on the field of battle. The Spaniards, conceiving the fort to be evacuated, entered it without opposition; but the gallant youth, setting fire to the powder, buried himself and his enemies beneath the ruins of a post which he was unable to defend!

It was not in the power of adversity to shake the dauntless patriotism of Bolivar; he reappeared at the head of a considerable force in the province of Barcelona, and was doomed to experience fresh reverses in the unfortunate conflict of Araguaita; whence his next movement was to embark for Carthagena, where he might devise the means of restoring the tottering fortunes of his country. Rivas and Bermudez, in the mean while, had taken up positions which enabled them to keep together the troops under their command, and were in a short time joined by many who were determined not to succumb under the Spanish yoke, or were hopeless of escape excepting from the success of a cause which they had openly espoused. Moralès and Bovès made several fruitless attempts to overcome them, until, their ranks being considerably increased, they were in a situation to act with decision; which they did, by attacking and defeating them at Urica, on the 5th of December, and then occupying Mathurin, which had been the headquarters of the Independents. Rivas was taken prisoner and shot: whilst Bermudez took refuge in the island of Margarita, where he remained until the arrival of the Spanish general Morillo. When the expedition under the orders of this celebrated commander approached to lay siege to Carthagena, Bolivar quitted it, and repaired to Tunja, where the Congress of New Grenada was then sitting. Here he put himself in motion with a few troops, and made himself master of Santa Fè de Bogota; from whence he marched towards Santa Martha, in his attempt on which he was foiled through the jealousy of Don M. Castillo, the governor of Carthagena. Enraged at the refusal of the reinforcements which the Congress had assigned to him, he was on the eve of entering Carthagena sword in hand, when he found that Mo-

rillo had begun operations against that important post. Bolivar now dismissed every feeling of resentment from his mind, united his troops to those of the garrison, and set sail for Jamaica, from whence, he trusted, he would be enabled to return with forces adequate to effect the raising of the siege; but the failure of pecuniary resources crippled his efforts and prevented his arriving in time to save Carthagena from falling into Spanish hands. This place had undergone the most lamentable sufferings: and its very conquerors were deeply affected at the misery to which famine and disease had reduced its brave defenders; who evacuated it on the 6th of December, 1815, after spiking the guns, embarked in thirteen vessels, and, forcing their way through the enemy's gun-boats, made for Aux Cayes.

The hopes of the Independents seemed now at their last gasp. Their enemies in the old world, the enemies of freedom in all hemispheres, thought it strange that the Americans should conceive the idea of possessing a country of their own. America had witnessed her worst reverses, emerging from her most signal successes; and Spain, in her turn, beheld her victorious career in a foreign clime pregnant with the ultimate ruin of her hopes. She would have thought her triumph incomplete had she refrained from humbling the vanquished; and forgot that her arrogance might estrange those colonists who had hitherto adhered to her cause. The encouragement which these new allies held out to them, excited the indefatigable warriors, whom the fatal rout at Urica had not tamed into submission, to form themselves into corps of guerillas, and place themselves under the command of Monagas, Zaraza, and other chiefs. A short time demonstrated the formidable character which such bodies may assume; the suddenness of their incursions, and the rapidity of their movements, justly entitled them to the appellation of "*The Tartars of America*," and enabled them to rekindle the dying embers of their liberties. Arismendi, after various successes, took possession of the island of Margarita; and Bolivar, skilfully availing himself of this fortunate turn of affairs, lost no time in hastening the equipment of an expedition which was collecting at the expense of some private individuals. Among these was Brion, a man of large property, whom none could exceed in devotion to the cause of freedom: to him was intrusted the command of two ships of war and thirteen transports, which composed the naval force of this expedition. Towards the close of March 1816, Bolivar, who had been joined by two battalions of black troops, from Pétion, the Haytian president at Port au Prince, set sail with his little army. On his way, he captured two vessels under Spanish convoy, one of them a king's ship, of 14 guns and 140 men, after an action in which Brion was wounded; he afterwards disembarked at Margarita, and drove the Spaniards from every part of the island, excepting the fort of Pampatar. At Carupano he strengthened his force with several corps of guerillas, and compelled the Spaniards to evacuate that post; thence he marched to Occumare, where, after resting his troops at Choroni, he left his advance, under the command of Mac Gregor, who made himself master of Maracay and the Cabrera. The future depended on instant energy and decision; and Bolivar circulated a strong manifesto throughout the province of Caracas, in which he developed his intentions, and strove to rekindle the dormant patriotism of those for whose sake he had once more hoisted his standard. This manifesto, instead of awakening the enthusiasm which

it ought to have inspired, served but to rouse the apprehensions of the sordid-minded. In vain had the general himself led the way, by enfranchising his negroes, and ranging them as volunteers under the banners of liberty; the principal colonists were more alarmed by the fear of losing their slaves, than anxious to be avenged of the Spaniards, and betrayed their own cause in their eagerness to preserve their rich plantations. The opposition which ensued was productive of the most disastrous consequences. Bolivar, calculating on the co-operation of the inhabitants, had weakened himself, by leaving Mac Gregor in another province; he was consequently incapable of sustaining the assault of the Spaniards under Moralès, and after an obstinate resistance, in which he lost his best officers, was forced to retreat in disorder. The two Haytian battalions gallantly covered the retreat of their brethren in arms; whilst those of them who escaped the sword of their adversaries, found a miserable grave where they had expected a generous asylum; being pitilessly butchered by their own countrymen, in whose defence they had ventured their lives. On the other hand, Mac Gregor, unable to contend single-handed against the victorious Spaniards, was compelled to retire to Barcelona; which he succeeded in gaining, though harassed on all sides by light troops.

Arismerendi was more fortunate in his operations: as his position was more favourable, he laid hold of Pampatar, left not a Spaniard remaining in Margarita, and embarked with a part of his force for Barcelona, where the Independent troops were to form a junction. At this period, Bolivar, who was anxious to resume the offensive with greater effect, set out from Aux Cayes, where, it is asserted, he escaped assassination in consequence of a mistake made by a Royalist emissary, who stabbed the master of the house in which Bolivar resided, instead of the general himself. On his arrival in Margarita, Bolivar issued a proclamation, convoking the representatives of Venezuela in a General Congress; and thence passed over to Barcelona, where he established a Provisional Government. Morillo now advanced to this place, with four thousand men, supported by his whole naval force, and on the 15th of February, 1817, paid dearly for a temporary success he gained over his antagonist, who rendered it entirely useless by setting fire to his own ships. The 16th, 17th, and 18th, were occupied in a desperate conflict, which terminated in Bolivar's obtaining possession of the enemy's camp; though the struggle so completely crippled him, that he was unable to pursue the Spaniard, before he was reinforced by a considerable detachment. Morillo, who had suffered greatly during his retreat, was met and defeated by General Paez, in the plains of Banco-Largo. Other successes attended the Independent forces under Piar, in the district of Corona, as well as in Caycara under Zaraza, who had raised a force much needed by his party, by breaking in the wild horses of America for his cavalry.

Bolivar, having been chosen supreme director of Venezuela, towards the close of this year (1817) fixed his head-quarters at Angostura, where he was enabled to organize the civil and military affairs of his government. On the last day in December, he took his departure, with two thousand horsemen and two thousand five hundred foot; ascended the Orinoco, was joined on his route by Generals Cedeno and Paez; and after a march of two-and-forty days, appeared before the ramparts of Calobozo, three hundred leagues from Angostura. After several

engagements, which were fought on the 12th of February, 1818, and the two subsequent days, he forced Morillo to abandon that place; he pursued and attacked him on the 16th and 17th, at Sombrero, whence he compelled him to take refuge in Valencia. The exhaustion and diminution of his own troops, after such a series of hard fighting, as well as the necessity of providing against any operations in his rear, induced him to desist from farther pursuit, and detach Cedenó and Páez to take possession of San Fernando de Apure. His force being thus reduced to one thousand two hundred cavalry and about five hundred foot, Morillo suddenly attacked him on his advance to San Vittoria, near Caracas. A continued conflict was thence kept up from the 13th to the 17th of March, at La Cabrera, Maraçay and La Puerta; during which the Spanish commander was wounded. Cedenó, as well as Páez, who had received some reinforcements from England, now rejoined Bolívar, who, on the 26th, became the assailant in his turn, attacked the heights of Ortiz, and carried the Spanish position, which was defended by La Torre. The enemy, however, in his retreat, directed his march on Calobozo, and captured it on the 30th of the same month. On the 17th of April, Bolívar narrowly escaped from being delivered up to the Spaniards by one of his own officers; for this villain, a Colonel Lopez, made his way with twelve men to the spot where his general was reposing, and scarcely gave him time to get away in an almost naked state.

No sooner had Bolívar rejoined his corps, than he was vigorously assailed by Antonio Pla, a Spanish officer, who cut off four hundred of his men. Some days afterwards, Morillo, having collected the garrisons of several places, effected a junction with La Torre, and on the 2nd of May attacked Páez, in the plains of Sebaños de Coxedo: the conflict which ensued was equally disastrous to either party, and put an end to the campaign in the interior of the country. Some of Bolívar's officers had, in the mean while, laid hold of several places on the coast: Marino had possessed himself of Cariaco, whilst Admiral Brion, after dispersing the Spanish flotilla, and sending some pieces of artillery, ten thousand musquets, and other warlike stores, up the Orinoco, surprised the post of Guiría, on the 30th of August.

On the 15th of February, 1819, Bolívar presided at the opening of the Congress of Venezuela at Angostura; where he submitted the plan of a Republican Constitution, and solemnly laid down his authority: though a strong representation of the exigencies of the times was again pressed upon him, and became his inducement to resume it. Availing himself of the rainy season to reorganize his forces, he set out on the 26th of February towards New Grenada in search of Morillo, who had selected the Isle of Achagas, which is formed by the Apure, as an impregnable position. The Royalist troops in that province had been routed by General Santander, and Bolívar anticipated that their coalition would decide the fate of the campaign: when, therefore, he had been reinforced by two thousand English troops, and had defeated La Torre, he used every exertion to this end, and succeeded in effecting the junction on the 13th of June. After receiving deputations from several towns of New Grenada, he resolved upon attempting the passage of the Cordilleras. Fatigue and privations of every kind were endured with exemplary fortitude in the advance of his forces through this wild, precipitous, and barren region, where they lost their artillery

and most of their equipments, although they succeeded in reaching the neighbourhood of Tangia in the valley of Sagamoso on the 1st of July. They found its heights occupied by three thousand five hundred Spaniards: these were instantly attacked by Bolivar, and completely overthrown; the result placed Tunja in his power. The battle of Boyaca a few days afterwards gave him possession of Santa Fè. These two victories achieved the deliverance of New Grenada, and were accompanied by the surrender of Barreyro, the Spanish commander-in-chief, and the remnant of his army, together with all their arms, ammunition, horses, artillery, &c. "The advantages (observes Bolivar in his official despatch) are incalculable which will result to the cause of the Republic from the glorious victory of yesterday. Our troops never triumphed more decidedly, and have seldom engaged soldiers so well disciplined, and so ably commanded." In Santa Fè, from which Samano, the viceroy, had scarcely time to escape, Bolivar found a million of piastres, and resources of every description; but more than this, he was joined by a host of recruits, and enabled effectually to repair the losses he had sustained both in the battles he had gained, as well as in the hardships he had encountered in crossing the mountains. The province, which he had so signally emancipated, hailed him with enthusiasm as its deliverer; he was nominated President of New Grenada at Santa Fè, and in his proclamation of the 8th of September following he complied with the public voice by reuniting this province with Venezuela.

Inaction was ill-suited to his disposition and the auspicious circumstances of the moment; but before he embarked in a new enterprise he nominated General Santander as vice-president, proposed an exchange of prisoners to Samano, regulated every thing that concerned the administration of the government, and made a levy of five thousand men. Having so done, he resumed his route to Angostura.

The fame of his successes had reawakened universal confidence throughout the province of Venezuela; his advance across that country resembled a triumphant progress; and the 17th of September, 1819, crowned the great and dearest wish of his heart,—that the two provinces should form one undivided commonwealth; to which the Congress attached the title of "*Republic of Colombia*." A new capital was ordered to be constructed, which should be known to after-ages by the illustrious name of Bolivar: in the interim, the provisional seat of the General Congress was directed to be fixed at Rosario-Cucuta. Seven days had scarcely elapsed before Bolivar was again in motion at the head of the most formidable army which the Independents had hitherto mustered; and the flames of intestine discord being extinguished, the promise of a happy and unclouded futurity dawned upon the fortunes of Colombia. Such indeed was the general spirit of animosity prevalent at this moment against the Spanish government, which had endeavoured to prop its declining authority by acts of the most atrocious cruelty, that the people eagerly joined his standard from every quarter. The prospect of peace seemed no longer a dream, and the true friends of American liberty lent themselves to it with eager sincerity. On the 5th of January, 1820, Bolivar made himself master of Calobozo, and this was afterwards followed by a series of memorable advantages over his opponents; but no sooner was he informed of the favourable change which had taken place in the mother-country in the commencement of 1820, than he made proposals to Morillo for the

purpose of terminating a contest which had involved both nations in so long a course of bloodshed and calamity. The Spanish general listened joyfully to these overtures; commissioners on both sides were despatched to Truxillo, and speedily agreed to an armistice, by which Spain recognised Bolivar as president, or supreme chief of Colombia. In vain did Morillo's delegates endeavour to secure an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Spain over the two provinces; the Independents would neither listen to their representations, nor subsequently to those of Morillo himself. During the continuance of these negotiations, both commanders appeared to entertain sentiments of reciprocal esteem and admiration; nor could a more signal proof be given of the confidence which each of them placed in the honour and integrity of his late antagonist, than that they twice passed a whole night together within the same chamber at Truxillo.

On the conclusion of the armistice, in November 1820, the two armies retained the respective positions they had occupied previously to it, on the banks of the Unare and Guanare; but Morillo shortly afterwards returned to Spain, leaving La Torre in command of the Spanish forces, and about the same time the Independents despatched M. Zea and two other commissioners to Madrid with a view to bring about a final pacification between the two governments. The constancy with which the Colombians insisted upon an unreserved recognition of their independence, would probably, at all events, have rendered every attempt at such a pacification abortive: in spite, however, of this barrier, the Madrid negotiations lingered on until the intelligence of the rupture of the armistice broke them off. On the 10th of March, 1821, Bolivar announced to La Torre, that he would, in conformity with the terms of the armistice, renew hostilities on the 28th of April ensuing; being forty days after the notification he then made. The privations to which his army was exposed in their cantonments, and the great mischiefs which were accruing to the cause of Independence by the continuance of the armistice, were the principal motives which he assigned for adopting this course. In the beginning of May, therefore, Bolivar took the field with a force of upwards of eight thousand men, which he divided into three corps, respectively commanded by generals Paez, Cedeno, and Anzoategui. These divisions advanced by separate routes to the plains of Tinaquillo, where they formed a junction on the 23d of June, and then advanced towards Calobozo, where the Spanish head-quarters were fixed. In their advance the Independent army had to penetrate through a narrow precipitous defile in the mountains. The leading division was that of general Paez, who was at the head of the battalion of British troops, the battalions called "The Bravos of the Apure," and a corps of thirteen hundred horse. The position occupied by the Spaniards was one of great strength; the heights, commanding the only pass by which it could be approached were crowned with artillery; and the pass itself did not, in many places, admit of more than one person advancing at a time. At eleven in the morning of the 24th, Paez's division defiled in front of the enemy, under a heavy fire from the heights: and without waiting the advance of the other divisions, its gallant leader, as if impatient of dividing the victory with his brave colleagues, determined on an immediate assault of the Spanish position. In spite of the superior advantages, which numbers and strength of position afforded, his enemies

were, in the short space of half an hour, driven from their intrenchments with great slaughter by the valour and impetuosity of his troops, whose assault he led in person. Stores and artillery were alike abandoned by the vanquished, and victory smiled on the cause of freedom before the second division could arrive to share in its achievement: a few of its *Tirailleurs* alone had come up, and at their head Cedenó impatiently placing himself, rushed upon a square of Spanish infantry, in the midst of which he and the greater part of his companions found a glorious death. The British troops distinguished themselves highly on this occasion, and, indeed, were the principal instruments of this brilliant victory: nor was Bolívar slow to recognise their good conduct: he conferred upon the remnant of the battalion of which they consisted, the title of "Battalion of Calobozo," and on the surviving heroes, both officers and privates, the decoration of the order of Liberators. The Spaniards, after losing one-half of their force in this decisive conflict, fled with dismay in the direction of Puerto Cabello.

The independence of this portion of the American continent was the happy consequence of the battle of Calobozo, and the first fruit which it yielded was the retaking of Caracas: whence Bermúdez, who had already once captured it in the course of the campaign, had been almost immediately afterwards driven out by Colonel Pereyra. Bolívar again retook it on the 30th of June without resistance; and four days afterwards, La Guyra capitulated, the garrison under Pereyra being allowed to proceed by sea to Puerto Cabello. On the 6th of July, Bolívar (now called the President Liberator) declared Caracas the capital of the department of Venezuela, and transferred the Court of Admiralty from the island of Margarita to La Guyra. It has been stated, that not a white person was found in either of these once flourishing towns, when Bolívar took possession of them; the only inhabitants remaining in them being a handful of negroes. He issued a proclamation in consequence, entreating all its former inhabitants to return to the enjoyment of their properties, and solemnly assuring them, whether they were Royalists or Independents, of the future and sacred protection of the new government.

The Independent forces were now intent upon reducing the other towns which remained in the hands of the Spaniards. Carthagena capitulated on the 25th of September, and Cumana about a month afterwards. Puerto Cabello has however continued to baffle every effort to reduce it, and the possession of a superior naval force has enabled the Spaniards to do considerable mischief to the commerce and tranquillity of the neighbouring coast.

The General Congress had been summoned to meet at Rosario de Cuenta on the 1st of January, but the delay which occurred in the assembling of the deputies prevented the formal opening of their sittings before the 1st of May. Other objects having called Bolívar away, Antonio Marino, the vice-president of the republic, was deputed by him to preside at its opening; on which occasion he addressed his colleagues in a tone of warm congratulation on the flattering prospects which the achievement of their independence held out. This was considered as the first *Colombian* Congress, and its first decree confirmed that of the Venezuelan legislature, which, in December 1819, had ordained the perpetual union of Venezuela and New Grenada, under the title of the "Republic of Colombia." An amnesty for all past

offences was proclaimed; whilst every person, whatever might have been his political conduct or opinions, was promised the restoration of his property on his taking an oath of fidelity and allegiance to the state.

After decreeing every possible mark of the national gratitude to their brethren in arms, the Congress applied itself diligently to the drawing up of the Constitutional Charter of the Republic, and closed its important labours on this head before the termination of the session. The constitution of the United States of America seems to have served as a model to the Colombian legislators, who vested the executive functions in a president and vice-president, and conjointly with them, the legislative office in a senate and house of representatives; making, however, a noble and beneficent improvement on the constitution which was their prototype, by abolishing slavery; declaring that the children of slaves born after the promulgation of the constitution should be free, and enjoining that measures should be adopted for gradually redeeming and emancipating all existing slaves. This object being despatched, the Congress next discussed the plan for public education, and the laws for regulating the commerce of the republic. Bolivar, who was elected president in conjunction with Santander as vice-president, hesitated at first to accept this high office; but the general voice compelled him to give way, and the same talents, activity, and perseverance, which entitled him to this just mark of the veneration and confidence of his fellow-countrymen, have ever since distinguished his exercise of the important dignity conferred upon him. The Congress, having brought its useful labours to this termination, broke up on the 13th of October; and some weeks afterwards, Bolivar removed the seat of government to Santa Fè de Bogota, to co-operate the more readily in the liberation of Quito and Cuença, and thus retain the former as the frontier province towards Peru, which is itself engaged in the struggle for its independence.

4.5 } The introduction of the trial by jury, the toleration granted to all religions, and the establishment of schools on the Lancasterian system, are sufficient pledges of the provident and enlightened spirit by which the infant republic and its high-minded president are actuated. Nor have its powerful neighbours, the United States, been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, which the promise of its future prosperity affords, for advancing North American interests, by placing their relations with the Colombian people at an early hour on the most friendly footing. The President of the United States had already observed to Congress, "It has long been manifest that it would be impossible for Spain to reduce these colonies by force; and equally so, that no conditions short of their independence would be satisfactory to them." The American executive has since sealed this declaration, by formally recognising the independence of South America, and appointing ministers to Colombia, Buenos Ayres, and others of the new governments. Surely, the character of that country whose sons have bled in the contest for South American freedom, and the dignity of that throne whose strength and glory consist in the affections of a free, enlightened, and generous people,—surely, neither the good name of Great Britain can be defiled, nor can its future prosperity be compromised, by taking example from its Trans-atlantic offspring, and inscribing over the threshold of Colombian freedom its own sacred motto—"E^{sto} per^{petua}!"

There stood one tent, from the rest apart—
 That was the place of a wounded heart.
 Oh! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
 A voice that cries against mighty wrong;
 And full of death, as a hot wind's blight,
 Doth the ire of a crush'd affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had pass'd,
 And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.
 There had been words from her pale lips pour'd,
 Each one a spell to unsheath the sword;
 The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
 And the dark chief of Araby grasp'd his spear,
 Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
 And a vow was recorded that doom'd its fall.

Back with the dust of her son she came,
 When her voice had kindled that lightning flame,
 She came in the might of a queenly foe,
 Banner and javelin and bended bow;
 But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
 There sought the warrior his star of Fate;
 Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
 Was hail'd as a spirit and a sign,
 And the faintest tone from her lip was caught,
 As a sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.

Vain, bitter glory!—the gift of Grief,
 That lights up vengeance to find relief,
 Transient and faithless!—it cannot fill
 So the deep void of the heart, nor still
 The yearning left by a broken tie,
 That haunted fever of which we die!

Sickening she turn'd from her sad renown,
 As a king in death might reject his crown;
 Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
 She wither'd faster, from day to day.
 All the proud sounds of that banner'd plain,
 To stay the flight of her soul were vain;
 Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
 The frail dust ne'er for such conflicts born,
 Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
 For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
 As on that eve when the fair boy died;
 She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
 O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell;
 She spoke, and her voice in its dying tone
 Had an echo of feelings that long seem'd flown.
 —She murmur'd a low sweet cradle song,
 Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng,
 A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
 Had glow'd on her breast in its slumber meek,
 But something which breathed from that mournful strain,
 Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again,
 And starting as if from a dream, she cried,
 —“Give him proud burial at my side!
 There by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
 Where the temples are fallen, make there our grave.”

And the temples fell, though the spirit pass'd,
 That stay'd not for victory's voice at last,
 When the day was won for the martyr-dead,
 For the broken heart, and the bright blood shed.
 Through the gates of the conquer'd the Tartar steed
 Bore in the avenger with foaming speed,
 Free swept the flame through the idol-fanes,
 And the streams flow'd red, as from warrior veins,
 And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
 Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
 Till a City of Ruin spread round the shade,
 Where the Boy and his Mother at rest were laid.*
 Palace and tower on that plain were left,
 Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft,
 The wild vine mantled the stately square,
 The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
 And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
 —This was the work of one deep heart wrung!

F. H.

 GUATEMALA†.

AMERICA, just raised to independence, and which, as a discovery, laid open by the calculations of genius, fixed the attention of the sixteenth century, deserves no less to occupy the undivided consideration of the nineteenth. Some of the new republics have already employed the pen of the politician; and several of them have lately been visited and described by travellers. One of them, however, *The Federal Republic of Central America*, in consequence perhaps of its having been the last to emancipate itself, has not yet attracted the notice of writers. Isolated in the midst of the New World, and without commercial relations, in consequence of its harbours being closed, the bare existence of the kingdom of Guatemala was all that was known respecting it. But two years have elapsed since that vast region elevated itself to the rank of an independent republic, and assumed the title, not yet generally disseminated, of "The Republic of Central America." This beautiful country, as an elegant writer of Guatemala† expresses himself, was till then *a rose shut up in its bud* §! At present, not only by reason of its new political aspect, but also on account of its valuable and multifarious productions, to say nothing of its extent, it demands a distinct place in the geography of modern America, and claims forcibly the attention of the commercial world.

The geographical position of Guatemala is most favourable, and conducive to the extension of its riches and power. It is situated in the centre between North and South America, having on one

* Their tombs are still remaining, according to Forbes, in a grove near the city.

† These details respecting the Federal Republic of Central America, are given upon the authority of the journal which Dr. Lavagnino, who travelled during the last summer in that part of America, had the kindness to communicate to us; upon secondly, the writings and statistical observations of Senor del Valle, one of the most learned and eminent citizens of that republic; upon the verbal information which Senor Herrera, Ex-Deputy of the Constituent Assembly of Guatemala, has had the politeness to communicate to us; and lastly, upon the acts of the government, and other official documents in our possession.

‡ Senor del Valle.

§ "Una rosa encerrada en su capello."

side the Republic of Colombia, and that of Mexico on the other. It is washed equally by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and thus admirably placed so as to carry on those extensive relations which it will establish with all the nations of the Old and New World at some future day. The superficial extent of Guatemala is 26,152 square leagues, varying much in quality, height, exposure, temperature, and fertility. From this superficies it may be seen that it is larger than Spain in Europe, or the Republic of Chili in the new world. From the summits of the mountains which cross the territory of Guatemala, numerous rivers descend, that fertilise the soil through which they flow, refreshing the atmosphere, and discharging themselves into the Northern and Southern oceans. Some of these rivers are partly navigable, such as the Motagua, L'Ulua, L'Aguan; &c. many others might easily be made so, were the scheme encouraged by the government, or were it an object of private speculation: and no doubt, we shall behold the government seriously occupying itself with this important improvement as the prospects and resources of the nation unfold themselves. The great lake of Nicaragua, which is one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, lies in the territory of this republic: a circumstance that will perhaps be one of the active concurring causes to make it an emporium of commerce, if the design of opening a communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic, by means of that lake and of the river San Juan de Nicaragua, be carried into effect. This undertaking several mercantile houses in London and North America are even now desirous of entering upon. The territory of Central America is accessible by numerous harbours. Towards the North are the ports of the Gulf, Omoa, Truxillo, San Juan, and Matina; and on the South those of Ricoia, Realexo, Conchagua, Acajutla, Iztapa, &c. The productions of the soil are almost innumerable; nature never appearing tired of conferring her bounties; and the succession of the fruits and produce of all kinds is uninterrupted through the year.

E mentre spunta l'un l'altre matura!

TASSO.

The two productions most known to commerce, and most esteemed, are indigo and cochineal. In the province of Soconusco, the cocoa for the especial use of the Court of Madrid, was formerly gathered. There are many mines of silver in the provinces; and as these are at present the favourite speculation of British adventurers, we will hereafter give a description of them.

According to Baron Humboldt, in 1822, the population of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala did not exceed 1,600,000 souls. These calculations, however, by the acknowledgment of M. Humboldt himself in a letter to Bolivar, are only vague conjectures, which require to be rectified by accurate statistical data. Senor del Valle is of opinion that the population of Guatemala cannot be less than 2,000,000. He remarks that no pestilential diseases have occurred in that country for many years; that it has not been exposed to devastating wars like Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, Colombia, and New Spain. Articles of provision are to be met with there at lower prices than in Mexico; and marriages are more prolific. According, therefore, to the opinion of Senor del Valle, which appears by no means ill founded, the popula-

tion of Guatemala may be estimated to exceed that of Venezuela, Peru, Chili, and perhaps of Buenos Ayres.

Guatemala remained subject to Spain till 1821. From 1821 to 1823, the epoch of its absolute independence, it went through various eventful changes worthy of record. The new-born Republics of America may be likened to the slaves who, escaping from the prisons of Algiers, excited to such a pitch the public curiosity respecting the story of their late misfortunes, that every one was anxious to accost and interrogate them regarding the sufferings they had endured, and their past perils:—a curiosity honourable to the human heart. But what feeling should be more intensely interesting to mankind than the desire of knowing by what changes, perils, and anxieties, a people have obtained the imprescriptible right of liberty? We will therefore give a rapid delineation of Guatemala as a colony, and the figure it now assumes as a free and independent nation.

Sometime before the year 1821 the minds of the inhabitants of Guatemala had been prepared for shaking off the yoke of Spain. The journals, the writings, and opinions of men of influence, had kindled in the breast of the natives, a love of their country: together with the charm of liberty, the dignity and advantages ever concomitant with independence, were demonstrated to them. The fire, which for a long time had lain smothered under the ashes, was at last fanned into a flame. On the 15th of September, 1821, the general wish for independence was openly manifested; and that day of the month became a solemn and beloved anniversary which the Constituent assembly decreed every year should be celebrated with patriotic festivities, religious pomp, and dotations to the poorest young persons of the capital who had married during the preceding twelvemonth. The spirit of independence spread with the celerity of electric fire; and the Deputies of Guatemala, who took part in the Cortes of Madrid as the representatives for that nation, joining in the shout of joy raised by their countrymen,—echoed in Madrid, in December 1821, the cry of their country in a splendid banquet, and united their vows to those of their fellow citizens.*

But before Guatemala had well shaken off one yoke, it was doomed to fall under another, less galling, however, and ignominious than the first. Mexico, which had proclaimed her independence at the same time, was desirous of forming one state in conjunction with Guatemala, and saw with displeasure that these provinces desired to constitute themselves a separate and independent nation. The government of Mexico, therefore, sent the Commandant Filisola, an Italian, with some troops to prevent the threatened separation. The machinations of the Captain-General, in unison with the views of the Mexican government; the wishes expressed by many towns and cities, gained over by cabal; and the rumour industriously propagated, that Filisola came with an imposing force, (when in reality he had no more than 700 men,) tended to make it appear that the union of Guatemala with Mexico was voluntary, although, in fact, that union was but the effect of deceit and violence. The efforts of many of the citizens to set aside

* See the letter of congratulation written on that occasion by three Deputies to the government of Guatemala.

that forcible and absurd connexion proved abortive; the voice of Senor del Valle on that occasion was not listened to, nor were the wishes of several patriots sufficiently favoured by fortune. These generous lovers of their country were not permitted to reap the fruit of their courage and eloquence, until two years afterwards—in 1823. The province of San Salvador, however, and a part of that of Nicaragua, refused, from the first moment, to submit to Mexico. They took up arms in defence of their independence; and, although assailed by the forces of Filisola, reinforced by the troops of the province of Guatemala, prolonged their resistance until the public opinion of all the provinces, on the 21st of June 1823, spoke out again in favour of complete independence.

Guatemala, united to Mexico by force and political cabal, followed, for some time, the fate of that empire, and sent deputies to the Mexican Congress; and when, on the 18th of October 1822, that Congress was dissolved by the powerful hand of Iturbide, Guatemala submitted to the yoke of the usurper.

The fall of Iturbide was the signal for the recovery of her independence; and, in consequence, on the 24th of June 1823, Guatemala declared herself an independent state. Every thing was now in her favour. The Commandant Filisola, who had had opportunities of knowing the true wants and wishes of the people of that country, instead of opposing the insurrection, gave all his assistance to help it forward; although the motive which induced him to give such co-operation, was not perhaps of the most generous nature.

Animated with the desire of becoming the chief of the new republic of Guatemala, he was in hopes, by such an adhesion, to open to himself the road to power. The Congress of Mexico, having become more wise from experience, and more just by reason of its own misfortunes, a few months afterwards acknowledged the independence of Guatemala. But the army, (that terrible element of modern society!) which had first given oppression, and subsequently liberty to the country, threatened again to overthrow the republic, and to place a usurper on its ruins. On the 14th of September 1823, a dangerous conspiracy against the government broke out among several corps of the army, and the fate of the republic was for two days undecided. During this time the sittings of the Constituent Assembly were suspended, broils and combats arose in the streets, while the hall of the Assembly served as a fort to the patriots against the attacks of the military. At last patriotism stood forth triumphant; and Captain Ariza, the contriver of the conspiracy against the government, was constrained to fly, while a serjeant of artillery, his accomplice, suffered the punishment of death, a penalty which he had most deservedly incurred. The troops which had rebelled were disbanded, praises were prodigally bestowed on the courage and patriotism of the inhabitants of Guatemala, and the names of those who, during these days, had sacrificed their lives in fighting for their country, were engraved on marble in the hall of the Congress. It may boldly be asserted, if we except this momentary storm, that the tree of Guatemalan liberty is almost the only one which has not been watered by a great effusion of blood.

Guatemala had scarcely raised the standard of independence, on the 24th of June 1823, when measures were taken to nominate a Consti-

tuent Assembly, by which the basis of a constitution, fit for a federal republic, might be arranged, and through the medium of which it might be presented for approval to the five states composing the nation.

After some months the labours of the Assembly were completed. The model which served to guide the legislators of Guatemala, was the republican form of the United States of America, together with that of Colombia. All the nascent republics of America felt the necessity of constituting the New World on one and the same principle.

A worthy and enlightened American, Senor Rocafluente, (now *chargé d'affaires* of Mexico in London) some years ago, in a book entitled "*El Systema Columbiano*," demonstrated the necessity of following the republican plan: and, coinciding with this view of the case, the Constituent Assembly of Guatemala adopted as their form of government the system of a representative federal republic; vesting the legislative power in a federal congress and a senate. The congress is elected by the people, and is half renewed every year. Each state sends a representative for every 30,000 inhabitants. The senate is composed of members popularly elected, in the ratio of two for each state. That body has the right of sanctioning all the resolutions made in congress; and a third part is renewed annually, the individuals going out being eligible to be re-elected. The executive power is exercised by a President nominated by the inhabitants of the different states of the Federation. The offices of President and Vice-President (both nominated in the same way) last for four years, and the individuals who fill them may, without any interval, be once re-elected. The constitution abolishes slavery, establishes individual liberty, and guarantees the freedom of the press. The republic is at present divided *into five states*; Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Each of these states is free and independent as to its provincial government and internal administration*.

On the 20th of February 1825, the Constituent Assembly was dissolved, and the Federal Congress succeeded it, which swore to maintain the constitution on the 10th of last April. Senor Del Valle, who until that time had been President of the Executive Power, on resigning his office, pronounced an eloquent speech at the opening of that congress. It is impossible sufficiently to praise that estimable citizen, for the good which he has effected for his country. In the speech to which we have alluded, while reminding his auditory of the importance of the duties of

* Senor Barraudia, one of the most zealous patriots and eloquent orators of the republic, and president of the commission which prepared the project of the constitution, thus defends the federal form of government adopted by Guatemala:—"In framing this project," says he, "we have adhered, in most instances, to the model of the United States—a model worthy of imitation by every people just become independent. And, though we did not think fit to make any considerable alterations, or to create, if I may so speak, all that might have been deemed compatible with our circumstances, or reconcilable with the enlightened principles which, from the epoch of the rise of that nation, have in a great measure caused the advance of the legislative science: we kept also in our view the constitutions of Spain and Portugal, the federative and central one of Colombia, and all the constitutional legislative proceedings of France—that great nation, which, amidst a thousand celebrated writers, and philosophers of every class, made experiments in all the forms of government except the federal, and which, although unfortunate in its revolution, gave lessons to the world; still regenerated itself in an astonishing manner; and undoubtedly discovered and developed most interesting ideas for general reform, and the liberty of the human race."

a representative, he made use of the following eloquent language :—
 “ The people believe that, from the moment they have made choice of a citizen to be a representative, the private character of the man should cease, and nothing exist but his public capacity : that self should die, and nothing live in him but his country ; that the individual should disappear, and his country only be seen ; that all personal likes and dislikes should be annihilated, and nothing survive but the sublime and delightful sentiment of patriotism.”

The journals, the acts of the republic, and the speeches of many statesmen which we carry in our recollection, are so well composed, and so sound in principle, that they afford the best refutation of the assertions of those who (by way of desperate resistance to truth and fact !) declare the American people not sufficiently polished, enough matured, or too uncultivated to live under a free and independent form of government.

These few historical outlines of public events will serve as a groundwork whereon to finish the hasty picture which it is alone our intention to sketch. We will, therefore, now revert to the territory, and to a description of the country, its customs, and inhabitants. The Commercial Road, to which every traveller is wont to give the preference, leading from Omoa, a port on the Atlantic, to the city of Guatemala, is the first line of country we shall notice. This city is the capital of the republic. We shall transcribe, for this purpose, extracts from the Journal of Doctor Lavagnino.

“ On the 26th April, 1825,” says the Doctor, “ we arrived at Omoa ; not without having experienced much inquietude from the pirates, who frequently made their appearance in the gulf of Honduras. Omoa lies at the extremity of a bay, and is inhabited by negroes living in huts. A few white merchants are resident there, who carry on business as agents. The climate is unhealthy, by reason of the stagnant waters in its neighbourhood ; for this reason, we preferred remaining on board ship, in order to be less exposed to the influence of the putrescent vapours which exhale from the marshes. Were a channel cut to conduct those waters into the sea, which is close at hand, Omoa might become a pleasant place of residence. It possesses a fortress, built of stone, of regular formation, and surrounded by a fosse. A Black officer, who came on board our schooner, gave us but a sorry idea of the garrison of the place. He requested money from us under frivolous pretexts, took one bottle of wine from us in a shameful manner, and even offered to introduce us to ladies, if we would give him a second. The commandant of the place, who possessed the most polished manners, made ample compensation ; however, for the disgust we felt at the conduct of this despicable negro.

“ On the 28th we departed, at eleven in the morning, for Izabel, and, at break of day on the 29th, arrived at the mouth of the river which disembogues itself from the Golfo Dolce (sweet gulf) into the sea ; having traversed 22 leagues. On the same day we proceeded up the river. The country in this short journey was picturesque. We then entered the small gulf, and crossing a strait, which is commanded by fort San Felipe, found ourselves in the Golfo Dolce.

“ On the 30th, very early in the morning, we descended to Izabel, a small village inhabited by negroes, which only began to be re-inhabited about a twelvemonth ago. Izabel was sacked and burned by some pirates, who came from the Island of Providence, and were supposed to have had an understanding with the Commandant of the fort of San Felipe. They made a booty of a million and a half of dollars ; and also carried away the cannon of the fortress. We took up our abode in a hut, and found a few fowls, but all other kinds of provision it is requisite, nay indispensable, for travellers to carry

with them. In this village we sold our mattresses, and purchased a kind of bedding, which in this country is called *amache*. The climate is salubrious. The Commandant of the place, who has also the charge of the whole gulf, facilitated for us, by all the means in his power, the procuring every thing necessary. The distance from the mouth of the river to Izabel is 18 leagues.

“On the 2nd May, after a day’s delay, we left Izabel at five in the morning, and arrived at Micho at two in the afternoon. The journey is only seven leagues; and the road passes by a mountain called *Del Micho*, or the Mountain of Guatemala. The road we traversed on that day was horribly bad, and we often sank deep into the mud. In the rainy season the mules frequently perish in lakes of mud. Sometimes a traveller passes on the verge of precipices, where it is necessary to shut his eyes not to be terrified by beholding danger in its most frightful aspect. Then he is forced to trust entirely to the experience of the mules, which are wonderfully sagacious in selecting paths; but, notwithstanding their sagacity, they sometimes sank to the belly in holes of mud. At other times the traveller is compelled to pass on an inclined plane, from which he every instant appears doomed to slip and fall into quagmires. If his attention be diverted from his perils and difficulties, he hears the roarings of lions and tigers,* and a confused noise, arising from the howlings of animals, and the singing of birds, the beautiful and lively colours of whose plumage seem to be brought into view, in some sort to qualify the scene of horror and affright around. If the mind can but contemplate the magnificence and beauty of the vegetation of this country in tranquillity, an intense sentiment of admiration takes possession of the soul. When the traveller arrives at a certain distance from *El Micho*, the thick woods which skirt the path diminish, until at last the earth is totally stript of trees, which are again shortly met with in abundance, under the description of large cypresses. We slept at Micho in a hut on our *amache*, boiled a fowl, and made some soup with biscuit.

“On the 3d, at eight in the morning, we set out from Micho. The road is on the top of the mountain, beautiful, and tolerably good; but the descent is somewhat inconvenient. The usual roaring of tigers resounded in our ears. On that day four labourers, who had gone to hunt tigers, had slain one, when another of that furious species of animals sprang upon one of the huntsmen, who with difficulty saved himself by climbing a tree. These mountains are covered with pines, and abound with fine pastures. We saw several horses and cows wandering at liberty upon them. We now traversed a delightful grove of wild palm trees, and it is impossible to describe the impression produced by the sight of them; the effect was like magic. The appearance of these trees, and the intertwining of their branches, were often so beautiful and fanciful, that Tasso might well have chosen one of these retreats for the abode of his Armida. Sometimes, on the contrary, the spot was so entirely savage, and conveyed such ideas of horror, that Byron might there have aptly enough placed his misanthropic Manfred. We arrived about one o’clock in the afternoon at *Encuentros*, where there is a post-house, and custom-house officers, though but few inhabitants. This little mean hamlet is situated immediately on the bank of the river Motagua, which we crossed by a ford, although it is there called *Rio Grande de los Encuentros*. The distance between *El Micho* and *Encuentros* is about six leagues.

“On the 4th, at eight in the morning, we departed; and at one in the afternoon arrived at Guana. The road uniformly proceeds on the mountains, and is pleasant and good; but it would be much shortened were it cut along the sides of the hills. Here the howlings of the wild beasts were heard no more. Vegetation is of a large growth, vigorous, and abundant. On the contrary, animated things, such, for instance, as wild quadrupeds, birds, insects,

* Lions and tigers, properly so called, do not exist in America; the jaguar is the animal usually denominated a tiger by the inhabitants of the New World.

&c. were small, and rarely met with. From Encuentros to Guana, is a route of four leagues. At three in the afternoon we left Guana. The road is pleasant, passing over small hills, and through the midst of woods. We came at eight in the evening to Gualam, from Guana to which place we reckoned four leagues. Gualam is a country containing 4000 souls: the district is daily increasing in prosperity and population, by reason of the river Motagua passing in its neighbourhood, by which stream all the merchandize from Omoa is transported to Guatemala.

"On the 5th, at nine in the morning, we again set forward on our journey, and halted at San Antonio, about two leagues distant. We found provisions moderate in price. A dozen of eggs cost us a real. At four in the afternoon we proceeded, after having eaten five hard eggs, in order to be able to resist the attacks of hunger. Without that precaution, famine might have assailed us on the way, as nothing was to be had on the line of our journey. I advise all travellers to carry with them their own provisions, a precaution which tends to make travelling in this country less unpleasant. The road is steep and stony; and the river Motagua is seen at a small distance: we were informed that alligators or crocodiles were to be found in it. We often met convoys of mules laden with merchandize. The bales are placed in a right line, and the mules, when unladen, are left to themselves, and sometimes stray as far as two leagues in quest of pasture. At every moment we saw tents, wherein merchandize was heaped up, guarded by one or two white men. The right in the soil begins now to be marked out in a particular manner. Vast extents of land, inclosed with artificial fences, in which herds of horses, oxen, and cows feed, sufficiently indicate a right of property. The country, nevertheless, is always uncultivated, and no trace of agriculture appears. The road is more beaten than formerly, which announces that the country begins to be more thickly inhabited than it was. We observed some Indians nearly naked, and loaded like beasts of burden. These Indians, called labourers, are very rare, because Indians in general are lazy. A traveller, while passing through these solitudes, and beholding the state of abandonment in which the virgin and fertile soil is left, cannot but feel indignation against the Kings of Spain. Thirty nations inhabited this part of America before the conquest by the Spaniards, all of which have been well nigh utterly destroyed by the Spanish rulers, for the empty pleasure of adding a new title to their style, and in order to call themselves "Kings of the Indies!" Catholic fanaticism was an accomplice in these devastations. Alexander VI. that monster decorated with the Tiara, drew a line on the map of the world, which was to form the limits assigned to the dominion of the Kings of Spain in America. With that documentary proof of property in their hands, the conquest was carried on with fire and sword, and twenty-six thousand square leagues of land (which is the superficial space of the republic of Guatemala) became a vast solitude. The foolish titles which the despots of Asia assume, such as, Emperors of the Moon, Brothers of the Sun, &c. did not cost humanity such torrents of blood, as were shed when the titles of "King of Jerusalem and of the Indies" were proclaimed to the world. Spain imposed taxes on her colonies, but never received any profit from the kingdom of Guatemala. The friars, soldiers, and persons employed in public capacities, consumed the whole amount of the tribute exacted from its miserable inhabitants.

"In these burning regions the sight of a hut is a real consolation; not only on account of the pleasure communicated by finding ourselves again in an inhabited place, but also because we are then in hopes to meet with a glass of water. We had been for many hours tormented with thirst, when fortunately we beheld some huts, towards which I anxiously guided my mule. An old Indian woman presented herself, and, at my request, ordered a young girl to bring me a draught of water. At the same time an old man advanced towards me, whose aspect, manner, and the extraordinary vivacity of his eyes, surprised and impressed me with respect. He first desired the girl to get the water from the coolest place, and then observed to her, that I was *un blanco y*

caballero, a white man and a gentleman. I thanked him; and he replied, 'There is no cause, Sir; a Castilian considers it a duty to be courteous to strangers.' Saying this, with a joyful gravity, he gave me his hand, and asked me if I were returning to Europe. I answered in the affirmative; upon which he said, 'My bones will rest in these deserts!' words which were uttered by the old man in the accent of unfeigned grief. I was greatly affected, and, thinking it a charity to avoid all further inquiries, having drunk the water, which at that moment was a high treat to me, I dropped his hand, which he held in mine, and spurred my mule into a gallop. What an enigma, said I to myself, is the love of country! Two Europeans of different nations in Europe are always strangers, and often enemies to each other; and in America they see and salute one another as countrymen! Long did I carry the venerable figure of that old man engraven on my memory. He was very eloquent. But the recollection of his country, instead of being a comfort to his heart, was like the apparition of a defunct mother which constantly presents itself tormentingly to the vision.

"At eight in the evening we reached San Pablo, an Indian village with a church. From San Antonio to San Pablo the distance is five leagues. There we reposed till eleven at night. Trusting to the moon, which was then risen, we set forward, and arrived at Zacapa at three in the morning, having journeyed three leagues.

"On the 6th I rested at Zacapa, by reason of a want of mules to pursue my journey. I there became acquainted with a young Frenchman, Monsieur Legette, who, having abandoned France for political opinions, had inhabited Guatemala during six months, where he had established a library.

"Zacapa is a large village, situated in a plain which extends as far as Simalapa, that is to say, eight leagues in length and four in breadth, gradually diminishing as you proceed. Zacapa reckons an amount of population of different castes not inferior to 6000 souls. It possesses a church, the architecture of which is somewhat of the Moorish kind, wherein two priests officiate. There are several houses in the village built of stone, but very low; and the commerce of the place is inconsiderable. Cocoa and coffee are extensively cultivated, but indigo and cochineal are rarely met with. The heat is excessive. We underwent great fatigue in search of mules to pursue our journey. They were extremely difficult to be got, because no fodder was to be procured for them on the road, by reason of the intense heat, and the sterile aridity of the soil, which invariably occurs whenever rain has not fallen for any length of time.

"At a short distance from Zacapa, on the road to Guatemala, the river called Zacapa is crossed, which, at about a league farther on, unites its waters with the river San Augustine. At the confluence of these two streams the river Motagua commences; and, after flowing nine leagues, as far as Gulani, it becomes navigable for large canoes down to the sea, a distance of forty leagues. The greater part of the indigo, cochineal, and all the other productions of the export, of which Guatemala stands in need, are transported by that river. The government intends to render it navigable to the confluence whence it begins, to which, several masters of canoes assured me, they had sailed the whole way. With a little outlay of money, it is thought that even the river San Augustine might be fitted for the purposes of navigation, as far as the town of the same name, a course of eight leagues. Should this ever be accomplished, the province of Chiquimula will derive infinite advantage from the circumstance. In that province is situated the celebrated *mine of Alotepaqué*. The mine of San Pantaleone, which is now inundated, at one time yielded an immense quantity of metal. In the Museum of Madrid, two chests with specimens from that mine are preserved. Several masses of stone are there bound together by bandages of pure silver, which are easily recognized, being suspended in the air. On account of the immense treasure contained in this mine, the Spanish government was induced to grant several privileges to the family of Zca, in order to induce them to work it. It might be

dried, by making a canal or drain at its base: a circumstance important to remark, inasmuch as it precludes the necessity of machinery, and consequently greatly diminishes the probable expenses attendant upon the enterprise. The mines of Santa Rosalia, Montanita, and San Antonio Abad, on the same vein, have yielded a great abundance of metal, and could again be put into activity at a small expense, as nothing more is wanting than to clear away the masses of earth which have fallen into some of the subterraneous galleries. The neighbouring Indians go to the mine, and collect silver, which they sell at four or five reals the ounce, to the Spaniards, who speculate in the commodity. Several families of the city of Chiquimula and the adjacent country, reap great profits from this commerce. The riches of the mine may be more easily conceived by stating that, in the report made to government by the Assayer of the Mint of Guatemala, it is proved that every quintal of ore yields seventeen marcs six ounces and three-eighths of an ounce of silver.*

"The family of Zea became proprietors of this mine in 1800, and worked it with all the energy practicable from the fortune of private persons. It conveyed mineralogists and miners from Mexico; (400 leagues distant!) but the mistakes and bad faith of these people deprived the family of the profit which it had rationally expected to realize; and it was ruined by bad administration, while the artisans employed became rich. The mine now belongs to an English company, which intends to commence operations next spring, with all the advantages which the progress made in the study of mineralogy and mechanics, added to a wise administration, are likely to ensure them.

"On the 9th of May, after having lost a day by reason of the difficulty of procuring the requisite number of mules, we put ourselves in motion for Simalapa. The road is flat and pleasant. We halted at a hut about half an hour's distance from Simalapa, exhausted by thirst, hunger, and intolerable heat. We acted very unwisely in attempting to travel within fifteen degrees of the line, in the middle of the day, and without shade. Near Zacapa we passed the river of the same name; and met the American Consul on his way to Omoa. Shortly after, we crossed two other small rivers. The distance from Zacapa to Simalapa is eight leagues.

"On the 10th, at five in the morning, we again continued our journey. The road was beautiful, but the heat insupportable. We passed through Simalapa, which consists of some hundred small huts. On the road we perceived a great number of horses and cows dead from starvation, in consequence of the pastures being parched up for want of rain. Some pine-apples which we purchased from a party of Indians, invigorated us a little. At nine in the morning we reached Sobecas, where we found excellent lemons, of which the inhabitants take no account. Simalapa is four leagues from Sobecas.

"On the 11th, at half-past three in the morning, we left Guastatojas, where there is an aqueduct, and a large reservoir well stocked with fish. This town has a better appearance than Simalapa; and exhibits several stone houses. At ten in the morning we rested at Incontro, a place containing only two houses. In our progress we frequently crossed torrents of water. The road proceeds invariably at the bottom of the valleys, and on the sides of the mountains, covered with shrubs. We now found ourselves screened from the rays of the sun, and saw the earth uniformly clothed with green herbage, and veiled with the shade of the plants that it nourished, which gave us ideas of security, and made the road infinitely more pleasant. The temperature was also more mild. The distance from Sobecas to Incontro is six leagues. At three in the afternoon we left Incontro, and halted, after journeying a league, at a house called Roncadilla, there being no other houses till we reached Omoita.

"On the 12th we set off at seven in the morning, and proceeded along valleys shaded by noble trees, with woods on both sides of our path. At

* The marc is eight Castilian ounces; and the proportion between an English and Castilian ounce is as 100 to 104.

last, after having ascended a mountain, and passed over various hills in succession, we reached Montegrande, where we began to perceive some sugar-plantations and good houses. As we travelled onwards, the temperature became more and more moderate. It is worthy of remark that in this part, during some months of the year, the weather is cold, on which account the people are enabled to cultivate cochineal. We observed immense wens on the grown-up persons, and great bellies in the younger part of the population. Roncadilla is four leagues from Montegrande.

"At two in the afternoon we departed, and arrived at the estate of Father Caballeros at six in the evening. The road is excellent, and the sugar-plantations very frequent. On the plantation of Father Caballeros there was an aqueduct, wherein I bathed, and felt myself much the better for it; and I advise travellers to bathe as often as they can find an opportunity. From Montegrande to the estate of Father Caballeros is five leagues.

"On the 13th, we set out at five in the morning. The road is very narrow, and on the brink of a precipice, passing near a volcano, which has been extinguished for some time, whence run many rivulets of warm sulphureous water, the whole of which united disemboque themselves into a river which flows along the side of the volcano, and is called *Aqua Caliente*. At ten in the morning we reached the estate of San Jose, where the air is delightfully salubrious and cool. To arrive there we ascended a high mountain, from the summit of which we beheld a beautiful plain. The elevation above the sea must be very considerable, judging from the temperature, which may be compared to that of the advanced spring of Lombardy. We met, as we had frequently done before, a troop of Indians, of both sexes, loaded like beasts of burden, walking to the sound of a drum, in order perhaps to alleviate the fatigues of the road. We traversed five leagues from the estate of Father Caballeros till we reached San Jose. We took up our quarters for the night on the estate of San Diego, two leagues further on than San Jose.

"On the 14th, at half-past five, we proceeded again, on a road at first delightful, but which gradually grows worse and worse. At about a league distance from Guatemala that city is discovered; which, with its houses entirely white, and its numerous and beautiful churches, presents a most agreeable *coup d'œil*. It is situated in a plain, wherein are seen many villages inhabited by Indians. Agriculture has not made great progress. That plain, which in Europe would present a luxuriant cultivation, in Guatemala exhibits but few traces of culture, and the natural fertility of the soil gives rise to an abundant vegetation, consisting, for the most part, of useless plants."

On the road from Omoa to Guatemala, as described by Doctor Lavagnino, we have seen that, at short intervals, villages and bands of Indians are met with. The tribes of Indians in the republic of Guatemala form more than half of the population; and therefore, before we enter on a description of the city of Guatemala, the sittings of its federal congress, the plans of its government, or involve ourselves in political matters, we will give a succinct account of the Indians, which cannot fail to interest the philosopher and the philanthropist.

The Indians who people the republic of Guatemala have not a common origin. The descent of a great proportion of them may undoubtedly be traced from the Julteca Indians; who, after having conquered Mexico, extended their dominion even to the territory of the present Guatemalan republic. Nevertheless, before their conquests, that part of America was peopled by different nations; and the Jultecas, on entering the Mexican kingdom, found it occupied by the Chichimecas. Were all the Indians of this republic descended from the stock of the Jultecas, they would universally speak nearly the same dialect; on the contrary, as the natives of this country speak many and opposite languages, it is to be presumed that they are descended from divers

nations. In the provinces of Quiché and Potonicapon, in a part of Quezaltenego, and in the town of Rabinal, the inhabitants make use of the languages of Quiché; that is to say, of the Jultecas. In Gueguetenago, in a part of Quegaltenago, and in the province of Soconusco, the Mam or Pocoman language is spoken; and in no kingdom of the New World are so many and so different dialects heard, as in the confines of Guatemala. The languages which are known and have a name, as those of *Quiché, Mam, Pipil, Zoque, Chol, Lenca, Maga, &c.* alone, amount to twenty-six. Many of these languages, however, have some analogy to each other; and, generally speaking, are very difficult to acquire, having a strong, harsh, guttural sound, and the signification being changed by only laying a greater or less stress on the words.*

Charles V. ordered the Dominican friars to instruct all the Indians in the Spanish language, merely to facilitate among them the introduction of the Catholic religion, since it could not have been supposed that the Castilian would ever become the organ of communication among the Indians themselves. But that wise enactment did not take effect in all parts; which is proved by some of the more uncultivated and savage Indians not understanding or speaking a word of Spanish.

Before the Spanish conquest the Indians were idolaters, and had their priests, who, on many occasions, acted as soothsayers. Subsequently, in 1524, when Don Pedro Alvarado had subdued for Spain the different kingdoms into which that vast part of America was divided, by means of the ministry of successive Spanish missionaries the different populations embraced the Catholic religion; and many and heavy were the difficulties and dangers that these missionaries had to surmount, in order to establish the gospel. Besides the ruggedness of the roads, thirst, famine, and bad health in unwholesome climates, they had often to encounter death, rendered hideous and appalling by torments invented by the barbarity and ferocity of their indocile neophytes. Nevertheless, these holy persons left nothing untried to attain their object. They lavished presents on the Indians; caressed them; and sometimes, by means of the converted part of their wild community, putting some part of the mysteries of religion into verse, caused these compositions to be sung; and thus attracted the curiosity of the Indians, who, allured by the singing, were anxious to know the details and issue of its history. Thus it was that they initiated them into the mysteries of the new worship.

Those Indians, who did not inhabit the great cities and fortresses, were not accustomed to live in towns, after our fashion. Their towns, before the conquest, were similar to some of those which exist in the present day (called Pajuyuco); in which the houses are so dispersed, and at such a distance from each other, that a town of 500 families not unfrequently occupies the space of a league. The missionaries, in order to baptize and instruct with more facility, collected these natives into villages, formed after the Spanish way; the church being erected in the centre, in front of which was a square with a chapter-house, jail, and other public buildings, with the houses distributed into square allotments, and rectilinear streets. Had the Spanish missionaries refrained from employing the bayonets of the soldiery, trusting their cause to the

* Compendium of the History of the City of Guatemala, written by Dr. Domingo Juarros, in the year 1818.

powers of persuasion, and had they not contaminated the minds of their converts with absurd superstitions and a farrago of ridiculous miracles, they would have rendered by their ministry an incalculable service to humanity.

Notwithstanding, however, the zeal of these missionaries, many Indians, a century after the conquest, were not converted to Christianity; and others, towards the year 1725, abjured that belief, and put to death three missionaries who chanced to be among them, accusing religion and the Spanish friars of having been instrumental in their slavery.* At present the greater proportion of these Indians profess the Catholic religion; the most part of them, however, without understanding it. They are credulous and superstitious. In the state of Honduras, on the banks of the river Ulua, exist a tribe of Indians, from fifteen to twenty thousand, called Sicaques, who are quiet and hospitable in their disposition. They welcome most affectionately every stranger; and if such persons show an inclination to become domiciliated among them, give them a hut, and provide them with agricultural utensils; and after a year, if they have conducted themselves well, incorporate them with their community, giving one of their daughters in marriage to each of them.

The foreigner who receives these marks of favour and hospitality should take especial care never to speak of the missionaries, whom they detest, as having uniformly been the chief agents in the work of their oppression. In the state of Honduras also, the Mosquito Indians are resident,—rough in their aspect, dirty, and nearly naked. These are implacable enemies to the Spaniards, who never could subdue them. They are inhospitable, and carry on an insignificant commerce with the English alone, selling to them the small quantity of silver and gold which they pick up in the rivers and mines. Some of them are seen in the streets of Wallis (an English settlement), who appear like the gipsies among us, and live apart from all the other inhabitants, feeding on uncleanness and the offal which they find in the streets. Some will have them to be cannibals, but certain it is that they are still idolaters.

When we behold the disorder, narrowness, and total want of convenience in the houses of the natives of this country, and the state of misery in which they are now found, it appears incredible that the Indians before the conquest should have had palaces of such magnificence, cities so well constructed, fortresses and castles defended with so much art, and other edifices for mere ostentation and parade, of which many histories descant, and some traces still remain. The richest Indian has now nothing but a miserable house for his habitation, which, generally speaking, has only one chamber; and, although sometimes their houses may contain several apartments, they are arranged without any continuity of order, and separated from each other; so that there is no instance of an Indian possessing a house inclosed in walls with any vestige of taste, notwithstanding they have the abodes of the Spaniards constantly before their eyes.

The Indians in the vicinity of Guatemala are as yet in a wild state: they speak the indigenous language, and clothe themselves like savages,

* The Court of Rome, *as usual*, canonized, as saints, these three missionaries, and made them perform miracles.

if a piece of cloth with which they cover their middle, leaving all the rest of the body naked, can be denominated clothing. The females are not more covered than the men; but the bronze-like colour of their skins, and their coarse physiognomies, are antidotes against the seductions of such a dress. The Indians of the other provinces are more civilized, clothing themselves after the European fashion, and speaking the Spanish tongue.

It is generally remarked, that the Indians are naturally timid and cowardly,—a fact which is perfectly established by the history of the conquest. Don Pedro Alvarado* conquered the numerous kingdoms which existed in his day with some hundred Spanish soldiers, and six thousand allied Indians from the province of Plaxaltecas. The armies of the Indian kings consisted of thirty, fifty, and sometimes eighty thousand men, if credit can be placed in the Spanish historians. But by degrees, as these Indians proceed in civilization, they acquire courage and valour; and in the last war many of them evinced great prowess. Their principal weapon is the sabre, and several of them know how to use muskets. Many of the tribes are armed with spears, and esteemed skilful in shooting with arrows.

By the present constitution, the Indians have acquired the right of citizenship, and are placed completely on an equality with the descendants of the Spaniards. They cannot, therefore, be otherwise than attached to the new system, and many of their entire towns are open partisans of the republican government.

Under the Spanish rule, these people lived in oppression. The government, to appearance, protected them; but, in reality, their laws tended solely to keep them in ignorance and inferiority. Thus the Spanish law considered the Indians as minors during their whole life, and subjected them to a perpetual tutelage. In order to prevent instruction from penetrating to them in any way, the Spaniards were prohibited from entering Indian villages. Dancing in their own houses was not permitted; and, to the end that they might not become accomplished in the exercises of war, they were debarred from even mounting on horseback, although their country was most abundant in horses. In fine, under the Spanish sway, they were liable to be compelled by the proprietors of mines to work in those subterraneous caverns for *two reals* a day. These people, therefore, have cause to bless the present constitution, which has emancipated them from a state of degradation; and their emancipation would always be a powerful obstacle in the way of the pretensions and attempts of Spain, even were that power in a state of capability to aspire to the reconquest of its colonies.

The historian Torquemada says, that these Indians, under their kings, had colleges and seminaries for children and adults, under the superintendence of approved, prudent, and able persons. Although, in the present day, no traces of these colleges remain, nevertheless Indian parents take great pains with the education of their children. The mothers suckle their offspring till it attains the age of three years; and there is no instance of their confiding their children to a strange nurse. They carry them slung over their shoulders, wrapped up in a

* The descendants of that conqueror inhabit the state of Costa Rica. That family, excellent and enlightened citizens, has one of its members seated in the Federal Congress, and another in the Senate.

piece of cloth, which they tie before them. With this burden they wash, and grind, the movement of the mother serving as a gentle rocking to the child. They do not defend them from the inclemencies of wind, of rain, of sun, or of frost; nor have they any cradle but the hard ground, or at most a piece of cloth. As soon as the child can walk, they place burdens on him adapted to his strength, and at the age of five or six years, he is conducted to the fields to gather grass, or to collect wood. At a more mature age the father instructs his sons in hunting, fishing, labouring, using the bow and arrow, dancing, and other accomplishments. The mothers teach their daughters to grind, to spin cotton and *pia*, and to weave all kinds of cloths. They accustom them to bathe frequently, as often as twice or thrice a day. They are jealous of the honour of their daughters, and never suffer them to be absent a moment from their sight.

The Indians lead a life of great hardship, sleeping on the bare ground, with their heads wrapped in a woollen covering, and their feet exposed to the air. They eat from off the ground, without any cloth or napkin, and their chief aliment consists of maize; for, although they eat ox-flesh, game, and other mountainous animal food, it is taken in small quantities, and always accompanied with a *tortilla*, which is a cake of maize, thin, and baked on a *comal* or plate of clay, and seasoned with a small quantity of salt. They drink water, or else *chicha*, which is a beverage extracted from maize, bran, or different fruits. The *chicha* is a sweet drink, and also of a strong nature. The Indians are particularly partial to brandy, which they purchase in bottles, or make in their own houses from bran, or *panela*, which is a sort of sugar of a very vile quality. In some villages, a bottle of brandy costs two reals, and in others four. The government has always imposed a tax on this distillation.

When they pay visits, they make use of long harangues full of repetitions; and their sons, when they accompany them on such occasions, observe the strictest silence. The Indians preserve secrets with the greatest fidelity, and would suffer death rather than reveal them. When interrogated about any thing, they never reply determinately, but always in the way of a doubt, and with a *quizas si*, which signifies *perhaps*.*

Among the Indians in the province of Guatemala, and those of Quetzaltenango, there are many who possess sheep in abundance. These persons avail themselves of the wool to weave stuffs of various kinds. The most common of these stuffs is that called *Serga*, which, for the most part, is a mixture of black and white wool, and is used by the Indians for clothes, as well as by other people who are employed in rough and hard labour. They weave a more ordinary sort of stuff, which scarcely deserves the name of cloth, and is destined for various purposes. The lowest price of these stuffs is a real the *vara*, which is nearly an English yard. The Indians also manufacture cotton cloth higher in price than the stuffs we have just mentioned, and of which the Indian women make use for dress, as well as the poorer classes of people in the cities.

* The most general occupation of the Indians is agriculture. Many of them work in the mines, and others employ themselves with their rough manufactures. The government has now ordered that each village shall have possession of land to the extent of a league around it; that the population may employ itself in agricultural pursuits, and so that every person may labour for himself.

It is by no means true, as some writers have asserted, that the Indians are inferior to Europeans in physical force, and in intellectual faculties; or at least some writers have assigned too low a criterion for judging of the natives of America. With regard to physical power, if the Indians are not to be compared with Europeans in the conventional beauties of figure, many of them are their equals, or superiors in strength, and are capable of carrying loads of two hundred pounds English weight. They also resist diseases better than Europeans. There is no doubt that the organization of the Indians is similar to that of the European inhabitants of America; and to prove that they possess the same facilities for acquiring any art or science, it is sufficient merely to reflect, that, from among those Indians who have been placed in contact with civilized society, and instructed by priests capable of guiding their understandings, many have stood forth eminently skilled in philosophy, in theology, in jurisprudence, and in other sciences which they have been taught. In the province of Nicaragua there was an Indian ecclesiastic, (not long dead) styled Doctor Ruiz, who was a scholar of no ordinary stamp. In general they make great progress in whatever studies they take up; and are particularly gifted with fluency of language and feelings of patriotism. They were the first, in 1812, to take part in the revolution of Independence; and in the first Constituent Assembly of Guatemala, in 1823, three Indian deputies took their seats, of whom two were ecclesiastics. Besides which, an Indian was elected Senator, and sat in the assembly of the republic, in the year spoken of; nor is it improbable, that in the first sittings of the Congress, several Indians will appear as deputies.

In the days of the Spanish government there were few schools for the use of the Indians; and those established were but ill endowed and miserably conducted, nothing being taught in them but Castilian reading and writing. At present, primary schools are increasing, and establishing with great spirit; and, when in a subsequent article we discuss what has been done, and is intended yet to be done, by the new Constitutional Government in favour of public instruction, we shall not omit to mention the measures it has already taken to introduce and disseminate schools on the Lancasterian system.

SONG.

I VOW'D a vow of faith to thee,
 By the red rose of June;
 I vow'd it by the rainbow,
 And by the silver moon.
 The red rose is departed,
 Fresh ones are blooming there;
 The rainbow has not left a shade
 Upon the azure air.
 And the crescent moon has swell'd
 Into a golden round,
 And a sign of chance and change
 On each and all are found.
 Then say not I have broken
 The faith I vow'd to thee;
 Change was made for all on earth,—
 Was it not made for me?

L. E. L.

A DEFENCE OF THE ALPHABET.

THERE does not exist, on the face of the earth, a worse used community than the alphabet. To judge the members by the reports that are daily circulated against them, one must take them for the most troublesome, immoral, wicked, profligate, abandoned set of wretches that ever formed a society. For "poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations—libels, pasquinades, and tumults," the very Abderites would have blushed for them. That they sometimes appear to be concerned in libels and pasquinades; that instances of religious, political, and literary prostitution may be adduced to their discredit, must, in fairness, be admitted; but it must also be remembered, in extenuation of their seeming offences, that in such cases they are not free agents, but the mere passive instruments of potent employers, against whose authority they are altogether unprovided with the means of resistance. That they would not willingly lend themselves to such vile and dirty purposes, there is no reason to doubt; for those most respectable members of the community, U and I, have frequently protested against all such misemployment of their services. Of wilful participation in the criminality of such proceedings, they must, therefore, stand acquitted; and if odium must attach to them, it can be only in the same degree, and upon the same unjust principle, that an army is made to share in the disgrace of a defeat occasioned by the incapacity or the misconduct of its leader.

If then there be so slight a foundation for such accusations as those against them, how deplorable must their situation appear, when it is considered that all other accusations, of what nature soever, are atrocious calumnies! Heavens! were it otherwise, there is not one among them from A to Izzard, for whom hanging, drawing, and quartering would not be excess of tenderness—the hurdle, the gibbet, and the stake, a paradise. Read the daily prints, and it will be found that not an elopement is planned; not an unsuspecting female is ruined; not a crim. con. is committed; not a prodigal son is guilty of an offence, at once, against his family and the state; in short, not a crime in the long catalogue furnished by human depravity is perpetrated; but some unhappy letters of the alphabet are denounced as the criminals! And innocent as they are, why should this be? Why should they, even for a day or an hour, be selected as the scape-goats, to bear the odium of offences attributable to others, who may be sufficiently *adroit* or powerful to procure for themselves secrecy and shelter under cover of an innocent initial? By such allowance, not only are the ends of justice perverted (often defeated) but crime is, in some measure, encouraged; for there is many a heartless fellow, who, had he no other tribunal to account to than his own indulgent conscience, would readily commit an act from which he would be deterred by the certainty of exposure, in the event of detection, to the rigour, not merely of the laws, but of public opinion. It may be objected, that this assertion is not strictly applicable as regards the graver offences against society, such as do really fall within the cognizance of the laws; and that no subterfuge is available to screen the authors of such misdeeds from the infliction of their merited punishment. Such objection is partially admitted; but there can be no doubt, that so far as concerns the commission of innumerable offences *contra bonos mores*, which *do not* come within reach of the arm of jus-

GUATEMALA*.

It is asserted by the Spaniards, who wrote the history of the Conquest, that in the kingdom of Guatemala alone, before the arrival of Don Pedro Alvarado, thirty different nations of Indians existed. If we believe this account, and contrast that immense population with the 700,000 poor and degraded Indians who are now living in solitary dispersion throughout the vast extent of that republic, a sentiment of horror cannot but pervade every bosom, resulting from the conduct of the superstitious court of Madrid, which, under the pretext of extirpating human sacrifices, immolated to the fiend of intolerance so many innocent people. But even supposing the assertion to be devoid of reality, there is little doubt that the lamentations which the pious Las Cazas has transmitted to posterity in favour of the Indians, are too well founded, as are also the observations made by the philosopher Raynal, while treating of the same subject, upon fanaticism and religious intolerance: and it must be confessed, if this be an exaggerated account of the Spanish historians, that the conquerors of South America are even worse than the Turks, inasmuch as they boast of having occasioned more evil and committed more direful ravages than they actually did commit; a thing unknown to these eastern fanatics, who lay waste with fire and sword, but never vaunt of being more cruel than necessity warrants, by increasing the amount of the slaughtered victims belonging to the nations which they have subjugated. Without, however, entering into a minute calculation of the massacres committed by the Spaniards in that part of America, it cannot be denied that they were the original spoliators of the country, and the destroyers of the many cities which existed prior to the conquest. To prove this, it will be sufficient to quote the description given by Don Francisco de Fuentes, the historian of the kingdom of Guatemala, of the city of Utatlan, in former times the residence of the King of Quiché, and by far the most splendid which the Spaniards met with in that country.

Don Francisco de Fuentes took up his abode expressly in Quiché, anxious to investigate its alleged antiquity by an accurate survey of the ruins or manuscripts which his assiduity might discover. According to his narrative, that capital was built nearly on the site of the present city of Santa Cruz del Quiché, which leaves room to conjecture that the latter might have been a suburb to the former. It was surrounded by a precipice, which served it as a fosse, and left no access to the city but by two very narrow entrances, defended by the castle of Resguardo: in this situation it was considered impregnable. In the centre of the capital was the royal palace, inclosed by the houses of the nobility, it being the usage for the plebeians to reside at the extremities of the city. Its streets were extremely narrow, and the place was so populous that the king collected from it alone seventy-two thousand soldiers to dispute the entrance of the Spaniards. It was a most wealthy capital, and adorned with numerous sumptuous edifices, the most celebrated of which was the seminary, where five or six thousand young men were fed, clothed, and instructed, at the expense of the royal treasury, and where sixty directors and preceptors were

* Continued from Vol. xiv. p. 578.

employed in the various labours of education. Besides the extensive castles of *Atalaga* and *Resguardo*, which were both capable of containing a vast number of defenders, the grand alcazar, or palace of the King of Quiché, was immense and beautiful in the extreme; and, according to Terquemada, its opulence competed with the palace of Montezuma in Mexico, and that of the Incas in Cuzco. Its front from east to west measured 376 geometrical paces, and its sides 728. It was built of divers-coloured stones, was elegant and magnificent in its proportions, and was divided into seven departments. The first served as quarters for a numerous band of spearmen, archers, and other expert soldiers, whose duty it was to guard the royal person. The second was destined for the habitation of the princes and relatives of the king, who during celibacy were treated with royal magnificence. The third was the abode of the king himself, wherein were apartments set apart for morning, after dinner, and evening. In one of these chambers, under four canopies of feathers, stood the splendid regal throne, the ascent to which was by a grand flight of steps. In this part of the palace were the royal treasury, the tribunal of the judges of the people, the armoury, the gardens, the cages of the birds and wild beasts, and a great variety of offices. The fourth and fifth departments were amazingly extensive, and occupied by the palace of the queens and concubines of the king. It contained an assemblage of suites of apartments requisite for the accommodation of thirty females, who were treated as queens; and was provided with gardens, orchards, baths, and places for the birds that furnished the feathers in use among the natives of the country. Contiguous to the last was the sixth department, which was the college of the young ladies, where the princesses of the blood royal were educated.

To those who are of opinion that the natives of America derive their origin from the Asiatics, the description of that immense capital might furnish evidence conclusive in support of their doctrine; inasmuch as, without taking into account the idolatrous worship, the analogy of colour and form, and the pusillanimity common to both these people, it might rationally be inferred from the use of harems, from the plurality of wives, from the baths, from the narrowness of the streets, and from various other circumstances, that the two nations are descendants of one family.

Before the conquest, many large cities of nearly equal note existed in the kingdom of Quiché, and in the other Indian countries; such as *Xelahu*, *Chemequeña*, *Patinamit*, the famous city of *Atitlan*, and the fortress of *Mizco*; but, as has been already observed in the preceding article, nothing now remains of these spacious places but distant records, or a few uncertain traces.

In return for so much destruction, the Spaniards founded here and there, and not unfrequently on the ruins of the ancient, some new cities, which deserve no particular notice either for the beauty of their construction or the magnitude of their population. The magnificent and grand was found by the Spaniards; and, like the Turks, they have substituted on its wreck meanness and deformity! The greater part of the cities founded by the Castilians are dedicated to a saint; but, notwithstanding the patronage of these celestial patrons, their inhabitants remain invariably in a state of poverty and ignorance.

From this list, however, we must except the city of Guatemala; which, not only on account of its structure, but from the circumstance of its being the capital of the new republic, deserves particularly to be mentioned.

Guatemala is the fourth city which has borne the name. The first was that Guatemala which was the residence of the kings of the Rachiqueles, and which has so entirely disappeared that the Spanish historians are still at issue as to the spot where it existed. The second was founded by the Adelantado* Alvarado, in 1524, between two volcanoes, as a temporary establishment, until he could select a more appropriate situation; but finding none such, the inhabitants resolved to remain stationary, approaching somewhat nearer to the east, at the bottom of the volcano called *Volcan de Agua*, a most fertile and pleasant site, the temperature of which is rather cold, with a wholesome atmosphere, and a soil well supplied with cool and salubrious waters. In that situation the conqueror Alvarado founded the city on the 22d November, 1527; and very soon afterwards it was peopled by that cloud of locusts which then followed the Spanish army, in other words, by the Dominican, Franciscan, and La Merced Friars, the Hermits of our Lady, the begging hermits, those of the True Cross, and by all the rest of their innumerable family. The city, however, at first increased but slowly, having been inundated and desolated, on the night of the 11th September, 1541, by a tremendous torrent of water which issued from the volcano, destroying with its flood, trees, houses, and inhabitants; by reason of which disaster that city (called *Ciudad Vieja*) was rebuilt on the supposed site of the old Guatemala, (*Antigua Guatemala*.)

This third city of Guatemala was founded in a pleasant valley, encompassed by woods and ever-verdant hills, enjoying a moderate temperature, and blest, as it were, with a perpetual spring. In the cathedral of this Guatemala were buried the mortal remains of the Adelantado Alvarado. This city was also peopled by Dominican, Franciscan, and La Merced friars, as well as by Jesuits. It contained ten monasteries of regulars, and five convents of nuns, who, as the author of the *MONACOLOGY* justly observes, are rarely found far apart, being like plants among which the male and female of each species are always seen in contiguity. There was likewise a convent of the order of La Conception, of such vast extent, that nuns, novices, and servants, to the amount of more than a thousand, are said to have inhabited it: but notwithstanding the presence of so many Seraphic inhabitants, the city was unfortunately shaken by frequent earthquakes, from the visitations of which it was doomed several times to be destroyed. At last, the place having again been partly laid waste by the earthquake of 1773, the inhabitants, tired of ruin and of so often rebuilding their domiciles, resolved to remove to a spot further distant from the volcano and the misfortunes it occasioned, making choice for that purpose of the valley of Mixco, where in 1776 the new Guatemala was erected.

* Adelantado, in old Spanish, signifies the military and political government of a province on the confines of a kingdom—*Præfectus*, *Præses*.

New Guatemala, the capital of the republic, is built in a spacious plain, five leagues in diameter, watered and fertilized by various rivulets and considerable lakes, under a smiling sky, and enjoying a benignant climate; so much so, that throughout the year woollen or silk stuffs may be worn indiscriminately. The streets of the city are straight, tolerably long, and in general paved. The houses, though built low, for fear of earthquakes, are nevertheless commodious, pretty in appearance, and have gardens and orchards attached to them. The principal plaza is a large square, of which each side measures 150 yards, well paved, with porticoes all around. In front of it is the cathedral, built by an Italian artist, in a correct and magnificent style of architecture. On one side of the cathedral is the archiepiscopal palace, and on the other one of the seminaries. In front of the cathedral is erected the palace of government, near which stands the palace of justice, and in the middle of the square plays a fountain, slightly carved. The churches of Guatemala are all handsomely and elegantly constructed; and attention is particularly arrested by a beautiful amphitheatre of stone, destined for the barbarous amusement of bull-baiting; and in this building, by way of refinement in cruelty, combats between jaguars and bulls have sometimes been exhibited. There is a well-built university, where law, theology, medicine, mathematics, and natural history, are taught; to which are attached a small library, and an anatomical museum, with several curious preparations in wax. The city possesses, besides, an academy for the fine arts, an elegantly constructed mint, very deficient, however, in the machinery employed in European establishments of the same kind. To remedy this deficiency, the government has lately commissioned an individual, at present in London, to purchase one of Bolton's machines. This mint has always been in active employment; and from it was issued, in 1824, the recent gold and silver coin, stamped with the newly-devised armorial bearings adopted by the republic; exhibiting on one side a tree, with the motto "*Libre cresca y fecundo*," and on the other a rising sun enlightening five mountains, emblematical of the five federal states.

According to the census, instituted by order of Señor Del Valle, while he was president of the republic, the population of Guatemala exceeds 40,000 souls.

The city is nine Spanish leagues distant from the ancient Guatemala; ninety leagues from the sea on the north, twenty-six from the Pacific ocean, and four hundred from the city of Mexico.

The federal congress and the senate are the most valuable establishments of this capital, and cannot fail to render it flourishing and celebrated in time to come. These two bodies conjointly exercising the legislative power, assemble in two distinct halls, founded on the site of the old university. In the first national assembly more than eighty deputies took their seats. At the present time the federal congress reckons but forty-six representatives, and the senate is composed of ten members. The senate-house has been lately adorned in a simple and dignified style. The hall of congress is in no way remarkable, and its walls are covered with velvet and damask. It has a gallery for the public; and behind the president's chair is a kind of balcony, where ladies may be present at the debates. It is an incontrovertible fact

that eloquence is rare in all assemblies where the members are few in number. As writers are warmed into enthusiasm by possessing in imagination an uncontrollable dominion over the judgment and applause of posterity: in like manner the presence of a numerous auditory excites the passions and gives a zest to the imaginative powers of the orator. The limited number of deputies in the federal congress of Guatemala, curtailing the space for the expansion of the majestic and far-extending wings of eloquence, may therefore be assigned as the true cause of the languid state of the present oratory of the country. Last June, however, a sitting was held in the hall of congress, not less important from the nature of the discussions which took place, than on account of the animated speeches delivered on the occasion; and the subject being interesting to humanity collectively, it may not perhaps be amiss to give a detailed account of the proceedings.

One of the first acts of the constituent assembly of Guatemala was the abolition of slavery, which disgrace of civilized ages was annihilated by a decree of the 17th of April, 1824. Nevertheless the law wisely settled a rate of indemnity for the owners of slaves. Señor del Valle, ever foremost in the paths of patriotism and humanity, was very urgent in recommending such a compensation, and his example was followed by the greater part of the proprietors. The number of slaves at that time in the republic did not exceed five hundred. The epoch of that decree was observed by the government as a season of festivity and jubilee; and the legislative power, rejoicing in the benefit done to humanity, declared in its message that the decrees of the assembly deserved to be registered on tablets of brass, in the hall of the assembly, as one of its greatest ornaments.

In process of time the constitution was promulgated by the national assembly, and confirmed the abolition of slavery by the 13th article, worded as follows:—

“Every man in the republic is free; and no one who takes refuge under its laws can be a slave, nor shall any one be accounted a citizen who carries on the slave-trade.”

By means of this article the republic was placed by the constitution on a footing with the temples of the ancients, which served as an asylum to the unfortunate. In consequence, during last spring, one hundred slaves, belonging to the English settlers at Belize, fled from the colony, and sought refuge in the republic. The superintendent of the establishment demanded the restitution of the fugitives. The executive, in the message with which it forwarded the demand to the legislative power, gave its opinion in favour of the required restitution: influenced, no doubt, by an apprehension that the British Government would not tamely permit a refusal to be given, which would so materially tend to alarm its subjects, proprietors of slaves in the West Indies, where slavery is still tolerated. The public of Guatemala, on that account, were anxious to know the resolve of the legislative power upon so delicate an affair. The 6th of June was fixed for the debate, and the hall of congress was crowded to excess. Attention and anxiety were visible on every face; and so intensely were the feelings acted on, that the eyelids seemed to cease from their involuntary motion during the period of suspense. The deputy, Alvarado, opened the debate.

“ Era este noble mozo de alto hecho,
 Varon de autoridad, grave, y aevero,
 Amigo de guardar todo derecho,
 Aspero, riguroso, y justiciero,
 De cuerpo grande y relevado pecho.”*

These verses, with which Ercilla portrays Caupolicon in the Araucana, convey a correct idea of Alvarado. On that occasion he brought the constitution to the view of the congress; thus addressing it:—

“ This is the sacred *Ægis*, under cover of which the slaves of Belize have taken refuge; and I call on you to recollect that you have sworn to maintain it inviolate. Shall we break that oath so shortly after having pronounced it? What are commercial interests, when put in competition with the paramount duty of preserving justice? They should weigh as a feather in the balance! England, it is true, protects the interests of her traders; but is she not bound still more to prefer and protect the sanctity of oaths?”

The whole harangue of the orator, besides being animated by the glowing sentiments of a generous heart, was interwoven with brilliant sentences of manly logic, and obtained from the auditory, whose emotions sympathized with the words he uttered, reiterated expressions of approbation. After him arose an opponent, who, with all the powers of oratory, exerted himself to prove the propriety of the restitution, and, by quotations from ancient and modern history, to show that the principles of justice, which ought to regulate the conduct of individuals, cannot be always made applicable to a state. Many other deputies followed on the same false side of the argument: but Señor Alvarado was not disheartened; and returning to the charge, adduced fresh arguments in reply; declaring in conclusion, that if the English Government should insist on recovering possession of the slaves by force, he would prefer to fall a victim to violence rather than become an accomplice to injustice. These last words, pronounced loudly and with impassioned emphasis, by an orator whose countenance was invariably clothed with an air of sadness, again drew down the plaudits of his hearers, whose hearts were without exception in unison with justice.† Notwithstanding, however, the manly resistance of Señor Alvarado, the discussion was eventually decided by a majority in favour of the contrary opinion; and in consequence the congress ordered the restitution of the slaves—a decision which fortunately was subject to the revision of the senate. That second legislative chamber, therefore, resumed the discussion, and pronounced an opposite decision, declaring the slaves to be free; but at the same time uniting the rights of liberty with the claims of property, it determined to award a just compensa-

* “ That noble youth was of great spirit, a man of authority, grave and stern, never swerving from what was right, and rigorously enforcing justice: tall in stature, with a high breast.”

† Señor Alvarado is in high esteem with his countrymen, by reason of the firmness and intrepidity of his character. He was not long since condemned to death by the Spaniards, for having been one of the first favourers of Independence. His trial had been gone through, and he was placed in the church, to be conducted afterwards to the gibbet, when he was providentially saved. This fearful incident of his life gave a melancholy cast to his visage, and impressed his mind with a horror of injustice.

tion to the English owners of the slaves. Does not the revision of the preceding decision prove, in an incontrovertible manner, the necessity of a second chamber to preserve the equilibrium of the legislative power? The senators, who most distinguished themselves in the discussion in favour of these slaves, were the Señors Barrundia, Alvarado, Alcayagua, and Mendez.

Wars, revolutions, and political catastrophes, invariably bring forward great characters. Guatemala, which has experienced none of these violent political convulsions, cannot present us with a series of illustrious warriors, or of extraordinary men. Nevertheless this republic, even in the course of ordinary events, has produced enlightened and zealous patriots, who might well be placed in rivalry with many illustrious characters who have done honour to their country. Señor Barrundia, at present a member of the senate, is a native of the state of Guatemala. Previously to the declaration of Independence, he was a naval officer, and suffered much in the cause of liberty. Always poor, yet ever honourable, he often displayed his disinterested disposition by refusing many employments which were pressed on his acceptance. Public opinion and esteem pointed him out for the situation of President of the Committee charged with arranging the outlines of the constitution; and to his assiduity the public is indebted for a great portion of that labour. He is about thirty-two years of age, fair, with a fine aspect and interesting physiognomy. He speaks with eloquence, notwithstanding a certain degree of difficulty in his delivery—a defect which is amply compensated by a sonorous enunciation and dignified gesticulation. He is considered by all parties as a man of unimpeachable integrity.

Father Alcayagua, formerly a member of the constituent assembly, is one of the senators. This priest, rector of the village of Duenas, was also a member of the committee for preparing the constitution, and took a distinguished part in its formation. He possesses an amiable disposition; and his countenance, which age has now rendered venerable, is distinguished by strong traces of amenity. Highly gifted with intelligence, he is decidedly liberal. But though his conduct is irreproachable, when he sat in the constituent assembly he was denounced as a heretic. Such unfounded calumny is unfortunately not without precedent. During the reign of ignorance, learning among an unenlightened people was always a motive for founding accusations of heresy and sorcery.

The senator Alvarado, brother of the deputy, is another clergyman of spotless character and severe principles. His stately and imposing figure, his inflexibility in doing what is just and upright, and his intrepid patriotism, make him more worthy to immortalize the name than the Conqueror Alvarado, from whom he is descended.

Don Francisco Sosa, an ardent patriot in the commencement of Independence, is the present minister of justice and public worship in the interior. He is thirty years old, highly educated, with fine manners and a graceful mien; and was a deputy in the national assembly, and a member of the committee for preparing the constitution.

Don Jose del Valle deserves to rank foremost among his countrymen. Every thing combines in this patriot to gain him the esteem of his fellow-citizens and the respect of foreigners. Thoroughly versed

in all the sciences, he speaks and writes with admirable eloquence and facility. Following in the steps of Franklin, he began his career by editing a journal, entitled "*El Amigo de la Patria*," for the purpose of instructing his countrymen, and of elevating their minds for the reception of independence. Nominated in 1822 to serve as a deputy in the congress of Mexico, he omitted no opportunity to speak aloud for the independence of his country. In October 1822 he was, with several other deputies, arrested by the usurper Iturbide; and, by one of the singular caprices of fortune which are usually concomitant with despotism, was liberated from incarceration by the tyrant, who had imprisoned him, to be invested with the portfolio of minister of the interior and foreign affairs. On the overthrow of the despot, he strenuously exerted all his influence to obtain the independence of Guatemala; and his countrymen rewarded his patriotism by appointing him president of the republic, which office he filled till last April. He was subsequently elected vice-president, which situation he declined accepting, as he conceived himself to have been fraudulently deprived of the presidentship, to which he had been re-elected by a majority. His fortune is considerable. He is of high stature, in the prime of life, and ardent in his wishes to procure the felicity of his country. His courtesy to foreigners is the theme of admiration; in short, he is one of those men who, by their virtue and talents, suffice to give fame and splendour to a nation.

It is now time to redeem the promise we gave in our article in the preceding number, and to show what the government of the new republic has already done for the public good, and what it still intends to do.

We will begin with *Public Instruction*. On this point every credit is due to the wisdom of the government, which, from the first moment, invariably acted on the principle, that the instruction of the people constitutes the true foundation of virtue and liberty. The local authorities were directed to present the list of the schools existing in each province, and to propose the means best fitted to augment similar seminaries. In the city of Guatemala are ten schools for reading and writing, in which nearly 700 young men are educated. The government, anxious to establish the system of mutual instruction, directed its minister at the United States to procure a professor capable of transplanting and diffusing that plan in the republic, while it disseminated throughout the provinces a pamphlet printed in Mexico, in which the new method was explained; and a committee was selected to translate the projects of Fourcroy, Condorcet, and Talleyrand, on the subject of public instruction.

A chair of mathematics, of botany and agriculture, and another of architecture, were endowed in the university: and in order to propagate the knowledge of agriculture and botany, so essential in a country highly favoured by nature, and so shamefully neglected by man, young persons were brought from all the provinces to be instructed in those sciences. As a proof of the laudable impartiality of the government, it is worthy of remark, that six black young men of Omoa and Truxillo are educated at its expense.

The cultivation of cochineal in the different provinces is greatly encouraged by the ruling powers; and, by their direction, pamphlets

have been circulated, disclosing the most approved methods of cultivating that valuable production, as well as printed essays on the rearing of cocoa and indigo. The latter article, which in former years had fallen in value, rose in 1824 to a price unexampled for many years. The plantations of cochineal recently cultivated in the republic make great progress, and in a short time this production will be one of the principal sources of national wealth.*

Mines.

In this part of America, Nature has been prodigal in mines containing an abundance of wealth. Besides the mine of Alotepeque, which we have already described, another, called *Del Corpus*, lies in the territory of the republic, from which branch many veins were actively worked till 1810, and only then abandoned by reason of a want of money and machinery sufficient to drain off the water which had inundated them. The riches of these mines must have been considerable;—in proof of which position it is merely necessary to state, that during a period of six years, they produced eight millions of dollars. In the vicinity of these subterraneous works, five thousand Indians were resident, who for two reals a day were employed in the excavations; considerable forests were also at hand, and a river at the distance of two leagues. The mine of *San Martin*, when in a state of labour, was one of the richest; nor were those of *San Antonio* and *Santa Lucia* much inferior in value. In the state of San Salvador was situated the mine of *Tapanco*, also very rich. The vast extraction of metal from these mines in times past, and their position in the same ridge of mountains, in the bosom of which are situated the mines of Peru, Potosi, and Mexico, induce a belief that their wealth is not much inferior to that of those celebrated veins of ore. Many of these, it is true, have not yielded a comparatively equal produce, having uniformly been abandoned, at a certain point, in consequence of the scarcity of scientific mineralogists and expert miners—a drawback which has never ceased to exist throughout the kingdom of Guatemala. This deficiency in so requisite a science may be attributed to the want of a good school of mineralogy in the country—an advantage which, even under the Spanish sway, was only enjoyed by Mexico; on which account its mines were always better stocked with machines and experienced workmen. The new government of the republic, aware of this obstacle, and anxious to invigorate and protect so important a source of wealth, began, among the first acts of its administration, to put into effect every possible method for the improvement and prosperity of the mines. It caused printed instructions to be distributed among the miners, and circulated an essay on the separation of metals, bringing at the same time a professor of mineralogy from Mexico, and urging the agents of two English commercial houses to establish a company for the purpose of undertaking the proper working of the mines.

Roads and Canals.

Whoever has travelled in Spain, need not be told that the Government there is no promoter of the facility of communication between place and place. Can it therefore be a matter of wonder, that the court of

* *Vide* Memoria presentada al Congreso General de los Estados Federados de Centro America; por el Secretario de Estado encargado del despacho universal al comenzar las sesiones del año de 1825.—*Guatemala*.

were exacted from them in times past. The fact is, that the inhabitants of Guatemala pay less taxes than any other people of the present day in Europe or America. Señor del Valle having compared the contributions of Mexico with those of Guatemala, proves that in Mexico each person pays eleven reals, and in his country but two and a half.

Colonization.

The 12th article of the constitution declares that "the republic is a sacred asylum for every foreigner, and the country of any one who desires to inhabit its territory." The government, aware of the necessity of inviting foreign industry to establish itself in the republic, by a decree of the 12th January, 1824, (which on account of its length we cannot now extract,) offered the most liberal advantages to foreigners who colonized there. Land is easily obtained, and its possession is accompanied with exemption from taxes for twenty years, and the right of citizenship after three; besides which, the most careful protection is given to every foreign agriculturist.

This, then, is the position which the Guatemalian nation presents to the eyes of the world: agitated no more by revolutions and destructive changes, it advances in a steady manner towards wealth and civilization. "The government of Guatemala," to use the words of Señor del Valle,* "has never for an instant lost sight of the welfare of the nation; an object which it has forwarded with foresight, and without dangerous precipitancy. A laborious peasant may now recall his toils, and look on the profits derived from them with pleasure. The benevolent exertions of a zealous government in behalf of its citizens, are satisfactory to the governors and the governed. I have laboured strenuously for the public last year, and shall labour still more in the present. The people have confided their destinies to me, and I shall live wholly for the people. A tear less, an ear of corn more, or a shoot from a plant not cultivated before my administration, will place me at the summit of felicity."

At this moment the Grand Congress of all the new American republics is assembling at Panamá; whence will undoubtedly be diffused an electric fire, which will impart new impulses to the infant states, and tend to quicken their prosperity. What a powerful influence may not that free and confederate continent, in a century to come, exercise over Europe!†

* Speech of the President charged with the executive power, on the opening of the Federal Congress of Guatemala, on the 25th of February, 1825.

† Without wishing to detract from the works of M. de Pradt upon the Colonies, we take leave to quote a passage from the writings of the Italian philosopher Genovesi, who, about the middle of the last century, predicted the emancipation of the American colonies; adding another prophecy, which we hope will not be verified so literally as the first. His words are these:—"It is nevertheless true that those who have founded extensive colonies in the new world, thought, as is the custom of mankind in general, more of present utility than of future consequences. These colonies, in process of time, cannot but organise themselves after the European model, and become anxious to possess all our arts and sciences; and, when this happens, they will inevitably make themselves independent of the mother country, whose gains will then be at an end. Nor do I deem it beyond the pale of probability that these colonies may one day become our masters. Every thing in the world is subject to mutations, and assumes a new aspect in the lapse of time. Who could have imagined, in the days of Augustus, that the country of the Italians would dwindle into colonies of the southern nations!"

MR. DICKSON'S NARRATIVE.

Mexican Banditti.

[Our readers will recollect in the newspapers, about a twelvemonth ago, the account of an attack made upon a party of travellers proceeding from Mexico to the coast, in which all but one were destroyed by banditti, the survivor, Mr. Dickson, having miraculously escaped with numerous wounds: the following is that gentleman's narrative of his preservation.]

THE carriage rolled on through a shaded ravine, on our journey to the coast. All my companions had gradually dropped asleep; I, too, was dozing and waking at intervals. I have some confused recollection of being asleep and dreaming; whatever it was, my eyes were closed in perfect forgetfulness. Suddenly, the discharge of fire-arms in front aroused me. The holster pistols were lying on the cushion at my side; I grasped them instinctively, and sprang from my seat.

One, two, three, half a dozen horsemen, armed and masked, were in a moment round the carriage.

"*Alto! co—jos!*" they vociferated; "surrender, surrender, ye dogs!"

"Ha!" cried I, levelling my pistol, and in an instant the foremost of the band staggered forward and fell; his horse bounded past the carriage with an empty saddle. "N——, there goes one!" I exclaimed, "now for the other;" and ere the words parted from my lips a second of the brigands shared his fate.

I saw them for a moment cowering on their saddles—in the next, a second discharge took place, and two more fell on N——'s side. The smoke filled the carriage. I disengaged another pistol from the sash pocket, for we were well prepared—not a word was spoken—a moment of intense interest succeeded, it was but a moment,—when, dashing wildly on, came a whole troop of horsemen, masked and armed, filling the air with horrid yells and imprecations.

"Now!—now, N——!" cried I hoarsely, "we shall have it; but they shall buy us dearly."

"For God's sake, Santiago, fire not," shrieked R——; "we are lost men;" and in the instant came a crashing volley from their carbines, dashing the panels of the carriage to pieces, and the shouts and tramp of horses, and forms half seen, came rushing upon us.

Again and again were seen the straggling flashes in front, in rear, on every side of our devoted carriage. The air resounded with the yells, and groans, and shouts of the brigands that encircled us, even as their forms gleamed amid the smoke. Curses were heard, loud and furious; as a comrade fell by our fire. Enveloped in the smoke, unable to see, and half suffocated, I stood with one knee resting on the cushion, my carbine in my hand. All at once there was a hush; not a sound was heard; till the current of air sweeping through the carriage wafted away the smoke which filled it, and displayed their lances and sabres glistening in the sun.

Oh that moment!—I feel it even now: the blood rushed to my heart, retreated, then closed with icy coldness in my veins—my carbine dropped—I raised it again in indecision. I glanced around me—my eye fell on N——; I started in horror and surprise, for the blood was issuing copiously from a wound in his head.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, my carbine falling from my hand. "N——!"—but he spoke not; he seemed dead; and the warm blood

was streaming from his countenance : he had fallen back on the seat—he almost seemed smiling—poor fellow ! he was quite dead.

I tore my cravat from my neck,—it was the work of a moment—and I tried to staunch the wound in his head. I thought I had succeeded—alas ! again the blood came oozing, and gushing through the bandage with increased vehemence. I became very sick and faint, and as I turned in anguish from my friend, I staggered and fell backward—my heart felt icy cold.

“*Picaro, co—jo !*” cried one of the bandits, making a thrust at me through the window with his sabre ; “*your arms, co—jo !*”

Mechanically I raised my carbine and handed it to him, for I felt incapable of defence. As I lifted up my arm to give it him, something pressed against my side. I heard the discharge of fire-arms, and a sudden blow against my breast, which sent me bounding up against the roof of the carriage. I staggered on one side, fell against the corner of the cushion, and writhed for a moment in horrid pain.

I then thought I was shot, and imagined that the brigands seeing me still standing up in the carriage would fire again. I had presence of mind left to fall down among the bodies of my companions, where I lay for the time nearly suffocated with shortness of breath and dreadful thrilling pain.

The order to form was now given, and the whole of the robbers came round the carriage in silence : the curtains of the windows were drawn, and the mules moved on : they did so for a few paces, but the road becoming very stony, the carriage paused, unable to proceed. The brigands, finding that the mules were not capable of drawing it over the stones, dismounted, and some of them applying their shoulders to the wheels, tried to proceed ; the others got infuriated by the delay, and commenced abusing the postilions.

I heard one of them, named Juan, reply, in a dogged manner. “Cut him down,” cried one ; “*Abajo con el co—jo,*” vociferated another ; then instantly came the clashing of swords, and the groan of some one wounded. I saw nothing of it, for I was lying bleeding at the bottom of the carriage, and the curtains were close.

They at length succeeded in extricating the carriage from the stony ground—and away it rolled towards the forest hard by without farther interruption.

I had been hurt in the breast, and the pain seemed concentrated in one part, so that, had I not heard the report of fire-arms, I should have imagined it only a stunning blow from some blunt instrument.

I was completely breathless for a few minutes, so much so, that I panted dreadfully for respiration ; however, as the carriage proceeded, my breathing began to feel somewhat alleviated, and the pain became gradually less acute. I now for the first time considered the dangerous position in which I was, and felt an inclination to look cautiously around me.

I glanced upwards at the countenance of poor N——, he was quite dead, and had fallen a little out of his former position, from the motion of the carriage. I turned away my gaze in horror and sorrow to Juan R—— ; he was breathing heavily, the blood was issuing from seven or eight places of his body, his eyes were quite shut. I remained looking

at him in a fixed stare, till soon his breathing became almost imperceptible; his eyes slightly opened, and then he breathed no more. The bottom of the carriage was swimming in blood; my hands and knees were amongst it. My wound was bleeding fast, and in order to staunch it I pressed in part of my dress; in doing so I made a slight movement of my person; in that instant the females with us, who appeared to be unwounded, perceiving it, whispered me for God's sake to keep motionless. I remained so for a moment, listening to their ejaculations of "*Ave Maria! audi nos pecador que soy yo.—Senora Guadalupe de nuestros pecados,*" and running over their paternosters. Then, for the first time, I thought of religion, and I too tried to pray. The words of olden time passed from my lips hurriedly, but my heart was not with them, even as I strove to pray. I found myself beginning over and over again, till I gave it up in despair;—again I resumed—I tried to repeat the Lord's Prayer—the first few words issued from my lips—and then a sudden motion of the carriage sent a thrilling sensation of pain through my body. I stopped instantly in feelings of horror and desperation. "Oh! I cannot, will not, dare not die," groaned I to myself; "impossible! I cannot die!" And then I thought of every mode of escape which I could possibly have a chance of. I thought of all the banditti scenes that I had ever read, but none seemed like this, and I gave up my hope of escape in despair. I even recollected that Gil Blas had joined the banditti he met with, and that I might do so too with these. "But will they spare my life after killing so many of them?—No! but why should they know that you killed them?" and I then thought, or it occurred to me, that if I hid the pistols I had fired they could not distinguish who fired. Full of that idea I slowly raised my arm and grasped the pistols which were lying on the cushion and thrust them one by one among the dead bodies. Again I thought of offering to enlist in their band, but then it occurred to me that being wounded I could be of little service to them, and they too might think so and kill me;—but if they did consent to spare my life on condition of becoming a member of their band, I could retire with them to their haunt in the woods, and, at some future time, contrive to make my escape from them. At that instant I recollected a deep ravine, shaded over by pines, near Rio frio, and I thought the present banditti might have a cavern in such a place as that, for it had been pointed out to me as the haunt of Gomez's band. I had nearly brought my mind to the resolution of offering my services to enlist amongst them, when a pause in the motion of the carriage took place, and all the preceding scene passed hurriedly through my mind and half defined. The curtains of the carriage were drawn, and a stern voice cried loudly, "Are they all dead?"

"*Si Señor,*" replied the lady, trembling and weeping, "*Si Señor, son todos muertos.*" Oh! have mercy, good caballero, and spare our lives!" The curtains were hastily drawn, and the same stern voice commanded them to hasten their pace.

At the instant that the curtains were opened, and I heard the harsh voice inquiring after our death, I felt a cold thrilling sensation spreading slowly but strangely over my body—it came and retreated, leaving, as it passed away, an undefinable feeling of fear and horror and anguish. I trembled like an aspen leaf, for I thought the sword already thrust

through my back, and plunged repeatedly into my body, with the demoniacal expression of revenge the robber used, as he looked in amongst us the victims of his rapine.

It was then I felt a fear stealing over me that any hope of admittance to their band would be futile—that they thirsted too eagerly for our blood to spare us; for many of their comrades had fallen. I thought with horror what might be now the fate of the defenceless females; but it was but a passing thought, for selfishness had seized upon me with an iron grasp, and again I tried to cherish a hope of escape. I saw none; and then I felt shame burning within me that I should have for a moment yielded, through base cowardice, to the ignoble idea of saving my life on such terms as mingling with a horde of desperadoes and villains.

But yet the thought of death! “’twas very bitter to die unprepared.” I clenched my teeth together in my agony, and felt I would not die. Oh! those dreadful moments—wild, horrid moments!

I tried again to pray, “God have mercy on my soul! Christ Jesus have mercy!”—’twas useless; even as I strove with myself bitterly, I knew my thoughts were not with the expression of prayer I offered up to the Almighty: the words fell like the barbed arrow on the shield of adamant; they touched not my heart, for ’twas busy with my wounds and the anguish of my body. How often I strove eagerly to repent, to offer up my fervent prayer, alas, I know not; but many a moment flew away till I resigned it in horror and despair. Alas, my heart felt cold, and fearful, and desperate. After a time I tried again to think of the danger that surrounded me. “We might be met and rescued;” but then, too, the brigands were numerous and well armed. Oh! how ardently I listened for some sound of hope, of rescue; but none appeared. Away we were rolling fast into the forest, and all was gloomy silence save the ominous tramp of the robbers’ steeds. “Is there no hope of escape? None! Would to God I had never travelled—that I had never left my native country!” groaned I to myself. “To die thus—to be butchered in cold blood—to have the dagger pointed to my heart—to feel it slowly pressing into it, till at once it burst, and I die horribly—O God! O God! Would that I had died fighting—shot like poor N——. Is there no hope of escape?—alas! none. I would care not, had I but vantage ground and arms, and power to use them, twenty to one. I should at least then die fighting—but to die thus; dreadful! horrid!” and I groaned deeply in anguish and pain.

Farther and farther we rolled into the woods, and I even heard the howling of the blast through the forest, and among the pine-trees. I was perfectly myself. There I lay, the warm blood oozing from my side at every motion of the carriage.

“Yes!” thought I, a sudden idea striking me, “there is one chance yet left me. I must feign myself dead. They may suppose me killed like the others; and after they are gone, I may crawl away for assistance.” Grasping at the instant thought, I seized convulsively the cravat still wet with N——’s blood, and steeped it in the gory pool which swam on the bottom of the carriage. I raised and rubbed my face and hands with it.

The blood came gushing from my side with the fresh exertion I had made. I held both my hands close to it, and catching the blood in the

hollow of my hand, bathed my face and hair in it. I then paused in a mingled feeling of horror at what I had done—disgust, sickening, and wild, at the blood—and joy that I had some hope of escape. Convinced that I had now sufficiently disfigured myself, and that the robbers would certainly conclude me dead, I remained motionless, except when trying to staunch the wound by pushing against it part of my dress. In this I nearly succeeded, for afterwards I felt but a few drops trickling away at intervals. I awaited with anxious expectation the moment which was to decide my fate. At last I heard the cry to halt, and then came the heavy tramp of numerous feet as the thieves alighted.

"Place the videttes," cried one loudly; "see if the Captain is returning, and the rest of you form quickly round the carriage to pillage the bodies and equipage." "Now!" thought I, "courage and presence of mind for a moment, and all will be safe." They came in silence to the carriage door, and while it turned on its hinges I fell back as if motionless. I was caught by some one; his hand was thrust and twined among my hair, which was long and in ringlets; he paused for a moment. I remained still and without motion, as if I had been actually dead. It was a horrid, suffocating effort; for he grasped my hair with one hand, while perhaps with the other he was ready to plunge his dagger to my heart, if I betrayed the least sign of life.

He seemed on the instant satisfied with his scrutiny, for he raised my body up and commenced searching for doubloons and money. He found a few pieces on my dress, and then searched with his hand round my waist for the belt where travellers generally conceal their treasures. I now found an opportunity for breathing, but so slowly and imperceptibly, that the brigand remained in ignorance. Finding no belt as he had expected, he muttered an imprecation, and with his open hand struck me a severe blow on the face; then grasping me by the limbs, he lifted me up and threw me with violence out of the carriage on the grass.

I fell with a severe blow on my head; but instantly mindful of my stratagem, composed my limbs as if they had lost all power of motion. The brigands came round me as I fell. "*Es un Ingles, co-jo!*" said one, triumphantly, as he turned me over with his foot. "*Un Ingles?*" cried the other inquiringly; "*Maldito herege!*—he seems quite dead—'twill teach him to fire again," observed some of the others, laughing.

As these words were spoken, the bodies of my comrades were heaved out of the carriage, and fell with a severe blow and concussion upon my breast; that of Rodriguez was placed by the fall across my breast, and I lay almost covered by them, while the blood ran streaming from their wounds over my dress and breast.

I now heard the cutting of ropes and traces, the tumbling on the ground of the equipage, as it was cut loose and thrown from the carriage.

"Where is the black box?" cried the same stern voice which before had inquired whether we were dead, when the curtains were drawn on the journey.

"Which?" asked one of the brigands. "A small wooden case, which ought to be somewhere in the carriage; and which contains jewellery and silver." They found it after some search, and by their expres-

sions they seemed to deliver it to one who, vaulting on his horse, galloped off with it into the forest.

"*No podemos romper este co—jo de cajon!*" cried one; "I cannot break the box open—who has got a *machete*?"—"Agui hay," said another, riding forward past us. So they commenced breaking open the trunks with their cleavers, and in a few moments dress, linen, and camp-beds, &c. were strewed around.

I was still perfectly myself, and now had an opportunity of reconnoitring cautiously. I gazed around me. I started involuntarily on observing the great number of the brigands. Some fifteen or twenty were breaking up the equipage, and narrowly scrutinizing every package. I saw one of them seize a fine double portmanteau of mine, and most unceremoniously hack away at the Bramah lock with his machete. He succeeded in making a passage into it through the thick leather; then, grasping at the glittering Mexican dresses, threw them, after examination, upon the ground; while others immediately picked them up; some taking one thing, some another. He next found some rare specimens of gold, which I had procured at the mines; these he threw away, after once slightly looking at them. He pursued his search: at last he reached the bottom of the second partition, and found but a few dollars. No words can express his rage, or the imprecations of disappointment he made use of, when he found only a small quantity of them; he turned rapidly away to the carriage, lifting up the seat, and examining every part for gold. Some twenty men were lying on the grass, with the lassos of their horses near them, pistols stuck in their belts, and their swords drawn and attached to their wrists by a black thong of leather. Many were stationed in groups on horseback, under the shade of the pine-trees.

In one hollow glade, where a few straggling trees stood forward, on the open space stood about a dozen horses, with the dead bodies of such of the brigands as had fallen, slung over them.

There were four men pacing with drawn swords before two trees, to which they had tied the females, with their faces from the scene of pillage; while some seven or eight were tying up the two young positions to the wheels of the carriage. Most of them wore masks, though some had taken them off. All seemed to have artificial beards; indeed, their appearance was most stern and ferocious. They at length ceased to pillage, but seemed little contented with the booty they had obtained; seemingly, from the expressions they dropped, they had expected more. Several of the horsemen came riding in from a short distance, and cried out aloud, "Did any one hear the Commandant say whether we were to await him here, or disperse to the haunt?"

"No!" cried one, quite close to me, and who seemed to be overlooking the baggage; "we must remain here till his return; he cannot be long now."

"Where is he carrying his brother?" asked he who had spoken first; "was he much wounded?"

"Shot in the forehead—dead by this time—long ago. He went to the nearest hacienda to see if he could procure assistance; he cannot be long coming now."

"*Ojala!* would he were; this *maldito* firing will inevitably bring out the troops from Acajete; we shall have the soldiers upon us."

Every thing now resumed its former silence, and I heard nothing but the tramp of the sentinels and the whispering of the brigands. I had closed my eyes when the robbers came near me; but at the instant that I heard their step retiring a little farther off, I again tried to reconnoitre. I looked towards the deep glade where I had seen the dead bodies slung across the horses; and when I perceived the number, I was for a moment surprised to find so many dead, for scarcely as many shot had been fired by our party in the conflict. It seemed to me that they must have wounded each other in the *melée*, and I felt quite delighted for the moment in the idea, and gazed upon them with warm spirit and feeling of revenge. As I looked upon the brigands awaiting in silence the return of their chief, I thought how easy it might be to surprise them and take them prisoners. "And then, too," I said to myself, "I would not spare their lives—no, not one." My reverie was interrupted by the rapid riding-in of one of the videttes, who cried, "To horse! to horse! The troops of Acajete are out and scouring the forest; we must be gone!"

Oh! how eagerly I listened for the moment of their obeying the mandate; and a sudden joy thrilled through me when I heard them vaulting into their saddles on the moment; but they did not otherwise move. "We must wait the Commandant; he will be here soon," cried several voices near me.

"*Bien!*" replied the new comer; "have you pillaged every thing? And what shall we do with these dead bodies?"

"Let them remain there—*que son.*"

"'Tis strange," said one, "that we have found so much less gold on the Ingleses than we expected; they must have it concealed somewhere yet, I think."

"You had better look and see," observed a few of the band, laughing; "you will get little now from them; but remember, fair play—we go shares." One or two of them dismounted. I immediately closed my eyes, and with a palpitating heart, awaited their approach.

"We will make sure that they have nothing about them," said they, lifting up the bodies of N—— and Rodriguez; "let us strip them." They soon performed the office, and I lay trembling, momentarily expecting them to commence with me. I feared now they would discover that I was alive; for my breath was more hurried and short than at first, so that I scarcely hoped to restrain my breathing. One of them, in a few minutes, laid his hands upon me, and tried to pull off my military jacket; but I had got so faint from loss of blood that, as I had feared, I could not refrain from breathing. The brigand, instantly perceiving it, started up with an exclamation of surprise.

Finding by his cry that I was discovered, I now opened my eyes, and saw a wild-looking being, with black beard and mustachios, bending over me. "Hola!" cried he, while a fiendish smile gleamed on his countenance, "here is one of the *co-jos* alive yet."

"*Diablo!*" cried the others, starting, and approaching me hurriedly—gazing at me with eyes in which exultation and rage were blended.

I said not a word, but lay quietly expecting instant annihilation. I had become so desperate and hopeless now that I cared little for death; at the same time, I knew it a needless effort to ask for quarter.

"Curse the heretic!" said one of them, furiously making a thrust at

me with his lance. I started aside to the utmost stretch of my power, and the weapon sunk into the earth at my side.

"*Hombre! hombre!*" cried one; "*no le matas, el pobre!* Do not kill the poor fellow!"

"*Maldito herege!*" exclaimed another; "let us kill him; we have lost too many of our brave comrades through their maldito firing."

"No! *hombre, dejalo;* leave him—'twill be less scandalous; we have killed enough to make the place too hot for us; *dejalo, sera menos escandoloso!*"

The latter exhortation seemed to have some influence with the band, and I almost began to think my life would indeed be spared, when the swift tramp of a galloping horse attracted their attention, and they left me for a moment; while instantly came up the Commandant, whom the banditti were expecting.

"*Hola!*" cried he, as he rode up; "*ramonos, pronto!* quick! let us go; that cursed firing has brought the soldiers out."

"Here is one of the Ingleses alive yet," said one of the band; "what shall we do with him?"

Oh! that moment! how my heart palpitated, as I turned my eyes from one brigand to another to discern some traces of a merciful feeling; but I met alone the ferocious glances which seemed each a dagger pointed to my heart. "Alive!" repeated the captain in surprise, and dismounting from his horse; "who is he?"—"No sabemos."

I saw him approaching—he drew his bota-knife from his deer-skin boot—he paused for a moment as he passed the female attendant who was tied to one of the trees, and asked her fiercely "if I was one that fired?"—"Si, Señor!—yes, Sir," cried she, terrified, and quailing under the glance of the brigand.

"Ha! the *co-jo!*" muttered he fiercely; then he sprang towards me, and in an instant was at my side.

"For God's sake, give me quarter—*quartel per el amor de Dios!*"

"Ask quarter from hell!" said the brigand, aiming a stab at my breast. I tried to rise, but staggered back and fell on my side, crossing my breast with my arms and hands. In a moment, his knee was on my chest, and the knife passed through my right-hand deep into my breast. I saw the knife draw back my hand—it glittered before my eyes—one stream of blood gushed out, and then the murderous blade descended again and again. I have some faint recollection of a struggle, and then all became darkness and confusion—I fainted away.

A long forgetfulness was varied only by dim recollections, which came and went like the fitful dreams of delirium. Slowly and gradually I regained my senses, but a long time must have ensued. At first, strange fleeting images of darkness and light flashed before my mind—then a confused recollection of horrid forms struggling with me and overpowering me, and fearful cries and shouts were ringing in my ears—I felt a heavy, overpowering sensation oppressing me, then all seemed chaos and darkness.

How it came to pass that I first awoke from this state of insensibility I could never recollect, nor could my memory ever distinguish the cause of my first opening my eyes; but I remember well the confused vacant stare with which I gazed around me. It was long ere I could penetrate through a sort of film which enveloped my vision with an obscure haze. At length I was slowly able to distinguish sur-

rounding objects ; I looked upwards, and saw some dense body above me ; but so confused were my ideas, that it was long ere I recognized the carriage. Still undecided as to where I was, I gazed around me as I lay motionless, and then espied the pine-trees, and the gloomy recesses and dark glades of the forest. In the instant the whole of the horrid scene flashed across my memory, and I lay panting for breath ; my respiration seemed abandoning me.

" Oh, God !" exclaimed I to myself, " what dreadful sensation is this I feel," experiencing, for the first time, a burning thirst, which seemed to consume my very mouth with fire ; and, in the eagerness of the moment, my lips moved tremulously, as if to ask for water, but my voice failed me. I essayed to move, but could not—I seemed chained to the earth—my arms, head, limbs, all refused the usual offices.

It might have been a moment only, to me it seemed an hour, when hearing nought but the shrill cry of the coyote, and judging by the silence that the banditti had departed, I tried again to speak ; the words died away upon my lips, and I gave myself up to despair. I thought of nothing but the awful scorching thirst that oppressed me. I heard a rustling sound—I listened—but it was only the sweeping of the blast as it passed through the trees. I at length felt able to articulate, and I murmured out an indistinct prayer for water.

" Hombre !" said I, slowly pausing between each word ; " hombre—give—me water—for the sake of the Virgin !" No one replied.

" Is there—no one to give me water ?" moaned I again bitterly.

" Callate, be silent !" whispered a voice close to me ; " they are not gone yet."

" No ! that we are not," cried some one sternly, and a trio of the brigands stepped out from behind the carriage and asked who spoke.

" 'Twas I," replied the same voice which had whispered me silence.

" No ! there was some other : speak—*pronto*."

" 'Tis only one of the Ingleses moaning."

" What !" cried they, " still alive ? *El co—jo tiene mas vidas que un gato*,—he has more lives than a cat."

One of the men came close to me ; I thought he was going to stab me again from his threatening attitude, so I murmured out to him to spare my life.

" Leave me to die—I cannot live long now—take all, take every thing," said I, imploringly. " Oh ! leave me to die in quietness."

" Why did you defend yourself, madman ?"

I did not answer. One of them said quickly, " You must have more doubloons somewhere ?—where did you hide them ?—we know you had more—speak—tell me—or I stab you."

In the instant it occurred to me that I distributed my money, the gold and silver, in different portions of my equipage, in case of accident, that some might escape ; and so I had placed some five and twenty doubloons in a carpet travelling-bag ; I thought, perhaps, these might have escaped the plunder of the carriage. I accordingly hinted that there was more gold.

" Where ? where ?" cried they eagerly. " *Adonde esta ?*"

" But will you spare my life ?"

" *Si, si, si*," said the brigands, " quick—where is the gold ?"

" Swear by the Virgin you will spare my life."

" We swear."

They went, and after some difficulty found the bag, and tumbled out its contents; but could not find the gold. "Where is it, you rascal?—you have deceived us," said they in a threatening manner.

"No!" murmured I, "the doubloons are in a rouleau."

They seized their prize, and, instantly vaulting on their saddles, they bade me "*adios*," and "*a buen viage à los infiernos*." They rode rapidly off, and the sounds of their horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance.

Partly re-assured by the departure of these the last of the brigands, I again, after a short pause of anxiety, cried out for water to quench my burning thirst; it was with difficulty I could utter a few words expressive of my desires, when the same voice that had before addressed me, and which I now found to be one of the postilions speaking, who had been tied to the wheel, replied hastily, "I cannot assist you, for I am tied by the arm to the spoke of the wheel; we must wait till the military come up; the robbers have gone off, because they were afraid of remaining longer."

I was at that moment lying with my breast underneath the hinder wheel, so that if the carriage moved it would have passed over my body and soon terminated my existence, and thus a new cause of anxiety crossed my mind, "Good God!" said I, "if the mules move, I shall be killed; can you not remove me?"

"No," replied he, "I cannot aid you; be silent, and there is no fear that the animals will move."

Finding that patience was my only remedy, I lay still and motionless in the fear that the slightest movement of the carriage would cause instant destruction to me, and suffering dreadful agony from the consuming thirst which burned within me. Oh! that long, almost eternal seeming period, when moments passed as years, and minutes as ages, till the tramp of horses sounded on the ground approaching nearer and nearer.

My hurried breath I drew more quickly, and my heart palpitated more violently; an indescribable feeling of hope and joy shot through my frame, and flushed with pleasure my languid features. "Ha!" exclaimed I to myself, "I am not to die yet!—No, the troops of Acajete will soon come up. They will find me—carry me to the village—bind up my wounds; I shall recover, and then, my own dear England, I shall see you again."

So powerful now was the tide of recollection that rushed in one overwhelming stream over my memory, that it drove away for the time all thoughts of my dangerous situation, or even of the excruciating thirst which still held its sway over me.

But suddenly the sound ceased—I heard no longer the former sounds—minute after minute, time after time passed away, and no one came: cold, and thirst, and fear, and despair, now held possession of me, and my firmness and presence of mind were fast ebbing away.

Already had the shadows of evening come on, and my eye rolled over the obscurity in which the glades were wrapped in vain search for the coming aid. It was then I felt the awful bitterness of hope springing and still delayed. All at once, I heard again the tramp, and the shouts, and discharge of fire-arms ringing in the air; and presently a numerous troop of desultory soldiery and Indians came dashing on

into the open space where we were lying, and a carriage whirled rapidly amongst us.

"*Carraí!*" shouted the foremost, as they came in view of the slaughter. "What the devil is this?"

"What is this? *Que es este?*" cried the soldiery, leaping from their horses, and some of them untying the postilion and the females. "Who are these? and how has it happened? Oh! they are Ingleses; they were fools enough to defend themselves, and so—"

"They have all been killed," said one of the troop, interrupting him. "Had they much money with them?"

"Did the Ingleses kill any of the ladrones?"

"Yes;—*han matado algunos*—but their comrades have carried off the bodies."

I had at the moment of their approach remained silent, for I was not altogether sure whether they were the banditti themselves come back to finish me, on hearing from their comrades that I was still alive; but when I heard the many voices inquiring into the affair, I took courage, and tried to speak; but the numerous exclamations of "Capital booty!"—"Lucky fellows!"—"Paid handsomely for it!"—and sundry laughs and expressions of "*Esos Ingleses han peleado como diablos*—These English have fought like devils,"—rendered it impossible for me to make known my existence for a considerable time. At last, taking advantage of a sort of pause in the noise, I called out for aid to remove me from under the wheel.

No one moved. I cried again, but no attention was paid. "Well, then," said I to myself in despair, "I will try if this does not make them;" and I murmured out for a Padre.

"*Hola!*" cried one, "some fellow is alive, and calls for a priest."

"Impossible," said the other; "the English are all pagans."

"No," remarked another, "they are heretics."—"Well," replied the other, "all pagans are heretics."

I cried again for a priest. "He must be a Cristiano," said they, communing with each other; "let us pull him out from under the carriage."

Two or three then came around the wheel. "*Curdado!*" said I to them imploringly; "Take care—softly—for I am badly wounded." They lifted me up softly in their arms, and conveying me a little way off, tried to place me on my feet; but I was too weak, and besought them to put me down, and give me some covering, for it was very cold. They wrapped me in a serrape, and carried me towards a pine-tree, and placed me on the ground with my back to it. My head fell down upon my breast—I implored them to hold it up, for it nearly suffocated me; and then I prayed for water. They had none with them, but went to search for it in the wood.

I had now time to look at a carriage with them which contained some females. They told me they were the G——. They were weeping very much, for they thought we were all killed. One of the military approached the carriage, and told them that one of the Ingleses was alive and asked for a Padre.

"It will be poor Santiago," said they, addressing a priest who had found his way into the carriage. "You had better go and see him, Señor."

"No *puedo*!—I cannot," said the Padre, refusing to go.

"We will take him into the carriage, and will carry him to Acajete now," said the ladies.

"That cannot be," replied the soldiers; "he must not move from hence till the Alcalde comes up and takes the depositions."

"Good God!" thought I, "what barbarians! I shall bleed to death." I then entreated them to take me away from the spot; but it could not be.

The Padre was again applied to by the Indians, "telling him that one of the English was a Cristiano, and wished to confess."—"I want none of your confession; I only wish to get to the village," murmured I to myself. The Padre still refused, and I must say I was glad he did; for I had little inclination to be kept any longer where I was. In a few moments, the G——, perceiving that they could be of no farther service, drove away in the carriage through the forest. An Indian woman now returned from the wood, and brought me some water in the hollow of a gourd. She knelt down by my side, and put it to my lips. "Drink," said she, "*pobrecito*—here is water."

I took a long draught, but interrupted by my hard pantings for breath. The water passed over my throat without cooling the thirst I felt. It seemed to me like drops of water on a red hot iron. I eagerly emptied the gourd, and asked for more. She told me there was none; that this she had brought along with her when her husband joined the soldiery in the search.

"Oh, for God's sake, put the gourd to my lip once more—only one drop of water to quench my thirst!" I again tried, as she put it to my lips, but I had drained it empty. I turned away in angry, feverish disappointment.

Oh, that dreadful horrid thirst! But those alone who have felt its power on the battle-field can have an adequate conception of a fire which seemed to scorch the very brain. It is too deeply imprinted on my memory ever to forget that awful, consuming sensation.

The poor Indian woman, after I had in vain tried the gourd, rose up and stood gazing at me with expressions of commiseration. "*Pobrecito Inglés!*—and so young too—to die,—*Pobre Inglésito!*—and you have a mother among the Europeans," said she, bending over me and arranging the serrape: "your poor madre, what will she say of this, when she hears that you died a cruel death in a far country?"

"Mother!" ejaculated I, bitterly, as I thought of all I held dear—and I felt that burning scorching of the eye, when no tear presses from the parched eyelids—"Mother!" repeated I in anguish—it was as if an arrow had pierced my soul. I hung down my head in bitterness of spirit, for the darkness of despair and desolation oppressed me.

The painful current of my thoughts was turned aside by the hasty arrival of the Alcalde, or magistrate of the village, who, riding up, dismounted near me.

"Where have the ladrones gone?" said he; "disperse and follow them." "Twill be too late now,—too long since they are gone," replied the younger of the postilions."

"Which road did they take?"

"That which leads towards the mountain; but they rode off rapidly—'tis impossible to find them now—and the evening is approaching; 'tis almost sunset now."

"Let some of the military follow you, and go upon their traces," said the Alcalde. The troops rode hastily off, and the magistrate inquired who we were. Being told we were English, and that one was alive, he came to where they pointed me out, and thus addressed me :

"Where are you wounded?"

"Every where—side, breast—*todo el cuerpo*."

"*Tiene Vm. balazos?*"

"*Si Señor*—a ball has entered my right breast, but I am dreadfully cut, and bleeding about my shoulders."

I looked at my right-hand—it was covered with coagulated blood, and swollen greatly; as I gazed at it mournfully, "'Twill have to be cut off," said I coolly; "'twill have to be cut off."

"I hope not," said the Alcalde; "you must try and keep up your courage a little longer, while I take the evidence and depositions of the affair."

"But I shall bleed to death," remonstrated I, hoarsely and imploringly; "can I not be carried to the village? I shall bleed to death if I remain long here."

"No, no!" said he hurriedly; "you cannot bleed any more now; 'tis too cold—the blood has clotted over your wounds—I must fulfil my duty. *Paciencia*, for a moment. Here!" cried he, turning himself away, "look after the *Inglese*, and you others come and give your evidence that I may put it on paper."

I felt very cold, and I shivered much, for as I was seated under the shade of the pine-tree, the wind came blowing past me with a piercing coldness. I saw that the last rays of the sun were shining on the opposite side of where I was, and entreated them to carry me there. They lifted me up and placed me, as I requested, near a small tree of the acacia mimosa, two of the Indians sitting down by my side, and sustaining me in their arms.

I now had a full view of the scene before me. The sun was setting clearly and coldly behind the lofty volcanic mountain of Puebla, while its lower disk seemed resting on its snow-clad summit. The last gleams of the sun were glistening on the forest of the Pinal. I gazed long on the sunset, with the troubled eye of a man taking the last look of his friend when the grave is closing over him; and as the brilliant orb sunk slowly down, I felt a sensation of bereavement heavy and keen.

"And is this to be the last sun I am to look upon? Alas! am I never to see another? Little did I think last night when mingling in the dance at Puebla, that the next night-fall would find me dying, weltering in my blood." I turned away my gaze in wild, heartfelt sorrow, and threw my eye on the fitful gleam of light which fell around me. "Oh! 'tis hard to die—alone, without friends, consolation, or religion; 'tis hard to die in the spring of life! To die so young—unprepared—oh! God have mercy on me!" murmured I, as a fleeting faintness thrilled through my frame. "Oh! God have mercy!" I recovered once more to gaze around me. I now found myself asking, why should I die? What is in a wound? many have recovered, I may too; *coragio*, defy the body, my spirit! I may yet live long to remember the forest of the Pinal."

Gradually fortifying myself by the hope of soon leaving the place, I

remained watching the hasty effort of the postilion to arrange the coach and tie the traces together. The alcalde soon finished his investigation, during which they examined the bodies of N—— and R——, whom they found quite dead. I had now begun to suffer less from the thirst that before tormented me; perhaps my hope of soon getting to the village made me feel it less.

At length I heard the joyful news that the cavalcade was going on to Acajete, and the Indians immediately raised me up to carry me towards the vehicle. They lifted me on my feet, and dragged me slowly towards the carriage. Just as they were assisting me in, they made me stand upright for a moment; one of my supporters was hastily called away, and, thinking I might be strong enough, he let me go. Unable to support myself, I staggered upon the other Indian, and, had he not hastily supported me, I should have fallen to the ground.

To such a state of weakness had the vast loss of blood reduced me, that the movement had a grèat effect on my nerves; so much so, that when they raised me up again, my eyes began to swim round and round; blue and green shades flashed before them; at first the persons, then the trees, became indistinct, and floated before me.

“Dreadful!” thought I at the moment, “if I faint now, ’tis all over. I shall never recover. I shall die;” and in the strong convulsive energy of a last moment, I gnashed my teeth, and strained my eyes on an object.

I succeeded—again I beheld distinctly every thing around me. The moment I appeased my panting for breath, I tried to speak to implore them to stop a moment. I found it impossible to give utterance; but I fixed my eye on the countenance of the Indians; they seemed to understand my wishes. I remained motionless for a short time, and having regained sufficient strength and recollection, I was placed within the carriage, and away it rolled to Acajete.

LETTER FROM MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER, LONDON,
TO SIR HENRY CLIFTON, PARIS.

DEAR HARRY,

You owe me a letter,

Nay, I really believe it is two;

But to make you still farther my debtor,

I send you this brief *billet-doux*.

The shock was so great when we parted,

I can't overcome my regret;

At first I was quite broken-hearted,

And have never recover'd it yet!

I have scarcely been out to a party,

But have sent an excuse, or been ill;

I have play'd but three times at *écarté*,

And danced but a single quadrille!

And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er

One moment ceased thinking of thee;

I'd a handsome young man for my partner,

And a handsomer still *vis-à-vis*.

But I had such a pain in my forehead,
 And felt so ennuied and so tired ;
 I must have look'd perfectly horrid,
 Yet they say I was really admired !
 You'll smile,—but Mamma heard a Lancer,
 As he whisper'd his friend—and, said he,
 The best and most beautiful dancer
 Is the lady in white—meaning me !

I've been once to Lord Dorival's *soirées*,
 Whose daughter in music excels,—
 Do they still wear the silk they call *moirées* ?
 They will know if you ask at Pradel's.
 She begg'd me to join in a duet,
 But the melody died on my tongue ;
 And I thought I should never get through it,
 It was one we so often have sung !

In your last, you desire me to mention
 The news of the Court and the Town ;
 But there's nothing that's worth your attention,
 Or deserving of my noting down.
 The late carried Catholic Question,
 Papa thinks, will ruin the land ;
 For my part, I make no suggestion
 On matters I don't understand !

And, papa says, the Duke has not well done
 To put his old friends to the rout ;
 That he should not have quarrell'd with Eldon,
 Nor have turn'd Mr. Huskisson out.
 And they say things are bad in the City,
 And Pa thinks they'll only get worse—
 And they say the new bonnets are pretty,
 But I think them quite the reverse !

Lady Black has brought out her two daughters,
 Good figures, but timid and shy ;
 Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,
 And the doctors declare she will die.
 It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir Stephen,
 He found they could never agree ;
 Her temper's so very uneven,
 I always said how it would be !

The Miss *Whites* are grown very fine creatures,
 Though they look rather large in a room,
 Miss Grey is gone off in her features,
 Miss Green is gone off—with her groom !
 Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle
 His son has succeeded his sire ;
 And her Ladyship's lost the fine poodle,
 That you and I used to admire.

Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,
 He begs me to send his regard ;
 And Charles goes on Monday to College,
 But Mamma thinks he studies too hard.
 We are losing our man-cook, he marries
 My French *femme de chambre*, Baptiste ;
 Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,
 But he must be a first-rate *artiste*.

I don't like my last new piano,
 Its tones are so terribly sharp ;
 I think I must give it to Anna,
 And get Pa to buy me a harp !
 Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,
 He was smoking just now a cigar !
 And I'm fagging hard at the Spanish,
 And Lucy has learnt the guitar.
 I suppose you can talk like an artist,
 Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtù* ;
 But pray, love, don't turn Bonapartist ;
 Pa will never consent if you do !
 "You were born," he will say, "Sir, a Briton,"—
 But forgive me so foolish a fear ;
 If I thought you could blame what I've written,
 I would soon wash it out with a tear !
 And pray, Sir, how like you the ladies,
 Since you've quitted the land of your birth ?
 I have heard the dark donnas of Cadiz
 Are the loveliest women on earth !
 Th' Italians are lively and witty,
 But I ne'er could their manners endure ;
 Nor do I think Frenchwomen pretty,
 Though they have a most charming *tournure* !
 I was told you were flirting at Calais,
 And next were intriguing at Rome ;
 But I smiled at their impotent malice,
 Yet I must say I wish'd you at home !
 Though I kept what I fancied *in petto*,
 And felt you would ever be true :
 Yet I dreamed of the murd'rer's stiletto,
 Each night—and its victim was you !
 I'm arrived at the end of my paper,
 So, dearest, you'll not think it rude,
 If I ring for my seal and a taper,
 And think it high time to conclude.
 Adieu, then—dejected and lonely,
 Till I see you I still shall remain,
 Addio, *mio caro*,—Yours only—
 Yours ever,—

AMELIA JANE !

P.S. You may buy me a dress like Selina's,
 Her complexion's so much like my own ;
 And don't fail to call at Farina's
 For a case of his Eau de Cologne.
 And whate'er your next letter announces,
 Let it also intelligence bring,
 If the French have left off the deep flounces,
 And what will be worn for the Spring !

seeking information, to delay his progress in the good work. We notice this because we have opportunities of watching them which they little suspect, and we will not lose those opportunities. We feel bound here to make a single observation regarding the Chancellor. We have occasionally heard his name mixed up with the delay that has taken place in the reforms of the law, and that, as the Court over which he presides requires more purifying than any other, he ought to have been the most active in the cause. In reply to this we merely remark, that Lord Lyndhurst came from a common-law court, where he had practised all his life, to his present high station, with the exception of a few months at the Rolls; and that had he attempted to reform abuses in the Court of Chancery before he had become thoroughly conversant with the nature and practice of that Court, he would have done more harm than good. His Lordship, like Mr. Peel, is surrounded by interested advisers when he is making inquiries respecting reforms in Chancery, whose machinations can only be set aside by practical knowledge. The Chancellor has laboured hard to gain that practical knowledge; *we speak advisedly when we say so*. He has already given fruits of his knowledge in the cause of legal reform, and we have no fear of his progress in that course as far as his personal exertions avail.

That Augæan stable, the Irish Church Establishment, has been looked at during the present session. The object has been to increase the incomes of those who perform all the clerical duties in Ireland, and cause those who perform no duty to pay for their ease. It is always well to have these cases brought before the public in any shape; but this is a pigmy effort against the monstrous abuses in the Irish church establishment. We shall hope to see a different notice taken of it at no distant day—a reduction in enormous ecclesiastical incomes in many cases—a total annihilation of them in others. We wish not incautiously to interfere with present incumbents, but that four archbishops and eighteen bishops, many of them with princely incomes, all of them with very large ones, should be retained over a poverty-stricken flock of hardly a million of souls, is an anomaly and a stretch of power that the present state of knowledge will not long endure. Can it be seriously asserted that this can be necessary with deans and archdeacons, and all the expensive accompanying machinery, for the cure of souls? If it be, we can only say that an Irish soul requires more spiritual care than any other upon the face of the globe.

The supporters of abuses like these are the true revolutionists, and we earnestly call upon Ministers, before it be too late, to get out of their fangs, and look for support in the only legitimate place they can find it—in the attachment of the people. God and Mammon cannot be served together. The haughty selfishness of the Tory faction, and the great interests of the nation cannot be amalgamated.

MR. DICKSON'S NARRATIVE.*

Mexican Banditti.

THE lady and her female attendant who had travelled with me, had entered the carriage before me, and taken their places in the back seat. The Indian seated me, erect on the front part, and as the vehicle commenced moving, I fell back against the front panels. I tried to move my body into one corner, but my effort was unavailing. I then entreated the females to place one of my feet against the opposite cushion to steady my position. They did so. I now tried to push myself with one strong effort, but could not succeed. At last, with infinite difficulty, I edged myself into one corner, and tried, by means of pressing my foot against the opposite cushion, to keep myself steady. The continual movement of the carriage as it passed over the rough uneven ground, rendered my situation very painful, and my head got severe blows against the broken panels and glass of the front window.

I endeavoured to keep the gunshot-wound in my breast from bleeding. I grasped my right wrist with my left-hand, which was unwounded, and tried to press it against my side; but the pain even from this exertion was so severe in my left shoulder, that I instantly let it drop; from thence I concluded my left shoulder was more severely wounded than I had before imagined.

Finding my attempt of no avail, I pressed with what remaining force I had, my right elbow close to my side, and then contrived to keep my dress hard against the wound. I partly succeeded, but ever as the carriage jolted, it was suddenly loosened from its position, and I could distinctly feel the warm blood trickling down my side with a strange hot sensation.

The carriage, I found from the exclamations and conversation of the soldiery, had been brought by the brigands a considerable distance to the left of the main road, and in our effort to regain it, we passed over much broken ground and brushwood. We had gone on for a considerable time when the carriage on a sudden stopped. They had come to a very uneven spot where they found it difficult to pass; in their exertions, some of the traces had broken, and they stopped to fasten them. The ropes had been very much cut by the robbers when they left the carriage, and it was with difficulty they were able to repair them, and fit them for the journey we had still to undergo.

I took advantage of the pause to beg the females to look for some wine, which I recollected had been brought with us in the morning when we left Puebla. They looked, but found only broken fragments of the bottles. I suffered much from thirst—not quite so much, however, as before; but I was bitterly disappointed when they told me there was no wine. I felt it the more as I began almost to despair of reaching the village alive. I felt frequently a strange faintness coming over me, but had no resource but patience. I resigned myself, not without deep anxiety, to my fate. I felt renewed hope when the carriage again moved on, and they said that we were now only a short distance from the village. I thought, if I once arrived there, that there

* Concluded from page 214.

was no fear—I should indeed recover. 'Twas a long, dreary time. It seemed to me as if we never should enter it—the time was an age: all at once we left the broken ground, and issuing once more into the main road, galloped towards the village.

The darkness had set in as we neared several straggling groups of the cactus and enclosures of the aloe. I recollect well the joyful moment when I first beheld these plants, for I knew we were near the longed-for Acajete. I still kept up my spirits in the hope of recovering, for I was perfectly myself. At last a few detached houses appeared. I considered myself arrived, but had again to experience disappointment for a brief distance; the carriage rolled on for some time longer. At length we entered the village. I implored the females to desire the postilions to stop at the first house we passed, where I saw a numerous concourse of people by the glare of torches. We did so, and they brought me, at my earnest request, a jar of water.

At that moment a person rather genteelly dressed came up and advised me not to drink it, for he said it would endanger my life. I could not resist the temptation in part. I tasted a few drops, and then they took it away. The females told me that the assemblage of people was caused by the dead bodies of my comrades having been brought in, and that the villagers were looking at them. So much had my own danger occupied my thoughts, and so exhausted was I, that I could not for worlds spare one expression of commiseration for their fate. We left the spot quickly, and after driving a little farther into the village we reached the Posada, where the Señoritas had put up; the carriage stopped at the door of the house, and the inmates immediately came out to see who it was. The postilion telling them that I was still alive, the attendants brought out a mattress and laid it on the ground close to the carriage door. I was lifted carefully out of the vehicle by three Indians, and placed upon the cushions. They then carried me gently into a large saloon, and deposited me on the floor.

The exertion had weakened me so much, that when I attempted to move my position on the couch a spasm came on, which lasted for nearly a minute, depriving me of all power to breathe, and almost carrying me off. I entreated them, so soon as I could speak, to raise up my head; they placed cushions underneath, and I felt relieved.

The apartment into which they had brought me was entirely divested of furniture, excepting a round table which stood in the centre. They had laid me down close to it, and then placed lighted candles at my side. The room was immediately filled by a great concourse of Indians and Creoles, staring at me in silence. I inquired faintly for the G——, for I longed to see some well-known countenance. They came immediately with their brother: when they approached the mattress whereon I lay, I perceived they were weeping.

"Oh! poor Santiago," said they, "what a dreadful affair! poor Señor N—— and R—— are quite dead; we saw them brought in. Why did you not surrender?—what a shocking accident!—are you much wounded?"

"I do not know," I replied faintly, "but I am very weak and weary, and the sight of so many people confuses me; I wish much they would leave the room." They spoke to the Indians, who immediately retired, and the Alcalde entering, we at last obtained some order and silence.

I took advantage of the moment to ask if there was no surgeon in the vicinity. There was no one nearer than the city of Puebla.

"'Tis of no use; we are at least eight leagues from thence," said I bitterly. "I shall be dead before then, if I have not assistance—perhaps there is a barber in the village?"

"No! we have already inquired, but find none."

"Oh, God!" groaned I, "then there is no hope; I must die. I shall lose so much blood during the night that by to-morrow I must be dead."

"Oh! Santiago," said the young ladies, weeping, and seating themselves on the mattress, "poor Santiago, do not speak so! we will try and do what we can for you; we have sent to the Cura's for some balsam, it will soon arrive—try and be patient for a moment, and tell us where you are hurt."

"I cannot tell, indeed!" said I, trying to move my position, for it pained me very much, "but you will soon know. Oh! for a little wine to refresh me—a little wine—I should feel so much invigorated, I am sure."

"I will go and look for some," said the brother, rising, and leaving the apartment: he soon returned to tell me that there was none in the Posada, and that it was hopeless to think of getting any in the village without money. "We were robbed, have lost every thing, and have no money to purchase it," he observed mournfully.

One of the Señoritas had saved a small piece of jewellery by concealing it in her dress; she now produced it, and gave it to her brother, telling him to try and dispose of it for wine. The brother again left the room, and I waited long and anxiously for his return; he came at length with a bottle of Xeres wine. I felt quite revived at the very sight of it, and entreated him eagerly for a little. There was no glass, so he put the bottle to my mouth. I eagerly drank some of it, but suddenly turned away, for it seemed to scorch my tongue and throat. "'Tis too strong—'tis as hot as fire," said I; "I cannot take it so; would you mingle water with it." All the time I was so very faint that the slightest exertion of body or mind fatigued me greatly, and threatened to bring on a return of the spasms, which had before affected me.

He returned from another room with a glass of pure cold water, and poured some of the wine into it, and gave it me, putting it to my lips. I drank it all off, and felt so much refreshed that I longed ardently for more. This the ladies would not permit me, being afraid it might prove injurious; and they begged of me to await quietly the arrival of the balsam. While I lay panting heavily for breath, anxiously expecting the balsam to come, and considering that I should be most speedily restored to health when it was once applied, the G—inquired of me some of the particulars of the attack and defence; but I had nearly lost all memory of what occurred; in fact, so reduced was I in strength, that I could scarcely remember a conversation which had occurred but a few moments before.

After a long, weary time, during which I gazed listlessly around me, and ever looked anxiously at the door of the apartment, the balsam came: it was a black, thick, oily substance, in a little bottle. The

Cura had no lint, so they were puzzled how to apply it to the cure of the wounds.

At that moment the youngest of the ladies observed, that if the others would cut off my military jacket with their scissors, she would take a piece of linen and undo it into threads, which might perhaps serve the purpose as well. She immediately took a piece of the linen which had escaped the pillage, and commenced taking it, thread by thread, to pieces. The others asked me if I would not wish to see the Cura before they dressed my wounds. I told them that I should prefer seeing him afterwards, being more anxious to have my wounds examined.

The sisters then took the scissors and began cutting the jacket and taking it off in pieces; then the gold lama vest and linen, leaving my neck and breast uncovered. I suffered dreadfully while they were removing it, the greater part of the dress having affixed itself to the gashes with the clotted blood, and in tearing it away it caused me great agony. I was too weak to express half my feeling of pain in words, but I moaned heavily: They often wished to pause, fearful of the pain it caused me; but I implored them to disregard my feelings, and only to think of saving my life by speedily dressing the wounds.

When at length they cut away the last portion of my dress covering the breast, and saw the numerous bleeding gashes which disfigured it, they shrieked in horror, and one of them suddenly fainting, they left me for a moment to aid their sister: they led her out of the apartment, nor did she return that night, the sight being too revolting to her feelings for her to look upon. The sisters shortly entered, and lifted up the cloak they had thrown over me when they left the room. On examining, with their brother and the Alcalde, into the wounds I had received, they found sixteen stabs of a poniard on my breast, shoulder, and right-hand; nine stabs had passed through the latter, which was swollen dreadfully; another wound was lower down on the left side; but they were unable to determine whether it was the grazing of some ball, or a stab from lance or dagger. The wound on my right breast puzzled them most, for I told them it was a ball-shot from one of the brigand's pistols. They shook their heads, believing it impossible for me to have survived if it had been so, and then asked me if it had remained or issued again. I told them that I felt no pain except at the orifice of the wound; but that if they looked, perhaps they would find some other hole where the ball might have come out. They did so, and found another opening about twelve inches distance from the entrance; it was lower down on the left side: they had not seen it before, because it was covered by a portion of the dress.

They now commenced cleansing the gashes with cold water; and having dipped a little of the thread into the balsam, they placed it carefully inside the wounds. The operation was tedious, and caused me great pain: it was at length finished, and some linen was torn into bandages, with which they bound up the wounds; and then they covered my person over with some blankets, for my feet had become icy cold. I thought of some plan to restore my feet to the usual warmth, for I recollected how dangerous it was to have the lower members of the body without circulation of the blood. It occurred to me that

I had often heard of bottles of hot water being applied with good effect ; I therefore mentioned the circumstance to the brother of the G——. He went immediately and procured one, and filled it from a jar in another apartment. He then placed the bottle close to my feet, but it was long ere I felt the slightest return of warmth.

From the conversation passing in the sala, I found, though they spoke low, that my death was considered inevitable, and that the next morning would certainly find me dead ; it was impossible that I could survive so many wounds : in fact, they were consulting whether I should be buried in the cemetery, or as a heretic ; for the Indians had not given implicit faith to the story of my being a Cristiano. I heard the G—— inquiring frequently for the coming of the priest. When I perceived them thus coolly discussing my death, and seeming to regard it as a fixed event, I must own that I began to think it might indeed be likely ; the more so as I had but little confidence in the manner my wounds were dressed, for no surgeon had been there to examine them.

The young ladies approached me, for they had seated themselves near the door ; they implored me earnestly to see the Cura, and confess to him ; that there were no hopes of my surviving, and that it would be the best thing to have the consolations of religion as early as possible. They told me, that no doubt in my own country, if I was dying, the ministers of my religion would come and sit by me in my last hours, and that there was not so much difference as to preclude my seeing one of the Catholic persuasion. I told them that I was ready to confess to him so soon as he should arrive.

At length the Cura came. He was a fine mild-looking old man ; he advanced to the couch, and asked me tenderly how I felt.

I replied to him, that I was fearful my death was near ; that I scarcely hoped to outlive the night, and that I would be glad of the consolations of religion as soon as possible, for I might even die in a few minutes, if one of the spasms that attacked me before returned.

"You are a Cristiano, then ?" said the Cura.

"*Si Señor.*"

"You believe in the Holy Trinity ?"

"*Si !*"

"In our Saviour Jesus Christ ?"

"*Si Señor !*"

"You firmly believe in the purity of the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ ?"

"*Lo creo !*"

"*Basta !*" said he, rising and approaching the G——. He put some questions relative to me ; they answered him, but what it was I do not know, but one of them came near me, and took from the pillow some little embroidered images of the Señora Guadalupe, which they had given me at St. Martin, and held them up to the Cura, saying I had worn them about my neck, and that when they were dressing the wounds they found them there. What else they said to him seemed to satisfy him ; so he came again near me, and asked me solemnly if I wished to confess to him. I said that I was willing. He then desired every one to leave the room. They departed, closing the door after them, and we were left alone.

* * * * *

When the doors were reopened, they found me weak, exhausted, and panting strongly for breath. I murmured out a request for wine; they brought me some, as before, mingled with water. The young ladies then inquired of me anxiously if I felt any better, and hoped I had received relief, and was now prepared to die. I thanked them for all their kindness to me, and regretted only that I never might have an opportunity, in this life, of thanking them again for all their kindness and Christian conduct towards me, but that the Almighty would reward them. They entreated me not to despond; perhaps I might recover, and they hoped I did not repent having seen the Cura.

"No!" said I to them, "confession is not such a dreadful affair as I always imagined it, and I feel greatly relieved in mind and less afraid of death than I ever was before—but—'twill be all the same to me now—I shall never again see the light of day." They retired, telling me they would remember me in their orisons that night, and tenderly bade me adieu!

After they were gone, I received the sacrament of the communion, and the extreme unction was administered to me; but not before they had coincided that I was sure to die that night, and that there was indeed no hope.

All those who had been lookers-on now left the room, one by one, and I was left alone with the three Indians, who had volunteered to sit up that night along with me. After giving me a little wine and water, they retired to a distant corner; and while one sat himself down on a low bench with a lamp near him, the others wrapped themselves in their serrapes, and lying down on the earthen floor soon fell asleep.

It would, indeed, be difficult to describe the strange thoughts and feelings which possessed me on that eventful night; and, even deeply engraved as they are yet upon my memory, I can find no words, no human simile, in which to clothe their intensity. Nevertheless, amid the despair of life which had gradually seized upon me, I felt a strange confidence that I was not to die—my time had not yet come. I lay a long time in silence, brooding in my mind over the past; of the future I could not bring myself to think, for I clung to life with the convulsive energy of a drowning man; it was not that I felt a dread of a future state, for, strange to say, I felt my soul wholly relieved by the religious intercourse which had taken place, and I felt a firm hope of mercy at the throne of my Creator, for I knew that I had repented, and that my Saviour would intercede for me. These were my feelings for a considerable time after the Cura left me, till at once I became entirely taken up with my hope of still living and surviving the night.

I thought often what a strange thing death appeared to be, and I felt resolved to watch his approach, and retain my senses to the last. I lay long revolving in my mind how I should feel when the time came, till minutes and hours passed away, and I found myself so far from weakening, gradually feeling more and more invigorated, and afraid of the approach of death.

Were I to record here the strange thoughts—now bordering on the sublime, now on the ridiculous—that flashed across my mind in the long hours of that tedious night, no one would believe me; so contradictory, so extraordinary do they seem to me even now, that I scarcely dare trust my memory.

Long ere the midnight passed I thought the morning come, and every minute that flew away seemed a weary age to my anxious mind. It would be in vain to describe my thoughts—I feel it impossible—images, fleeting and wild, flashed before my soul, like the swift sparkling of brilliant meteors, crowding one upon the other in strange confusion. Altogether, it was the most incomprehensible night ever mortal passed.

At length day dawned, and a streak of light shot through the interstices of the door and reassured me that the long wished-for morning had at length arrived. I awoke the Indians from their sleep, by disjointed murmurs for them to open the door; they arose, and as they drew the bolt and flung it wide open, a fresh current of air swept into the sala and fanned me as I lay.

Oh! how lovely and refreshing seemed the breaking of that morn, while all around me was silent as the tomb: it was the ushering in of a Sunday, and the Indians were all at mass. The sun rose quietly, and the gleams of light fell on the floor of the sala as he gradually ascended the heavens; it was late ere any one came to disturb the silence in which every thing lay. The first who entered was the Alcalde; he asked the Indians who had sat up with me, if I had outlived the night. I replied to him feebly, that I felt much better. He immediately approached the couch, and tendered his congratulations: while he was yet speaking, the G—— entered the room, and were rejoiced to find me recovering. My countenance instantly lighted up with a smile when I perceived them: few there can be who feel not pleasure when visited by such friends in the hour of adversity, and the single fact of their presence invigorated me more than I can express. They asked me what I meant to do?—whether await in the village the arrival of a surgeon from Puebla, or be conveyed there at once in a palanquin. They told me, if the latter, it would be evening ere I could reach the city. I thought I had sufficient strength still left me to bear the fatigue of the journey, and requested the Alcalde to make the necessary preparations; that I had friends in Puebla who would be happy to discharge all expenses. He said that till mass was concluded, the villagers could not go, but at mid-day they would be ready; meanwhile, he would prepare a *littera* in which to carry me. The Alcalde then said something to the G—— relative to the burial of the dead bodies of N—— and R——. They answered, but they spoke so low I could not hear. The Alcalde next turned to me and asked whether N—— was a heretic or a Catholic.

“He was a Cristiano,” said I, evasively, for I knew that if I called him a heretic he would be buried in unconsecrated ground.

He again asked whether he was a Protestant or *Catolico apostolico Romano*.

I said he never told me what his religion was, therefore it was impossible for me to say.

The Alcalde then called the two young postilions who had survived the attack, and enquired of them whether they had ever seen El Señor N—— attending mass. They answered that they had not.

“*Pero, Señor,*” said I, “these Muchachos have not been with us one Sunday yet, therefore how can they tell whether he attended mass or not?”

"Oh!" remarked the Alcalde, "he has, no doubt, died a heretic." So, in spite of my remonstrances, they decided on burying him in unconsecrated ground: and the Alcalde departed to give the necessary instructions for the interment.

I had now become sufficiently recovered to make some enquiries of the G—— as to the manner in which they had been robbed. They told me, that after we entered the shady ravine, they had gradually got the advance of us some hundred yards; that they were suddenly surrounded by a numerous body of men, some seventy or eighty banditti, masked and armed, who ordered them to deliver up their arms; their brother immediately handed over his pistols, and they were then commanded to leave the carriage; they did so, and the banditti commenced searching the vehicle, and commanded them to give up their doubloons and keys. They then opened the trunks and ransacked them for jewels: all that they discovered they took, as well as some of the dresses. The robbers were going to tie them up to the trees, but they implored them to have mercy. One of the brigands snatched up a beautiful shawl from one of the trunks, and was taking it away, when the elder of the young ladies took hold of his arm, and said eagerly, "This is mine—you shall not take it—give it me." He laughed and threw it to her. The robbers having insisted on their taking out their earrings, also took them, as well as every article of value they found.

The ladies were then asked how far the English were behind. They would not tell; but when the brigands threatened them with their sabres, they mentioned about a quarter of a league. Instantly one, who seemed to be the leader, rode off with a few men; in less than five minutes they heard the report of fire-arms, and in a moment the whole of the banditti left them, and galloped off to where their companions had gone.

They heard nothing but a continual discharge of fire-arms for a short time, and then one of the brigands came galloping past them, with a body slung across the saddle bow, and bleeding from a shot in the forehead: as he passed them, he reined in his horse for a moment and shouted fiercely, "*los co—jos han matado mi hermani*—but they shall die for it; they have slain my brother, and I will murder you too." He then put spurs to his horse, and galloped across the country towards some hacienda, leaving them almost fainting from terror. They concluded that we were all shot, and gave themselves up to despair. In a few moments they saw our carriage, guarded by the robbers, issuing from the ravine, and entering the deep glades of the forest, while a party of the horsemen rode up to them, and were going to kill their brother; the ladies instantly threw themselves on their knees and prayed for their brother's life; it was granted to them when they declared that we did not belong to their party. The banditti having assured themselves that nothing of value was left, rode off into the wood, and the G—— immediately drove off to the village of Acajete, where they gave the alarm. So near were they to it that almost every person in the village had heard the firing, but did not seem to regard it as proceeding from an attack of brigands. When the young ladies concluded their story, I asked them if the brigand who had rode past them had his mask off?—whether he was a tall man with a wide scar on his cheek?

"The very same," said they eagerly.

"Ha! the villain, it was he that stabbed me so much. Thank God, I killed his brother!" exclaimed I, rejoicingly, as my rage got the better of me; and, had not the presence of the ladies restrained me, I should not have been, I dare say, very choice in my epithets.

What a sad thing passion is when it once gets the upper hand! The single fact of having sent a few of the villains to their long home did more to recover me from my lassitude and debility than any medicine administered to me. I shall never forget the satisfaction I received while dwelling on that idea. It is sinful, no doubt, to glory in revenge, yet I did glory; it was justice; I had a right to kill them. I had asked the G—— how the lady and her attendant, who had been in the carriage with me, were? I was informed they had passed the entire night in weeping, nor were they as yet wholly themselves, such a hold on their imagination had the horrid affair taken; they had, however, gone to mass, and would soon return.

Not long afterwards they did come in, and, as they entered, I perceived their dresses were stained with blood; they told me they had been plundered of all their clothes that were in the equipage, and that, till they reached Xalapa, they could get no others. I asked the female attendant, rather angrily, what induced her to tell the brigand I had fired? That she could easily have said it was one of those who were already dead. She told me she was so terrified by the threatening address of the robbers, that, if he had asked her if she had fired too, she should have answered him in the affirmative.

"Ah!" said I, "I was afraid, while in the carriage, you would say so when questioned, and I wished to put you on your guard, but imagined the brigands would hear me speak—'Tis no matter now. When do you leave this ——?"

"To-day, Señor," replied she, "as soon as the carriage is ready. *Adios, Señor*," continued she, bidding me farewell, "*Dios guarda-Vm. muchos años.*"

"*Adios, Senora; Adios, Amiga,*" returned I faintly; "may you reach your friends in safety and *viva-Vm. mil años.*"

After a few minutes' conversation, such as my weak state would permit, the lady also bade me adieu, deploring the unfortunate issue of the affair, and thanking me for the effort I had made to defend them. She told me she would ever remember me in her prayers, and hoped God would spare my life, and that ere long I might be restored to my friends and native land.

After her departure the G—— tried to cheer me, and inspire me with hope of recovery. I assured them that I had now little fear, and that if I could reach Puebla that evening, all would be well. They were surprised to find me in such good spirits, considering the number and pain of the wounds I had received, and the great loss of blood I had sustained; but they were the more so when I mentioned the fact of this having been all foretold, and that I knew it was to come to pass, but in what particular manner I was not assured.

They seemed puzzled to understand me. I then asked them if they believed geomancy? They understood me better when I said that my nativity had been taken and my horoscope cast by a celebrated astrologer of London, before I crossed the Atlantic, and that what he then mentioned referred to this individual affair with the brigands; that

when I first resolved to leave Mexico, it was not without forebodings as to the danger and risk attending the attempt; it was foretold to me that, within a certain period, my life would be twice narrowly endangered. The first referred to certain circumstances which had previously occurred—the second evidently referred to this affair, since it was mentioned as Mars in the house of travelling, under events of a peculiar force. The G—— listened with much attention to what I mentioned, and were surprised that in Inglaterra there were also fortune-tellers.

I am really not in jest when I thus speak of my nativity having been cast; it was actually done about three years ago, by a gentleman of celebrated talent in the Fine Arts: his name it is not necessary to mention, but, if required, I have no objection; and every thing that he spoke of likely to occur, has actually taken place. It is no doubt a very strange coincidence, but a stranger yet I have to state. It had been my purpose to engage a passage, on my arrival at Vera Cruz, in an American schooner bound to New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding up the Mississipi. I was attacked by brigands, wounded, and consequently delayed. The schooner left Vera Cruz—on its passage to New Orleans a violent storm came on; that same vessel foundered at sea, and all hands on board perished. If this was really the case, and my information was from authentic sources, it is one of the most extraordinary instances of peculiar intervention of Providence on record:—overpowered by one danger that another and more fatal one might not come near me: it is strange, but yet it is true.

The time at last came when the G—— too departed, and, as I kissed their hands, I said to them that some day, soon, I would be at their tertulia in Vera Cruz; and I kept my promise.

Ere they left the village they obtained a small escort of ten villagers to accompany them for the first day's journey; it was not, however, without difficulty that they obtained such aid, but the Alcalde being a very excellent man, he commanded them to accompany the party without charge.

The mass had been over some time when a few of the Indians carried into the apartment a rude sort of hand-barrow, which they called a "littera;" they speedily contrived a covering for it of mats, and when they had finished it, the Alcalde desired them to place my mattress in it. They lifted me out, and one of them held me on a chair, while they arranged the couch, and put it with the blankets into the littera. I was soon installed also, and completely covered over with the arched matting they had fastened over it, sundry hoops having been formed into semi-circles rising about three feet above the littera; over these, and fastened to them, was the matting which was to protect me from the heat of the sun in the journey we had to go.

They had agreed with the Alcalde to carry me the twenty miles—there being sixteen Indians, four to relieve the same number every hour—for the sum of four rials each, or about two shillings of our money; but just as we were departing, they laid down the palanquin again, and said they would not go unless each received six rials; this the Alcalde would not submit to, saying it was an imposition, and that four were quite enough.

They then said that it would be evening before they could arrive at

Puebla; consequently, that was one day; and that it would take them the greater part of the next to return, besides the expense of remaining all night in town: in fine, they would not stir an inch without a guarantee of six rials per man. The Alcalde still opposed it, till I begged of him to give them whatever they asked, and to take me away as fast as they could.

They arranged matters with the Alcalde, and I was to pay them on my arrival in the city, or at the hospital, to which they were desired to carry me, if I could not find out the name of the street where my friend Don Juan de Palacios Trueva lived.

We at length set out on our journey; they lifted the palanquin on their shoulders, and bore me rapidly away. I stopped them frequently to drink a little of the wine and water they had brought along with them for me—as also some limes and oranges, of which they squeezed the juice out, and gave to me to cool my thirst. I found them very refreshing, and they served, more than any thing else, to keep up my spirits and to invigorate me.

We had journeyed on for a considerable time in silence till we had nearly passed the outskirts of the forest; and by the speeches of the Indians, who now commenced whispering among themselves, I understood we were near the place of our attack. After they had again betaken themselves to silence, they hurried on, and on arriving at one of the breaks in a shady ravine, they turned aside, and tried to ascend to gain the higher ground, and enable them to take a shorter cut across the country to Amasoque. After some short time and difficulty, we reached the summit of the elevated banks of the fissure, and were once more resuming our pace, when suddenly shouts, and cries of "*Para-Vm.*—stop! stop!" were heard in front of us. The Indians hastily laid down the palanquin, and I heard the tramp and galloping of horses coming nearer and nearer.

"Oh God!" cried I, "the villainous banditti are upon me again; they have heard that I am alive, and come to kill me!—Villains! devils!"

"*Que quiere-Vm?*" asked one of the Indians, who heard me muttering.

"Who are they crying to stop?" said I, in alarm.

"We know not, Señor—but they are not '*Ladrones.*'"

In the instant, the party of horsemen, who had descried us as we rose out of the ravine, galloped up, shouting—" *Que el diablo!—que es eso?*"

"*Un herido Ingles*—'tis a wounded Englishman."

Then followed numerous inquiries, of how, where, and when? Some of these being answered, one of the new party cried, "Can he speak?" and, without waiting for an answer, he asked aloud in English if I was much wounded. The sound of my native language had a considerable effect upon me; but, weak as I was, I could reply but to a few of the many questions he put to me; and, indeed, before I had answered the first, he told me his own history: he was a Yankee, going to Vera Cruz, with mules laden with flour, &c. He kept the palanquin on the spot nearly half an hour, questioning me till I was nearly dead with impatience, anger, and fatigue. I implored him to let the Indians go on, and not to keep them waiting while I was so severely wounded and ill. The rascal that he was, he cared little whether I lived or died, so that his confounded curiosity was gratified. I believe I said a few

severe things, and sent him to the Devil more than once for his rascally behaviour—sitting on horseback, cold and calculating, and keeping me there against my will. This same fellow had the impudence to say, when he arrived in Vera Cruz, that I was laughing and joking about the affair with the brigands, while my sufferings were calling forth all my fortitude. I never was so fortunate as to meet him again, nor do I remember his name. At length, having got the whole story repeated some dozen times, he moved off with his cavalcade of mules and flour.

I commanded the Indians, for the twentieth time, to take up the palanquin. Having no one to hinder them now, they lifted it up, and ran along quickly towards Amasoque.

It was nearly four in the afternoon ere we reached the village. Immediately on our entrance into the Plaza, the Indians laid down the palanquin, and sate themselves on the ground close to it to rest awhile. A large crowd of people soon came round us, and eagerly inquired into the particulars of the affair. One or two of the women lifted up the mat over my head and looked in at my countenance, disfigured as it was with blood, which had never been removed when my wounds were dressed at Acajete. They asked the Indians if I was a "Christiano?" They answering in the affirmative, I heard instantly expressions of commiseration, and "*pobrecito!*" and "*pobre Inglesito!*"—"los *pícaros de Ladrones!*" which every one now let fall. One Indian girl brought me some limes, which she made me a present of; and every one in the Plaza seemed to lament the misfortune that had befallen me.

We at length resumed our journey, amid the good wishes and "adios" of every one, and soon issued from the village of Amasoque. We journeyed on for some considerable time, during which I became gradually weaker and weaker, and felt no slight wandering in my ideas—so much so, that I mistook frequently the Indian language spoken by my bearers for English; and, once or twice, so firmly was I convinced of it, that I actually stopped them to inquire who it was that was speaking English? and not even their surprise and repeated assurance could make me think otherwise.

During several hours, we pursued our journey without any interruption, while I found myself becoming more and more confused in my mind, till I neither recollected what had happened nor where I then was. I frequently mused as to what had befallen my right hand, it felt so very icy cold and heavy, till all at once I thought it had been converted into a bar of silver—and so firmly did this curious idea take possession of my mind, that I lay long meditating which would be the best mode to bring it to its natural state again. It puzzled my chemistry nevertheless, and I gave up the attempt in despair, and commenced abusing some friend of mine, who resided in the city of Mexico, as being accessory to causing the metamorphosis.

My thoughts soon took another course, and it appeared to me that some one had placed a four-cornered wooden box under my left shoulder, for something pressed with a hard sensation against it. I suddenly called out to the Indians to stop, and desired them to look for my right hand, which, as I told them, had become pure silver.

"*Plata!*" cried they, in astonishment—"Li! *plata fina.*"

"Where, Señor? *No hay plata ajin*—it is only your wounded hand," said they.

"Well!" continued I—"but there is a box under my left shoulder; look for it." They raised me up, shifted the cushion, but found nothing, and they began whispering and laughing; and I heard frequently the word "*plata*," and "he is mad—*es loco*," bandied amongst them.

I now began to have some faint glimmering of the real case, and to recollect that I had been wounded; and desiring them to replace me gently on the cushion, I ordered them to move on.

Some time afterwards, when it had already become evening, we arrived at the "*Garita*:" here I came once more perfectly to my senses, in the moment I perceived the edifice and heard the questions of the Custom-house officers. I was detained nearly a quarter of an hour, while they examined the bearers as to the particulars of the fight, a confused rumour of which had already reached the city; at length we were permitted to move on, and in a short time we entered the town of Puebla de los Angeles.

The instant I found we had entered the city, and were traversing the street, I desired the Indians to carry me to the house of Señor Trueva, who lived in the same street where the "*Correo*" was. After some time passing through the principal streets to the Plaza, they stopped at the door of my Spanish friend; by this time, a considerable crowd had collected and had followed the littera. The larger gate of the edifice was unlocked and opened, and I was carried in the palanquin into the Patio, or square court, inside the mansion.

They had scarcely brought me there when my friend Trueva, who had been at the theatre that evening, came home, owing to a report which arose there, that the English who had quitted Puebla the day before had been all murdered in the Pinal forest. He was very much alarmed when he found the report so far true that we had been attacked; and he came close to the palanquin in the persuasion that I had been killed, and that poor N—— had been brought in wounded. He was addressing me to that effect, when I cried out, "It is I, Santiago, that am alive, though they have left me so against their will; but, *Gracia a Dios!* I have killed a few of them. *Picaros! rascals!*" He was delighted to find I had escaped, and desired them to carry me immediately up-stairs into one of the western apartments, where he said I should be more free from the noise of the streets; and he ran off for a surgeon.

They contrived, after some difficulty, to remove me, palanquin and all, to the room he had designed. The females had in the mean time prepared a bed for me, to which I was removed immediately. At last, after some delay, the surgeon came with Trueva. I was lying on my back when they entered; they started on perceiving my hair all matted with gore, and my face disfigured with patches of dried blood, imagining that I was wounded in the head. I undeceived them, and they instantly commenced their examination. They tried the passage of the ball with their probes, but found it already closed up in the middle. They next applied proper balsam to the wounds, and in the course of another hour they left me to repose.

science; our representatives for their talents and principles—and their talents and principles only. They do not represent their own property and fortunes—they represent ours. As for those worthies who imagine that because they are gentlemen they ought to be legislators—who contrive to hitch into some odd corner of their addresses an honourable mention of their family and their prospects,—we commend them to the anecdote of Marshal Meilleraye, who, when a sturdy gentleman of Bretagne asserted that if he was not a marshal, he was, at all events, of the wood of which a marshal was made, very politely assured him that when marshals were made of wood, his pretensions should not be forgotten. But then a gentleman is wanted who can contribute to the charities, and give blankets to the poor. But what makes the people poor?—bad laws and oppressive taxes; and so long as we select foolish persons to tax and to legislate for us, so long we shall want rich ones to relieve us. Why not meet the evil at its root? If a man gives us wherewith to buy a loaf, and then votes to make bread dear, we shall not, in the long-run, be very considerably benefited by his bounty.

So much for the especial case of candidates at the ensuing elections. But we take another and a still wider view of the manner in which this prevailing absurdity has affected, and doubtless will one day contrariwise affect, the state of society in England. As there is no country where money and gentility are so extravagantly valued, so is there none where talent and science are so ridiculously underrated. In France, in Russia, in most of the states of Germany,—(with the exception of these islands)—we may say throughout the whole of civilized Europe—a man of genius, a man of knowledge, is a recognized power.

The highest honours are awarded—the most distinguished courtesies are paid him. To be even attached to the *clique* of men of letters is a rank, a passport into all society,—a title which is claimed with a certain degree of pride and assurance. Here, to call a man an author, is to treat him with disrespect. He can have no other claim to distinction if he does not ostentatiously put it forth. Horace Walpole exulted in the idea that he was an Honourable; and Gibbon prided himself on being a country gentleman. We ourselves remember a distinguished, and even talented fine lady, calling Washington Irving “the man who writes the books.” Graceful affectation! What is the class rising and that must rise? What is that class which, as our people become a reading people, will be invested with the popular authority? Before whom, and before what, does the bloated arrogance of a purse-proud, pampered aristocracy quail and shrink into utter nothingness at the present moment? Lo! there is the Press! The press—the thousand-tongued—the Briarean-armed press! Every advance which fashionable indolence ventures to make towards literary activity, is a sign that the man of letters is advancing upon my lord.

A new chivalry is in the field. The nobility of knowledge must become the aristocracy of the epoch. The beautiful theory of St. Simon,—for so far, if so far only, is it beautiful,—that to the superiority of the mind, which elevates and poetizes power, power should and ought to be conferred, is not yet ripe for realization; but, if we know anything of the future, we know that the two great axioms on which society will work out its new changes are,—the diffusion of power with the diffusion of intelligence—the diffusion of property with the diffusion of power.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM PATERSON,
THE PROJECTOR OF THE DARIEN COLONY, THE BANKS OF ENGLAND AND
OF SCOTLAND, AND OTHER PUBLIC UNDERTAKINGS.

BY JOHN GALT.

THIS remarkable person was born on the farm of Skipmire, in the parish of Tinwald, in the county of Dumfries, about 1660.

In the account of that parish in "*the Statistical Account of Scotland*," the Reverend Mr. James Lawrie says, that Paterson "does not seem to have been an obscure Scotchman, as he more than once represented Dumfries in the Scottish Parliament, and that his grandnephew, Dr. James Mounsay, was first physician for many years to the Empress of Russia," and adds, that "the same house of Skipmire, in which Paterson was born, was, about 1791, in possession of the sister of Dr. Rodgerson, who succeeded the latter as imperial physician." The name of the Empress is not, however, mentioned to whom Mounsay was physician; but Rodgerson was probably doctor to Catherine II. The fact is, however, curious, as it shows the hereditary talent of the family who resided at Skipmire, and also, that there must have been some influence or connexion between it and St. Petersburg, to procure for the son of a small Scottish farmer the dignity to which Dr. Mounsay attained. But that Paterson was a Member of Parliament before the Union of the Kingdoms, is very doubtful. The Rolls of the Scottish Parliament, prior to that event, have been searched, and his name has not been found in them, though that of the member for Dumfries is regularly given; and that he was otherwise than an obscure Scotchman, before the promulgation of his great schemes, seems therefore equally certain.

The only biographical sketch, if such it may be called, of William Paterson, is in a scurrilous pamphlet called "*A Defence of the Scots abdicating Darien*," published in 1700. It is anonymous, but supposed to have been written by a Lieutenant Harris, who says of himself that "he was the first person employed in the service of the (Darien) Company*, and the first who left it." As the tract is very scarce, and possesses an amusing ill-natured vigour of style, it will be interesting to quote the passages which relate to Paterson, rather than to weave them into a more urbane narrative.

"William Paterson," says this writer, "the author of this project, and penman (as it is shrewdly guessed) of the Octroy, came from Scotland, in his younger years, with a pack on his back, whereof the print may be seen, if he be alive (1700);—having travelled this country several years, he seated himself under the wing of a warm widow near Oxford; where, finding that preaching was an easier trade than his own, soon found himself gifted with Anadab's spirit."

Afterwards, however, he went out as a missionary; at least this is the inference to be drawn from what Harris states.

"He went on the *propaganda fide* account to the West Indies, and was one of those who settled on the island of Providence"—

a small isle on the coast of Honduras, and a distinguished rendezvous of the celebrated fraternity of the Freebooters or Buccaneers, and famous for its extraordinary fertility, and for enjoying the reputation, like Ireland, of not being infested by venomous reptiles.

With that fraternity he is supposed to have associated himself; an association in the meridian of its glory,—if such terms can be applied to exploits and darings which have no parallel in the history of mankind,—as they have been celebrated by Basil Ringrove, the author of the history of the Buccaneers, and who was himself one of the number.

The origin of these Spartans of the ocean seems to have sprung from the dauntless bravery of a few individuals, fostered by the rash and unwise policy of the Spanish Creoles, in transactions at once striking from their simplicity, and offensive to humanity. Their state and history is briefly this:—

* It was properly the African and Indian Company.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the island of St. Domingo was overrun with wild cattle, which afforded employment in hunting, for the sake of their hides, to many persons who bartered them for merchandise with the inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Tortugas. These hunters lived chiefly in places named boucans, or sheds, which sheltered them from the sun and rain, but were open at the sides to every wind.

Among other remarkable regulations of the Buccaneers, no married person could be admitted a member of their society. Two of them, joined together, had everything in common; and when one died, the survivor was heir to all his property. Every Buccaneer was allowed, however, to supply his wants from the boucan sheds, where the property was regarded as public stock. It was owing to this circumstance that they acquired from strangers the appellation of Buccaneers; but they styled themselves "Brethren of the Coast." Whoever desired to become a member of this fraternity, was obliged to drop his surname and receive another more descriptive; but when they left the society and married, they commonly resumed their original names.

Though the "Brethren of the Coast," wild and roving young men, led this life for a few years, and then settled as colonists, it had such charms for others, that several, who were known to have inherited considerable possessions in Europe, sacrificed their inheritances rather than return to take possession.

The proximate cause of the unquenchable animosity between them and the Spaniards is not known, but their enmity grew to such a height, that their enemies resolved to extirpate them; and, having gathered together a considerable force, massacred all that fell into their hands. The Buccaneers retaliated with exasperated cruelty, and the better to secure success in their vengeance, never hunted but in parties, nor fought without the resolution to be victorious, which they often were.

The Spaniards, seeing that they could not overcome them, resolved to cut off their means of existence, and accordingly proclaimed a general hunt to exterminate the wild cattle, an undertaking which they pursued with such ardour that the race was nearly destroyed. The Buccaneers being in consequence obliged to enter on another mode of life, joined "the Freebooters," who at this time infested those seas; and thus the policy of the Spaniards contributed to strengthen that power which, in a few years afterwards, ravished their commerce and pillaged their towns.

The fraternity of the Freebooters chiefly consisted of English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese. The natives, however, of all other nations were eligible to become members, save only the Spaniards, against whom they waged interminable war.

At first these fierce adventurers had neither ships, provisions, nor money. Their arms consisted of pistols and cutlasses; but with these weapons and undaunted courage, they captured both merchantmen and ships of war.

Their first expeditions were in small boats and canoes: the captains, who generally furnished the means, received six shares; the other officers in proportion; and the men each one share. Such as were wounded in battle received gifts according to their injuries, and those who particularly distinguished themselves were generously rewarded, the gifts being always deducted from the booty before any division took place. The shares of those who fell in fight were invariably reserved for their nearest relations.

Some of their regulations were very severe. No woman was allowed on shipboard under pain of death; and among the Freebooters, as among the Buccaneers, every man was heir to his companion. But as there was no restriction with respect to marriage, except as to bringing their wives on board, when a married man died, his family got the one-half of his property, and his comrade the other. No fighting was permitted at sea, but if the parties were not reconciled before they landed, the quarrel was then decided in the presence of an officer.

The adversaries first fired each with pistols, and if that took no effect, they then fought with sabres till one drew blood, when he was declared in the right. They were strict also in their regulations as to theft, especially the

French, who, if a Freebooter among them was convicted of stealing only a single piastre, they exposed him on a desert shore with a fusee, a few shot, a bottle of powder, and another of water.

Whenever they went on an expedition, they solemnly made oath to each other not to appropriate any part of the booty to their individual use. It is said the other Freebooters were less severe, but thieves were banished from their society. The laws respecting gambling and drinking were equally rigorous, but often broken, both by officers and men; and it was a striking peculiarity of their discipline, when they discovered a ship which they deemed a prize, to bind themselves by an oath to take her or perish in the attempt.

Under the command of the Welshman, Morgan, Sir Henry, as he was called, they attained the summit of their power and renown; an individual who, according to those exploits which were deemed brave and honourable among them, was deservedly considered a hero. He commenced his career as a common sailor, and under his directions the fraternity rose to such eminence, that they possessed a fleet of no less than thirty-seven ships of various rates, when they advanced, in 1670, to attack Panania. His own vessel, as the admiral's, carried thirty-two guns, others twenty, eighteen, and seventeen, and the smallest four. In this expedition, Morgan bore at his mainmast-head the royal standard of England, and distinguished the two squadrons, into which he divided his navy, in imitation of the English, by the red and white flags, and appointed officers accordingly.

Though in this man were many traits of rude grandeur, approaching to the heroic, his general character may be said to have been made up of gross and vulgar vices; and certainly, by the manner in which he withdrew from his companions after enriching himself with the spoils of Panama, he has darkened even the lurid glory of his piratical renown.

It is, however, in Olinos that we have the sternest example of the ferocity to which these bold rovers aspired. Having committed several severe depredations on the Spaniards, they sent a vessel of six guns and ninety men to seize him; and that no delay might occur after his capture in his execution, they sent also a negro to perform the hangman's office.

Olinos and his comrades seeing this ship, swore to take her; and although only thirty in number, they boarded her on both sides at once. The Spaniards, surprised at this sudden attack, after some desperate fighting, were driven into the hold, where the Freebooters followed and disarmed them. Olinos, knowing for what purpose the ship had been sent, determined to show no mercy; and accordingly, ordering his prisoners to ascend, one by one, he, with his own hand, smote off their heads as they severally came on deck, and so rejoiced and glutted in this savage slaughter, that he licked the blade of his sabre at every stroke. But the atrocities of this cannibal would only overwhelm modern delicacy with disgust were they to be related at greater length.

Such was the society, such the manners, and such the characters among whom Paterson, when a young man, threw himself as an adventurer; and if his visit to the island of Providence was a missionary enterprise, it surely had been conceived in the spirit of martyrdom, since he must have known that he had to encounter not only savage licentiousness, but the crimes and corruptions of civilization. Nothing, however, in his subsequent career justifies the supposition that he was either actuated by fanaticism or motives of religion. The same spirit of adventure which led him to quit his father's house, accounts for his voyage to the haunts and regions of the pirates, and the subsequent use which he made of the knowledge acquired among them, shows that he did not delight only in roving enterprise, but was instinctively in quest of some unknown but magnificently conceived object.

In 1688 he returned to England. At this time he was only twenty-eight years of age, at which period he is described as a serious young man of agreeable manners, and an engaging serenity of countenance, endowments which deserve the more attention, as it is imputed with disparagement, that he owed to them the ascendancy which he afterwards obtained over the minds of those

whose good opinion he endeavoured to cultivate. Harris thus describes his proceedings after his return:—

“He endeavoured to make a market of his ware [his project for the settlement] in Holland and Hamburg without success. He went afterwards to Berlin and opened his pack there, and had almost caught the Elector of Brandenburg in his noose, but that miscarried too.”

Failing thus in his attempt to get his Darien plan supported, he returned to London, and “let his project sleep for many years.” Harris then goes on to say that—

“His former wife being at rest as well as his project, he wanted a helpmate that was meet for him, and not being very nice, went no farther than the red-faced coffee woman, a widow, in Birch Lane, whom he afterwards carried to the Isthmus of Darien.”

But although his colonial project slept, his speculative mind was wide awake. “He was concerned,” Harris states, “in the Hampstead water; and had an original hand in the project of the Bank of England, but being obliged to communicate his thoughts to some eminent men who were more able to carry it on, they bubbled him out of the premium and the glory of the scheme.”

Harris takes no notice of the fact in any other manner, but it must be evident to the reader, that Paterson was at this period a person both of influence and distinction in the city of London. “The man,” continues this vituperative author, “thinking himself ill-used by the managers of the Bank of England, studied how to be up with them; and in opposition to it he applies himself to the project of the Orphan’s Bank, where he was afterwards some time a Director.” Having cause, however, to be discontented with that institution likewise, “he roused up his Darien genius, and having vamped it up with some new light he had purchased by conversing with Dampier,” he went to Scotland.

At this time he occupied a considerable space in the public eye; his talents were deemed of a high order, and wherever he appeared in his native country, he was treated with the greatest distinction, insomuch that Harris says with disparagement, that the Royal Commissioner to the States of the Kingdom was regarded with scarcely more consideration. Nor was he undeserving of this great popularity, for it was at this time that he assisted in forming the Bank of Scotland, and brought out his grand colonial project.

It would, however, be doing injustice to Paterson, not to mention that his plan for the Bank of Scotland was distinguished over that of her elder sister in London, by a most politic peculiarity.

At this period the resources of the country had been greatly impoverished, by those national transactions and troubles which shook the kingdom from the time of Charles I., and it must be allowed that it was a highly ingenious conception of Paterson to draw capital into the kingdom, to hold out an inducement to aliens to subscribe to the Bank, that they should become thereby naturalized subjects, a privilege which all foreigners enjoyed till it was injudiciously annulled by an Act of Parliament, after the close of the late war.

When Paterson went to Scotland, he had with him two young men—one a person of some notoriety. Harris calls them a couple of subtle youths whose office was to put Paterson’s crude and indigested notions into form. But although Harris also alludes to his intimacy with the famous Fletcher of Saltoun, he does not seem to have been acquainted with the talents of that illustrious man, to whom tradition ascribes the composition of the law for incorporating the Company, under which the Darien expedition was undertaken—a law which, for conciseness, the beauty of perspicuity, and an occasional felicitous use of Scottish phraseology, is itself a high literary curiosity.

“The Company’s Act,” says Harris, “being now touched with the royal sceptre,” the ancient Scottish mode of giving the King’s assent to Bills in Parliament, the subscriptions flowed in, and some idea may be formed of the importance attached to Paterson’s plan by the agreement made with him by the Company, that he was to receive twenty thousand pounds premium for his suggestion and forming it, with his two assistants. Yet Paterson did not

disclose all his plan to the public. The Company was ostensibly formed for the African and Indian trade only; the Act, however, has reference to America, a circumstance particularly deserving of attention. It is thus declared:—

“His Majesty understanding that several persons, as well foreigners as natives of this Kingdom, are willing to engage themselves with great sums of money in an *American*, African, and Indian trade, to be exercised in and from this kingdom.”

Paterson, it should be mentioned, is one of the incorporated among others as a merchant of London.

The Scottish subscription of four hundred thousand pounds was, as soon as the Act of incorporation passed, filled up with great avidity by most of the nobility and gentry, and all the cities and Royal boroughs of the kingdom. A suitable house for the business of the concern was bought in Meadow-square, Edinburgh, and ships were immediately built and bought. Something of the nationality of the Scots was shown in naming of these truly national vessels, such as the *St. Andrew*, the *Unicorn*, and the *Caledonia*. They had other vessels, the *Dolphin* and the *Endeavour*, but these, from their names, were probably those which were bought ready made.

As soon as the business of the African and Indian Company, as the undertaking was generally spoken of, had been fairly instituted in Scotland, Paterson and others were sent to Holland and the Hanse Towns, to collect the additional capital, which was expected there; and with him were two colleagues, which Harris describes as “one Alexander Stevenson, Kirk Treasurer of Edinburgh, a zealous and lay grace-sayer, and a Captain James Gibson, Merchant and Malignant of Glasgow.” In this expedition Paterson failed, by an act of singular perfidy on the part of the English Government. For the affairs of the Company, and its many immunities, were by this time making a great noise on the Continent, and the Hamburgers were well inclined to have taken a large interest in the project, but the English Government instructed their accredited Minister to admonish the Hamburgers not to subscribe, as they had intended; the details of which affair, however, more properly belong to the history of the Company than to this biographical sketch. In the end, Paterson returned to Scotland and accelerated the equipment of the ships, the destination of which was not otherwise publicly known, than that they intended to proceed to somewhere in Africa or the Indies, by which was meant either to those of the East or West.

On this occasion, when the question as to the destination was debated in the Council of the Company, Paterson urged his original project, conceived ten years before, and prevailed. Accordingly the three ships, with the two tenders, sailed from Leith, having upwards of a thousand soldiers and sailors on board, with a curious cargo of merchandise, which our limits, and the sketchy nature of this account, prevent us from detailing.

Among other parties who influenced the Company to determine on fixing their settlement at Darien, was the famous Lionel Wafer, who was then printing his voyages in London, and which the Company induced him to suspend. For what special reason they had recourse to him is not very clear, but their proceedings towards him, as the seditious Harris states, were not candid; and he also alleges, that, in engaging him, they were not actuated by fair motives towards Paterson.

“Mr. Wafer,” says Harris, “pursuant to the contract, (having ordered his affairs in England for his voyage to Darien,) took post for Scotland, and on the road passed by the name of Brown, by the Committee’s directions. He was stopped at Haddington, twelve miles short of Edinburgh, by Mr. Pennycook, who was ordered to lodge him at Mr. Fletcher’s house, about two miles wide of the road; and there he was to stay till the Committee should come to him, lest by going into Edinburgh he should be seen by Paterson or Lodge, who at that time were kept in the dark as to the Company’s resolutions.”

However, the expedition, after many equivocal proceedings, sailed from the Frith of Forth, on the 17th of July, 1698, and passing north, arrived at Madeira about the end of August; stayed there five or six days, and took on

board twenty-seven pipes of wine. Here the Deputies of the Council opened their instructions, by which they were ordered to steer to Crab Island, and take possession of it in the name of the Company and of the Crown of Scotland. This island lies to the leeward of Santa Cruz, about nine leagues to the windward of Porto Rico, and about eighteen leagues from St. Thomas's.

The expedition was insufficiently provided with stores for so adventurous a voyage, insomuch that, before even reaching Madeira, they suffered considerable inconvenience. Harris, without being sensible of the inadvertency, admits that, by his official situation, he was partly to blame for this. His account of the provisions is, however, amusing.

"That you may taste," says he, "a little of our provisions as well as I, you must know that our stock-fish was the best, if there had been a proportion of butter or oil to it. Our beef was three-fourths Irish, and the rest Scotch, both alike fit for a long voyage. There was about a fifth part of the Irish stall-fed; the rest grass beef; and the whole about eighteen months in salt. As for our bread, twenty-seven thousand pounds weight of it was made up of damnified wheat, which was bought cheap; and the money of it is now in the pocket of a Director, whose Christian name is Drummellier. This bread was not fit for dogs to eat; but it was a mercy we had a good many Highlanders in our legion who were not used to feed on much of God's creatures that's hallowed. The pork was indifferent good, but there being no great store of it on board, we reserved it always for our Sunday's dinner. As for cheese, we had none, by reason, I suppose, that that only serves for concoction, or to create an appetite."

But to continue the account of the voyage. Having made Santa Cruz, one of the tenders was sent to St. Thomas's for pilots, to conduct them to the Main; and while she returned to the squadron, at Santa Cruz, the Governor of St. Thomas's, hearing from the tender that they intended to take possession of Crab Island for Scotland, sent a sloop there before them to hoist the Danish standard, which the expedition found flying on their arrival.

On the second of October they left Crab Island, disappointed at being so anticipated; their passage thence to Darien was tedious and unhealthy, and, it is said, that during a week which they were becalmed between Carthage and Tiberon, their men fell down in the sulphurous air, "and died like rotten sheep."

In November, 1698, the expedition reached the Bay of Darien; and on the 25th of March, 1699, the news of their arrival was received in Edinburgh, and was celebrated there with great rejoicings by the populace, and by solemn thanksgivings in all the churches. Indeed no event had ever been celebrated with such demonstrations of joy in the Scottish capital. A public graduation of students was held at the University, in the presence of the magistrates in all their formalities, at which the professor of philosophy made an oration in favour of the new colony. The students defended its wisdom in their theses—even from the pulpit it was the subject of pious declamation. The whole nation was delighted with golden ideas, and a bright, interminable vista of prosperity.

Soon after, a gentleman, said to have been belonging to the expedition, came home; and to satisfy the ardent curiosity of the people, he published a short account of the proceedings of the colonists, under the title of "The History of Caledonia, or the Scots Colony in Darien;" an interesting little work, but which has fallen into oblivion among the mass of contemporaneous works which, on the same subject, then agitated all Europe.

Having sounded the coast of Darien between the 8th and 10th degrees of north latitude, the colonists fixed on a fine natural harbour, which they called New St. Andrew's; and having formally taken possession, they fortified it, and laid out a town, which they named New Edinburgh. The Deputies with the expedition, among whom was Paterson, then went to negotiate a league with the sovereign, as they conceived, of the country. The whole account of this negotiation is in itself picturesque, and exceedingly amusing.

"Accordingly," says the author, "some deputies were sent out, among whom was Mr. Paterson, the chief projector of the whole design. They found the Indians, as before related, very tractable, and had certain intelligence that one of their great kings

was not far off, upon the ridge of the mountains, and would be very glad to understand their design, and enter into any league against the Spaniards, whom they mortally hated. They set out with a small train, to give no occasion of jealousy, and had several slight merchandises, as beads, linnen and woollen cloths, and other things which they knew would be acceptable presents to the wild Indians.

"The Indians were so secure, that they (the deputies) saw, as they passed along, several of them sleeping in hammocks tied to two trees, and had no other covering or canopy but large plantan leaves; for they were told by their priests, or rather magicians (who went a conjuring, which they call *panawing*, as soon as our fleet arrived), that the people newly arrived would be a great assistance against the Spaniards, their enemies, and would never molest them if they failed not on their part.

"The *panawing* is performed, as the deputies were informed, with hideous yellings and shrieks, in which they imitate sometimes the hissing of serpents, sometimes the croaking of toads, sometimes the yelping of foxes, and barking of dogs; to which they join the noise of several stones struck together, and of a sort of drums made of bamboos. They labour so hard, and strain themselves so much, that they are all in a great sweat; and often fall into strange ecstasies and trances for a considerable time, and then renew their shrieks again, till the oracle be given. The great enemy of mankind, and lover of discord, invited by such jarring music, at last visibly appears, and audibly gives his answer. * * *

"But to return to where we left off. After they (the deputies) had made two easy days' journeys, they arrived at the place where the King was, which was on the top of a very high hill, which had a noble prospect towards the North Sea, as far as the eye could reach. * * *

"As soon as the King had intelligence that the deputies were near at hand, he sent a few persons of the best quality to conduct them to his presence: these were attended with a set of musicians, who played upon a kind of pipes, made of small, hollow bamboos and reeds, full of knotches, with which they made a kind of whinnying noise, but nothing musical to European ears; and all the company, to keep concert, made a humming noise to themselves.

"As they approached nearer, they were diverted by a dance of forty men in a ring, who stretched out their hands, and laid them on one another's shoulders, moving gently sideways round in a circle, wriggling themselves into a thousand ridiculous postures, something like the Highland dancers in Scotland; and after they had danced a pretty while, one of the company jumped out of the ring, and played several antic tricks, throwing and catching a lance, bending backwards towards the ground, and springing forward again with great activity, to the no small admiration of the deputies. * *

"When they were come to the top of the hill, and almost in sight of the King, to show how welcome they were to both sexes, they were entertained by a dance of women, who behaved themselves with great modesty and activity, dancing in a ring as the men did. * * *

"These women danced still before the deputies, till they were arrived in the King's presence, whom they found seated under a tree of extraordinary bigness, upon a kind of throne made of several logs of wood, piled neatly upon one another, and covered with a sort of party-coloured cloth, which he had purchased from the Spaniards for a great sum of gold. He had on his head a diadem of gold plate, above ten inches broad, indented at the top, and lined with net-work, made of small canes, and a robe shaped something like a frock of cotton, down to his heels, with a fringe of the same cotton, above a span long, with short, wide open sleeves, reaching only to the middle of his arms: his face was painted with red, as he designed war upon some of his neighbours: he had a plate of gold hanging over his mouth, of an oval figure, covering his mouth from corner to corner: he had, hanging at each ear, a pendant, made of two large plates of gold, fastened to a ring, the one hanging before to the heart, and the other behind on the shoulder: the plates were about eight inches long, and shaped like a heart.

"Those who attended him, wore on their heads a kind of diadem made of cane-work, indented and jagged at the top, wrought very fine, and well painted; set round at the top with long, beautiful feathers, in the form of a crown.

"The deputies, after they had made a long obeysance to his Majesty, were conducted by the master of the ceremonies (who is always a principal man) to some seats made of logs of wood, covered with cotton cloth just over against the King's throne, but much lower:" and then the negotiations began.

Mr. Paterson, the first of the embassy, then rose, and, after due reverence, said that they were come from the uttermost coast of the world, being the subjects of a mighty prince, to admire his grandeur, to establish traffic, and to

make a strict league with him against all his enemies whatsoever* ; but just as he had finished, a drove of monkeys—creatures common at all courts—came leaping up and down the branches of the trees, making a loud chattering, and flinging sticks and boughs at the whole party, besides committing many other unseemly actions. But our limits do not allow us to detail all the ceremonies of the occasion, many of which are exceedingly curious, especially the banquet which followed, and a royal hunting. Nothing, indeed, could be more flattering than their reception, nor the sanguine hopes which their league with the King encouraged.

But the reader, after this minute description, will be surprised to hear that the little work, from which this description has every appearance of having been compiled, was either by Wafer, or from his voyages, which were then printing ; for in that work he gives an account of the King, almost verbatim, the same as we have just quoted.

" I once saw Lacenta," says he, " in a great council, wear a diadem of gold plate, like a band, about his head, eight or nine inches broad, jagged at the top like the teeth of a saw, and lined in the inside with a net-work of small canes. And all the armed men who then attended him in council wore on their heads such a band, but like a basket of canes, and so jagged, wrought fine, and painted very handsomely, for the most part red ; but not covered over with gold, as Lacenta's was. The top of these was set round with long feathers of several of the most beautiful birds, stuck upright in a ring or crown ; but Lacenta had no feathers on his diadem."

This curious similarity induced us to examine more narrowly the different accounts of this noted embassy, and I find the following description by Harris:—

" Being arrived at his plantation, Captain Ambrosio (the King) came out of his wigwam about thirty paces, and welcomed us. He had a white cotton frock on, fringed at the bottom, and his court or clan behind him, to the number of thirty men, besides women and children : they were in such frocks as Ambrosio's, and had short lances in their hands. He carried us into his wigwam, and his wives gave every one of us a plantan and calabash of their drink—this being all the food we got, till the next day at noon we came down to our boats, except a dish of minced-meat of wild hogg, wherein was about two pounds of meat, which served to give us a taste of their finest cheer. We hung in hammocks that night in Ambrosio's wigwam, amongst his and his son Pedro's wives, and our men lay round a large fire."

Amused with the remarkable variance between the different descriptions, the reader will probably be interested to see still another account of the same ceremony, from a different publication of that period, the author of which we have not been able to discover ; but by the internal evidence of the pamphlet, he must have been a Scotchman, and of the expedition. Speaking of Ambrosio, or Lacenta, he describes him as—

" A man about sixty years of age, but strong and vigorous, well-limbed, and of a stern countenance. He is a mortal enemy to the Spaniards, with whom he had a long war. He is esteemed the bravest of all the Indian captains. His son-in-law, Don Pedro, having been taken by the Spaniards, and kept by them as a slave at Panama, he can neither forget nor forgive them. * * * Captain Ambrosio's house lies about a league from the water-side, on the bank of a river, having twelve lesser houses about it. When we drew near to it, he advanced fifty paces to meet us, being attended by twenty men, in white loose frocks, with fringes round the bottom, and armed with lances : he saluted us kindly, and gave us a calabash of liquor, almost like lambs-wool, made of Indian corn and potatoes. His house is 90 feet long, 35 broad, and 30 in height, curiously thatched with Palmetto royal, and over that cotton leaves. The floor is firm, like tarras, very smooth and clean. The sides are composed of large canes, as thick as a man's leg."

The exultation of the Scots at the success of their colony was soon destined to suffer a sudden blight. On the 3d of May, 1699, in little more than a month after the news of the arrival of the fleet had been received, the Spanish Ambassador presented a remonstrance against the insult suffered by the King his

* It would seem from this that Paterson was acquainted with their language ; but on this occasion they had really a Jew, who spoke Spanish, which the Indians understood,

master, from the Scots taking possession of a portion of his territory. The English Parliament also addressed King William on the subject of the injuries which the Scottish Colony was likely to produce to the East Indian trade of England; and it deserves particular notice, that the King's reply to the Parliamentary address shows that vindictive spirit which the Scots have always alleged William cherished against them. "I have," said his Majesty, "been ill-served in Scotland; but I hope some remedies may be found to prevent the inconveniences which may arise from this Act"—the Act of Incorporation.

In the mean time, instructions were given to the different Colonial Governors not to assist the Scots Colonists; and as a proof of the wickedness to which William was consenting, these different Governors declare in their proclamations, that the King was not acquainted with the intention of the Scots to settle on the Isthmus of Darien—a dry fact, perhaps true in itself. But Paterson's project for settling there had many years been publicly known; and it was equally well known, that he, as a counsellor of the Company, sailed with the expedition. Besides, the Board of the Company had addressed the King, informing him of the news of the arrival of the colonists at Darien, and of their flattering prospects.

When it was understood at Edinburgh how much the English Government was set against the colony, the popular violence was as wild as the general joy was extravagant when the news of the arrival of the expedition was received. The King's Commissioner (the Lord-Lieutenant of the kingdom) and the great officers of state were obliged to fly the city, says Arnot, in his History of Edinburgh, and tumult and turbulence pervaded all ranks. This ebullition was, however, of no avail—the fate of the colony was decided, to the everlasting grief of the Scots, and the disgrace of King William's Government; for, although there may have been error in taking possession of the Isthmus of Darien, there was no possible reason, in policy or humanity, for the treatment which the colonists received from their own Sovereign, in abandoning them to starvation.

Upon the right to take possession of Darien many ingenious and curious pamphlets were published at the time, but it would be inconsistent with our limits to notice them particularly here, further than that one published at Glasgow is the ablest that has fallen under our observation: to us it is not, however, quite convincing. As this article has already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, we have only to add that the fate of Paterson is not known, nor mentioned in any of the books or papers to which we have had access. It is, however, probable that he perished with the great body of the colonists, either at Darien, or during the hardships that the remnants encountered on their return—a circumstance which throws a melancholy shade over the few relics we have been able to gather of a man that must be regarded as of no ordinary stamp.

By his contemporaries, when all the specks and spots of individual infirmity tended to diminish the lustre of his talents, it is easy to conceive how differently Paterson must have been considered, compared with the brightness in which he appears to posterity, when cleared from the clouds which surrounded his setting. There is nothing, indeed, more striking in biography than the fortunes of this man. We see him a poor stripling, proceeding from a lone cottage in a remote part of the kingdom, friendless and penniless;—his curiosity incites him to embark in the enterprises of a lawless and ferocious brotherhood; his observations among them, subsequently corrected by one of the most adventurous voyagers, enable him to project the plantation of a state, in its design, as described in the Act of Incorporation, worthy of the greatest Kings. But, though baffled by the jealousy of nations, the character of his prospective genius still survives in what may be called the mere debris of his conceptions—the two national Banks of England and of Scotland. The former, indeed, may be said to influence and improve the condition of the whole earth, and yet the period of his death is still questionable, and the spot where he lies is not only unmarked by any monument, but literally unknown.

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THE GAUCHOS;

A TALE OF THE PAMPAS.

THE events I am about to relate may appear wild and incredible to the inhabitants of a country in which justice has long been regularly administered, and where the influence of civilization has ameliorated the passions of men, or, at least, caused them to display themselves in a form less revolting than among barbarous nations.

An Indian shoots at his enemy from behind a tree; a Turk will strike his handjar into the heart of his foe while he sleeps; and a South American Spaniard will rip up, on the spot, the bowels of one who has insulted him; while an Englishman or Frenchman calls out the man who has cast a stain upon his honour, and running him through the midriff, according to the rules of fence, or blowing out his brains at the dropping of a handkerchief, walks away, and calls this a fair, manly, open revenge—receiving the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Which of these two modes of procedure is the least inconsistent is easily enough decided; but it is also equally clear, that if there must be some extra-judicial check upon the ill-disposed or turbulent part of a community, the latter is that which is least likely to be hurtful to society in general, since it necessarily involves the total absence of mystery. An Italian, with his secret stiletto and his hired bravoës, shows, indeed, that a nation may possess, or have possessed, in perfection, a knowledge of the “arts of war and peace,” and yet imitate the savage in his mode of revenge; the cause of which is, doubtless, to be traced to the dark, subtle policy of their governments, influencing society to its lowest ramifications. But it is my object to relate a tale of the passions, and not to investigate the cause of the peculiar manner in which they are displayed among different nations. All who are acquainted with the state of the country in which the events of my narration occurred, will acquit me of exaggeration, in even the more dreadful parts of the recital.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman, named Ord, who having, on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resides, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure-trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild, enthusiasm about his character, which, though it harmonized well with his athletic and hand-

some appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were beating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-topsail, sung out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and, having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half-devoured with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently ; I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea-fights, and Ord, cursing these " piping times of peace," in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin, doffed his cap, and smoothing down his hair, told his story, Ord uttered a loud whoop of delight, and, springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre ; but Ord, singing out " steady," seized a spyglass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men were whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus :—

" My lads ! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us ; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them ; now, you all know well enough that the little Petrel (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom among them in a friendly way ; we can run when we can do no better ;—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain, draw off to the weather side, and if there be any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks, in a long boat with a lug sail, keep your present stations."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes ; and it was curious to observe the effect of their captain's speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft ; the Scotchman, more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that " it was by nae means prudent, but damn him, if he wad craw the dunhill craw ;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and, hitching up his trousers, walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing ; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had heard and seen so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get the " long Tom " (a long-barrelled gun, which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern, with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel. I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirates alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in " long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manœuvres of one of their companions, who, under cover of the tarpaulin, was cramming

"long Tom" with what he called his "grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and so forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear, or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which, coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside. Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who, having before received their instructions, rounded the little Petrel on the heel, and swept away on the larboard tack with a celerity which could scarcely have been surpassed by the sea-bird whose name she bore. But, though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close-hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one, whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great *sang froid*, "and yon thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet; none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat, he cheered on the pirates who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got "Long Tom's" nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, levelled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near us that we could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce, bloody-looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistols and a cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, gray-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat, holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long, Spanish-barrelled gun which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, Sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially-shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but, putting his rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the expression of the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the smoking muzzle of the old pirate's rifle showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his aim. At this moment, the men forward cried out that other galleys were making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and, looking round, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick-tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and, giving the word "ready, about," to his men, took up the rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his

chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until, catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired, and the old negro tumbling headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, showed that the Petrel and her steersman were fully avenged. "About ship," cried Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half-suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes, and flapping of the wet canvass, as our sails gybed, were heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and, getting hold of the wind, began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oars' length of us, when Ord, with a hand steady as if he were writing an invitation to dinner, took the apron off "long Tom" with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun, and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the expected range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety, when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of his discharge, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was, with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward and applied the match to the touch-hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering, and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel,—before the smoke of the gun had drifted by,—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. Their boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew, wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze, and a flowing sheet, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death-wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded man under proper care.

I have here only described an occurrence which is commonplace enough among the West Indian islands; but I wished that an opinion should be formed of my friend rather from his actions than from any epithets of mine. A determined courage, and a high love of romantic enterprise, were indeed the prominent traits in his character, and the story I have told will furnish a sufficiently familiar notion of it on these points; but how can I ever convey an idea of the interest, the fascination, which his gentleness, his polished manners, his deep and ardent feelings, tinged as they were by his chivalrous nature, created about him, making him the envy of the one sex and the idol of the other? Thrown so completely together as we were in the cabin of his little schooner, I perhaps learned more of his character during that short period of our friendship than years of observation, under other circumstances, would have possessed me with; and never did I behold such sensitive and strong feelings, combined with such manly dignity and firmness, as were combined in his character. I remember to have seen him burst into tears, and his frame quiver with emotion, when reading aloud to me that last mournful scene in "Romeo and Juliet;" and half an hour after he was at the helm of his little bark, in one of the most dreadful hurricanes I have ever seen, calmly and collectedly giving forth his orders, in

a voice which rose above even the roar of the tempest, and with a skill and coolness which alone could have encouraged the terrified seamen, and saved us from certain destruction. Such was the gallant youth for whom was reserved one of the darkest destinies which the weird sisters ever wove for man.

Some time after the adventure I have related, Ord, having shipped a quantity of red cloth for ponchos, bridle-bits, spurs, &c., in a Spanish bottom for Buenos Ayres, suddenly determined on accompanying the vessel himself, in order, as he said, "to have a gallop across the Pampas, and see how the Indians rode." He persuaded my father to allow me to accompany him, and, after a quick and delightful run down the coast of South America, we found ourselves, early one delicious morning, swinging at anchor in the Rio de la Plata, with the dome of the cathedral, and the tops of the houses of Buenos Ayres rising above the faint, treeless, and ill-defined shores,—for banks they cannot be called,—of the ample river.

Among those gentlemen to whom Ord brought letters of introduction, was a rich, old Spanish merchant, who possessed all the dignified hospitality and politeness of his countrymen, while the grave pomposity and solemn pride, which is no less characteristic of the Spaniards, had been in him in a great measure destroyed by his intercourse with strangers and the influence of his commercial pursuits.

From the very first he seemed to have a partiality for my friend, and every day we spent some hours at his house. But it was not that his balcony was the coolest, that his *patio* was shaded best from the heat of the noon, or that his roof received the freshest breeze from the far-stretching Plata; far less was it the excellence of his never-ending dinners, the flavour of his divine claret, or foam-springing champagne, which attracted Ord to the *casa* of Don José Maria Echivera; there was another motive, more irresistible than any of these, which, in the shape of Donna Louisa, the merchant's only daughter, offered as lovely and as powerful an attraction to an enthusiastic cavalier, as ever youth, beauty, and innocence displayed to mortal man.

From the first time that he breathed the usual devoted address to her of "A los pies de usted, Señora!" I saw that he was stricken by her surpassing loveliness; and she was a creature of grace, simplicity, and witchery, well fitted to strengthen and render indelible such a first impression. She was about sixteen years of age; but sixteen summers kindle a different degree of thought and feeling in the mind and heart, and a different degree of loveliness and grace in the form of a Spaniard, more especially a South American Spaniard, from those created in an inhabitant of these colder countries. Donna Louisa had already, by nature, the deep-black melancholy eye, full of feeling and slumbering passion,—the exquisitely-rounded form, and the voluptuous grace of matured loveliness,—while her early age, and the retired mode of life which she had led, gave a piquancy and naïveté to her manners which early youth, among Spaniards at least, alone possesses. The flexibility and unstudied elegance of her gestures and motions seemed (to use a fanciful expression) like the acted language of the soul, whose impulses gave birth to them; in fact, I never saw a creature so perfectly fascinating. Nor did this admiration become in the least diminished, as is too often the case with beauties, on longer acquaintance with Donna Louisa. Not that she was a whit more learned, or accomplished, according to our meaning of the terms, than the rest of her fair countrywomen, who have as little book-learning, or systematic accomplishments, as possible. A beautiful Spanish girl, indeed, needs none of these things: her eye is a soul of itself, and speaks, as it were, by divine inspiration all the living and dead languages; she can utter the most beautiful sentiments without dividing her lips, merely with her fan, wrist, and fingers, while the slightest perceptible elevation of her smooth, symmetrical shoulders is more convincing than a syllogism. Her walk is the very music of motion; and

Donna Louisa so far excelled in this silent harmony, that I remember Ord whispering to me, as she crossed the *patio* to meet us,—“Milton, in a vision, must have seen her when he wrote,—

“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love !”

I think it is a proverb, that no woman talks or walks like a Spaniard. Certainly I never knew any whose conversation was so bewitching,—who took me so much out of myself, as Donna Louisa. From her father and mother she had caught the pure Castilian accent, and her graceful utterance of that rich language, the earnestness of passion which she threw into all she said, and the quick, dark glance of her eye, whose expression gave proof of the sincerity of her words, altogether created an effect like magic. Then she seemed all spirit. What were the wisdom, or the learning, of other times before the untutored pleadings of that artless, but impassioned girl's heart? To me, at least, they seemed useless and vain pedantry. But I am dwelling too long upon my recollections of this fair creature, such as I beheld her in the lap of luxury and love, fearful to proceed to the dreadful events which have hurried her from those scenes whose chief ornament she was, into the arms of a wild Indian, if already Death has not stepped in to her relief. Ah ! it is sacrilege even to think that the treasures of that exquisitely delicate and not yet fully unfolded bosom have long ere now, if not buried in the grave, been rifled by a rude savage ; that the lovely hand and arm, which to gaze on alone was heaven,—

“————— So soft, so fair, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for her glove !”

instead of arranging the folds of the graceful *mantila*, is now, if not powerless, familiar with the meanest household offices ; and that the countenance, whose every lineament spoke of “the melting thought, the kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile,”—O God ! is it not madness to think that this being, if not now livid with corruption, is obliged to turn with a forced smile of fondness upon an uncouth being, whose love is lust, or to feel her maternal emotions for the offspring of their unnatural union checked by inextinguishable horror and hate? Madness!—ay, the memory of her fate *has* quenched one noble intellect ; and it is now even consolatory to reflect that long ere this the lances of hostile Indians, toil, exposure, or sorrow, must have levelled her mind with that of her lover, or left her bones to bleach upon the trackless plains of the Pampas.

The absurd jealousy which characterized the government of Spain towards her South American colonies had hitherto not only excluded from their ports all foreign merchandize, except such as came in Spanish bottoms, and was consigned to a Spanish merchant, but had, by preventing foreigners from visiting the country, kept the world as ignorant of the aspect of that immense continent, and the manners of its inhabitants, as they themselves were respecting the affairs of the Old World. This extreme jealousy in the government brought my friend Ord and myself into a dilemma from which we should have found it difficult to extricate ourselves without the friendly interference of the rich old Spanish merchant. The goods which Ord had brought to Buenos Ayres, though shipped in a Spanish vessel, and consigned to Don José himself, were seized by some of the officers of the customs, as belonging to a foreigner, who thus became liable to the punishment due to a defrauder of the revenue. It is well known that crews of ships driven by distress of weather into any of the ports of South America have formerly been seized and sent to the mines, and that persons in the same situation as Ord and myself had unwittingly placed ourselves, have had their goods confiscated, and have been themselves executed as contrabandists. I have little doubt that such would have been our fate, as the rich cargo of cloths and other articles was a temptation strong enough

to have caused the avarice of the government to quell any qualms of conscience as to the injustice of hanging us up to dry in a South American sun. Fortunately, however, the information had not been laid until we had been some time in Buenos Ayres, and until Ord had raised up to himself a powerful friend in Don José. By what political or commercial manœuvres we were relieved from all apprehension I never exactly understood; but the conditions seemed to involve in them the necessity of certain conferences taking place between Don José and my friend,—at least, such I understood to be the cause of their long and secret discussions.

One afternoon we were seated under the awning of the *patio* of our hotel, with more than usual silence discussing our cigars and coffee, when I noticed that Ord began to fidget about on the sofa, and knock the ashes off his cigar with unusual frequency and vehemence. I saw that he was about to speak of something embarrassing; but, knowing his frank and decided disposition, and perhaps enjoying his uneasiness, though unconscious of its cause, I applied myself to a careful search for a fresh Woodville, out of a heap of real Havannahs lying before me. At last, after puffing away till his cigar was red hot, he knocked the ashes from it hastily, and thrust the fiery end into his mouth. He sprang to his feet with a common Spanish exclamation—"By the Holy Virgin!" cried he. "Donna Louisa Echivera?" said I, finishing his oath in my own way. "The sweetest saint out of the skies," continued Ord, laughing good-naturedly; "I wanted to speak of her." "I have been thinking so this half hour," said I. "You are in love with her beyond redemption, Ord." "And I have told her so too, old fellow," cried he, chuckling, and flinging a handful of *cents* to a parcel of black urchins, who were playing before the gate of the *patio*. "Well, and what did she say?" said I. "And I have told her father so, too," continued Ord, without answering my question. "The devil you have!" cried I. "No, it is an angel I have," answered he, "or will have; for I'm to be married in a month, and then, hie for England!" I gave a long whistle, and shook his hand cordially. "But before I give up my liberty into Louisa's hands," said he, "I intend, for the last time, to enjoy the full dignity of freedom in a gallop over the plains, to see how the Indians ride; to live on beef and water, and sleep on my saddle; to climb the heights and cross the torrents of the Cordilleras; and to look down from the summit of the Andes upon the wide Pacific. I have persuaded Don José to procure me permission to cross the country; so that, if you will accompany me, we will be off in a few days."

I assented with delight; and from that day we began to prepare for our journey, by spending as much time as possible in the saddle, in order to make us able to bear the daily gallops of a hundred and fifty or sixty miles, with which we intended to cross the Pampas.

A few evenings after this conversation, it chanced that Ord was walking in the Alameda with Donna Louisa and the old merchant, when a drunken Gaucho from the plains happened to meet them, and, in passing, ran rudely against the young lady. Thinking that the insult had been intentional, Ord felled the inebriated ruffian to the earth with one blow of his fist. With the rapidity of thought, the Gaucho sprang to his feet, drew out his long knife from his horse-skin boot, passed it twice or thrice across the heel, as if to improve its edge, and then, drawing the back of it fiercely against his clenched teeth, rushed upon Ord with the exclamation, "Ha! you want the knife, Señor!" My friend was completely unprepared for the stroke, so sudden had been the movements of the Gaucho; but Don José, with a presence of mind and courage which his age and usual habits scarcely would have warranted any one in believing he possessed, closed with the assassin, and struck up his hand with a smart blow of his walking-cane. Thus foiled, the Gaucho glared for an instant on his fresh assailant, again raised his long knife into the air, as if to sheath it in the heart of Don José; but suddenly dropping the point, and drawing a full inspiration,

while his whole frame underwent a strong convulsion, he uttered, in a hoarse tone, "Don José, you are your father's son, and a second time I spare your blood; but the blow shall come heavier, because unseen. Remember Leonardo! and let this springald, too, remember! Adieu, Señors;" and, lifting his hat with the punctilious politeness of a true Spaniard, he moved away as if unconcerned. Ord was fully occupied with Donna Louisa, who had fainted away; and Don José, instead of calling for any one to pursue the man, seemed struck with some strange terror, and followed him with eyes which appeared fixed by fascination to his movements. The Gaucho seemed completely sobered by his rencontre; for, changing his staggering gait for a firm and proud one, and throwing a piece of scarlet cloth over his *poncho*, with a hand that seemed to have been familiar with the long, graceful Spanish cloak, he strode forward through the recoiling groups of people, slapping his elbow with the flat part of his knife.

It was not till the party returned home that I received an account of this assault from Ord and Don José, the latter of whom, on my expressing my surprise at the conduct of the Gaucho, gave us the following information:—"The Gauchos," said he, "who are scattered up and down the Pampas, and who support themselves by catching and breaking the wild horses, and by slaughtering the cattle of the plains for their hides and tallow, are, in many instances, descended from the best families in Spain, their ancestors having been driven to this mode of life by poverty, arising sometimes from extravagance or gaming, sometimes from having been expelled from their patrimonies for capital offences, which have, in many instances, been of a political nature. Thus their pride and touchiness (as I believe you English call it) on points of honour, for which they are proverbial even among Spaniards, may often be traced to their consciousness of superior birth; while their revengeful and fierce tempers, as well as their hospitality and politeness, for which they are equally proverbial, may perhaps be, with the same justice, ascribed to this sentiment, grafted upon the principles which their wild and unfettered mode of life naturally create.

"Whatever be the cause, however, nothing is more true than that a Gaucho of the Pampas is, according to circumstances, the most proud, polite, revengeful, or hospitable of all men. He may be bloodthirsty; but he is never treacherous; he will perhaps cut your throat for a dollar, but he will die sooner than allow you to be deprived of a single cent while in his hut. Accustomed to what the inhabitants of cities consider the meanest offices, he still retains all the dignity, and, if necessary, the hauteur, of a nobleman; and though, when scouring the plains with his lasso, he would drag you from your horse and rifle your pockets, yet enter but his cottage, utter once beneath his roof 'Buenos días, Señor,' and you will find his answer to your salutation, 'Soy todo suyo'—'I am wholly yours,' fully interpreted in his kind and hospitable conduct to you.

"This general character of the Gauchos, then," continued Don José, addressing me, "though of course not extending to every individual of them, will explain to you the probable cause of the peculiar mixture of ferocity and politeness at which you were so much surprised in the man who attacked us to-day."

"But his sudden change of countenance and action, and his mysterious words! You will excuse me, my dear Señor, but my curiosity is on the rack to know what is to be known of that man," said Ord.

Don José went on making a paper *cigarillo*, but I could see that his countenance was working with feelings which he was attempting to suppress. When he had finished his little cigar, struck a light solemnly with his flint and tinder, applied it to the weed, and puffed a few times, he looked up to us both with a grave aspect. "Señors," said he, "you will excuse me that I have felt some hesitation in explaining the words of the wretch who assaulted us, since such explanation involves the disclosure of matters relating to my own family which I naturally feel some reluctance

to speak of. But," continued he, waving his hand, as he saw that we were about to interrupt him, "the sight of that Gaucho brought so strongly to my mind features with which I was familiar in youth, and which I afterwards saw fixed in the rigidity of death, that I felt for a moment as if a supernatural being stood before me, and when he uttered at the same time the name of my brother,—whose image he bore"—

"Your brother!" exclaimed Ord and I in a breath.

"The story is briefly this," said Don José, with an expression of features like that of one who has resolved to bear patiently something unpleasant:—"Before my father married, he had been attached to a young lady, whose beauty was greater than either her rank or her virtue, and who bore him a son, named Leonardo de Pelasga, after his mother. By an unfortunate arrangement, the boy was brought up in my father's house till about fifteen or sixteen years of age, when first his violent and fierce disposition began to display itself. His mother was still alive, and it is probable that, from her, he had acquired ideas of his own consequence, which, in the end, proved his ruin. It was indeed rumoured that my father had been married to his mother, and this false report, reaching the ears of Leonardo, would most probably inflame his haughty and revengeful nature. It happened, one day, that my mother reproved him with a good deal of asperity for some ebullition of passion to which he had given vent; and even had the imprudence to call him 'bastard!' and to apply to his mother a name which I will not repeat. I remember, to this day, the deadly paleness which struck into the features of Leonardo at this insult, and how his lips became compressed until the blood sprang from them. But this was only for a moment; he walked firmly to the place where I was seated, dragged me to my mother's side, and suddenly unsheathed a knife which it was his humour to wear. 'Behold, Señora, the bastard!' he said; 'and be assured that it is only my father's blood which keeps my knife from drinking that of this boy.'

"So saying, he quietly replaced his knife, told me to look to my mother, who was fainting, and strode out of the apartment. He never returned to the house; but before he went, he broke open my father's cash-box, and took a purse of one hundred dollars, leaving his note for the sum. The first time we heard of him was about two years afterwards, when a fierce-looking fellow, on horseback, rode into the *patio* of our house, and threw a bag of dollars into the counting-room, saying, that was from Leonardo.

"Many years after I had occasion to cross the Sierra Morena to look after some property which had come into my possession on the death of my father. This road had always been infested by banditti, and the passengers in our conveyance had concealed their money in various places, in order to escape the search of the robbers, should they attack us. Our suspicions were confirmed; we were stopped by a band of horsemen, who made us alight from the vehicle, while they rifled our trunks. We were made to lie down, with our faces on the ground. While in this position, I heard one, who appeared to be the captain of the banditti, and who was turning over some papers in my portmanteau, utter, in a tone of surprise, 'Ha! Echivera!' I looked up suddenly, and recognized, in the wild and ruthless features of the robber, my brother Leonardo. At that moment, a bullet whistled over my head, and he fell backwards. Two or three shots followed in quick succession, and a small body of foot-soldiers, who had been stationed in that part of the Sierra to put down the banditti, rushed from a copse which lined the road. A short struggle ensued, and the robbers retreated; but, before our baggage was replaced in the carriage, and while I was yet bending over Leonardo's lifeless body, they again rushed forward, and succeeded in bearing off the corpse of their commander. They were hotly pursued by the soldiers, but escaped by means of their horses, and their superior knowledge of the passes.

"Since that time I have never heard any thing of these banditti; they

had probably sought out other scenes to carry on their depredations, and Leonardo doubtless found a grave among the unfrequented crags of the Sierra Morena. Yet so strong was the resemblance to Leonardo in the tone of voice of the desperado who attacked us to-day, and so strange was the similarity between his features, and those which imagination gives to my unfortunate brother, such as time and misfortune, had he lived, might have, by this time, produced in him, that, had I not seen with my own eyes his lifeless body stretched upon the road in Spain, I would have believed that he stood before me this evening in the Alameda of Buenos Ayres. But it must be imagination alone; and the Gaucho, who uttered his name, may have been one of his friends,—possibly one of his band, who still in his intoxication retains a respect for the memory of his captain. This, at least, is the most probable surmise I can form. And now, Señor," continued Don José, addressing Ord, "let me entreat you to give up your intention of crossing the plains,—a Gaucho never forgets or forgives a blow,—and though, surrounded by the civil authorities here, I scorn the threats he uttered against my house; yet be assured, that if ever he gets on your track in the Pampas, he will dog you like a blood-hound, till he has revenged the insult with your life."

This was the substance of Don José's story. It will readily be imagined that a resolute and romantic mind, like that of my friend, was not to be driven from its purpose by fear of the revenge of a wretched Gaucho, and we therefore made no change in our plans respecting our excursion to the Andes. Indeed, Ord affected to consider the threats of the Gaucho as only the wordy rage of intoxication, and he set down the fears of Don José to the natural timidity of age, and the effect of his quiet pursuits. The very night before our departure, however, a circumstance occurred, which showed that some concealed enemy was watching our movements. My friend and myself had been spending the evening with Don José and his lovely daughter. When I said before that the Donna Louisa, with all her fascination, cultivated no other accomplishments than Spanish ladies in general possessed, I ought to have made exception in behalf of one accomplishment which her countrywomen seldom excel in,—but of which she was an exquisite mistress,—music. She sang divinely; except herself, indeed, I never heard a Spanish woman attempt to sing, without feeling my ears set on edge by the shrill discord, and this is excessively strange, considering the sweetness and harmony of their speech in common conversation. Just before we left Don José's hospitable house,—(little anticipating that the members of the party should never again meet together in the same place!)—the young lady sang a mournful old Spanish ballad, said to have been composed by Ferdinand Pizarro, in the prison which was his only home for twenty-seven years. We were all deeply affected, and Ord, whose sensibilities were acute to a painful degree, could not restrain his tears. It was in this frame of mind that we bade adieu to Don José and his daughter, when, almost ere we had left the gate of the *patio*, a *lasso** was thrown over Ord's body, and he was instantly dragged to the ground. He had, however, presence of mind to unsheath his knife and cut the thongs, when the villains, who appeared to be two in number, fell back out of the shadow of the wall into the moonlight, from the resistance which the weight they were dragging had presented being suddenly removed. Before Ord or I could attempt to secure either of them, they were gone, but my friend declared his firm belief that one of them was the identical Gaucho, whom he had struck a few evenings before in the Alameda.

This, of course, from the uncertain light, and the hurry and confusion of

* It is possible that some readers may require to be informed, that the *lasso* of the South Americans is composed of plaited thongs of raw leather, softened with grease, and with a running noose at one end, which is thrown with astonishing dexterity over any part of the object of pursuit.

the whole affair, could be but a surmise; but it was one which filled him with fear, on account of his betrothed bride and her father. It was his determination to defer his journey on the morrow till he had warned Don José to be on his guard, and informed him of this fresh attack. With this resolve we proceeded to our hotel. The result of our deliberations,—influenced, I fear, considerably by my desire to set out on our journey,—was the contrary of this. I was sure that if the Donna Louisa and her father were made acquainted with our adventure, they would use their influence to prevent us from leaving the town. Besides, I was by no means convinced that Ord was correct in believing he had been set upon by the Gaucho whom he had struck down, and if such were not the case, we were terrifying the Signor Echivera and his daughter without cause. These considerations, to which Ord, from his own desire to escape all importunity on the subject of our journey, was willing to give their full weight, determined him not to speak to Don José of our adventure, but simply to send a verbal message to him, advising him to be cautious in leaving his *casa* after nightfall. The next afternoon, we were a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, at a station where there was a very good *posada*, or inn, and where most of the horses which were sent to the coast were reclaimed from their original wild state. A number of Gauchos were straggling about the *corral*,* and a few young men from the town were standing round a remarkably handsome and powerful colt, which had just been taken from the herd. One of the young men, who wished to purchase the animal, had offered a handsome reward to any of the Gauchos who would back him, but such was the fierceness and strength which he had displayed under three or four *lassos* that none of them were willing to attempt it. At length an old Gaucho, with a grizzled beard, and a cool calm snake-like eye, held out his hand for the sum which the young man had offered, buckled his saddle carefully on the colt's back, and, having examined his powerful Mameluke bit, and the straps of his long spiked spurs, desired the thongs to be loosened, and vaulting upon the maddened brute, dashed off with the speed of lightning. At this moment I felt my arm pressed by Ord, who whispered, when he had got me from the circle, "By Heaven! that is the man! and he is already on our track."

This explained to me the quick furtive glances which I had observed the old Gaucho pass towards us,—but I answered nothing, deliberating in my own mind what was to be done when the rascal should come back from his perilous ride.

In breaking a horse in South America,—for after the first severe gallop, or backing as it is called, he seldom requires any further training,—the Gaucho generally gallops him at full speed in a circle of two or three miles in diameter, accordingly as his disposition displays itself. The vast plains afford the most perfect facility for the purpose in question, and however it may militate against the experience of horsebreakers in Europe, nothing is more certain than that, when a horse is taken by the *lasso* from the plains, he requires nothing more than a gallop of five or six miles under a Gaucho bit and spur to fit him for every duty he may afterwards have to fulfil in that country. But it was in vain that, in the present case, we looked for the curve in the rider's course. He progressed, or seemed to progress, till the eyes of the most sanguine among us could not even pretend to see his *poncho* streaming in the wind which his speed created, nor the waving of his *montero* cap as his flying form cut against the clear settling sky.

While we were yet wondering at this extraordinary circumstance, the

* An inclosure generally 30 or 40 yards in diameter, formed of strong stakes driven into the ground, in which the cattle destined for slaughter or the saddle are placed. In the Pampas, the corral is usually placed fifty or a hundred yards from the Gaucho's hut.

night, which falls, as every body knows, with astonishing quickness in these low latitudes, closed over us, and the whole party retired to the posada.

To persons less peculiarly interested than we were in the motions of the Gaucho, it might have been highly amusing to notice the various ways in which the surprise and vexation of our companions were displayed. None of the Gauchos near us knew, or at least would confess that they knew, the fellow who had absconded. They said that he must be some man "beyond the clover ground,"* and that they had never seen him near the coast before. They were, however, highly indignant at his bad faith, and proffered to the intended purchaser of the colt the best unbroken horse in the corral as a remuneration for his disappointment. The young men, I remember, were not to be convinced by the Gauchos for some time that they had not been imposed on by one of their own number, who wished to retain the noble animal for himself; and their disputes during the first part of the night, and their noisy discussions afterwards, when they had adjusted the matter over their brandy, kept Ord and myself from enjoying a particle of sleep. In the morning accordingly we rose unrefreshed, but I could see that it was not the want of rest alone which had driven the colour from my friend's cheek, and the lustre from his eye. A presentiment of evil had come over his mind, which he declared himself unable to resist. It was in vain I laboured to remove it by attempting to engage him in conversation respecting his future prospects; this only increased his melancholy. When I found this to be the case, I urged him to return to Buenos Ayres, but he expressed his determination to proceed. I thought that the excitement of new scenes, and the glorious feeling of liberty which is felt in sweeping across the plains at full speed, would presently remove his depression, and therefore hurried on our preparations for departure; and our peons, or guides, driving before them the horses intended to relieve those we rode, were presently on the way to the next station.

It is unnecessary to relate the occurrences which took place during our journey. Without any greater accident than an occasional fall from our horses into a *biscachero*,† or a blow on the head from the balls of the Gauchos in our awkward attempts to use them, and without any greater privations than the occasional delay or sometimes total want of our supper after a fatiguing ride, we fulfilled the intention of our expedition.

We generally rode above a hundred miles every day, having changed our horses eight or ten times during that distance, and after cutting our supper from a huge shapeless piece of beef roasted on a rude iron spit stuck into the ground,—or perhaps having procured the greater luxury of a fowl baked in the fashion of the gypsies, and having washed it down with a draught of wine, we lay down in the hut, or more commonly in the open air, with our saddle for a pillow, and the sky for our canopy.

When we reached the foot of the Corderillas, we exchanged our horses for

* The plains between Buenos Ayres and the Corderillas may be divided into three broad belts, the first of which, nearest the Atlantic, about 180 miles in breadth, is covered, during one part of the year, with thick clover; the second belt, about 450 miles broad, with long grass; the third, reaching to the foot of the Corderillas, with stunted trees and bushes placed at considerable distances apart.

† The *biscacheros* are holes burrowed in the ground by an animal called a *biscacho*, and were it not for the soft nature of the plains, it would be extremely dangerous to cross them on horseback, as it is in many instances impossible to avoid the *biscacheros*, and the speed at which the horses go would generally render a fall on hard ground mortal. The "balls" spoken of consist of three brass globes which the Gauchos wheel round their head, till they acquire sufficient impetus, and then they are darted with such force and dexterity as to bring down a bird in its flight, or to stun the strongest bull, stallion, gama, or lion. The lasso and the balls are in the hands of the Gauchos from their earliest years,—hence their inimitable skill in using them.

mules, and after crossing the Andes by a route which torrents, precipices, and the fear of robbers, combined to render somewhat perilous, we arrived at length at Santiago in Chili.

During the whole of this most exciting journey, Ord never recovered his wonted elasticity of spirits, nor did I ever but once see him escape from the fascinous kind of influence which had seized upon him. It was when the mists of the lower grounds of Chili disappearing, like an embodied spirit returning to its original invisibility, we beheld, from the summit of the Andes, the wide waters of the Pacific glowing in the glorious morning sunlight, I remember he burst into a wild poetical apostrophe to the spirit of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the first European who beheld this vast ocean; and, cheered by the change in my friend's state of mind, and delighted by his enthusiasm, I felt that day to be, in spite of our toilsome path, one of the happiest I had ever spent. If I do not now look back to it as such, it is because the memory of its pleasures is clouded by the mournful fate of him who created them.

The change in my friend's state of mind, as I have said, was transient; he relapsed into his former gloominess, answering all my attempts to reason him out of his depression, by saying that "he felt a fixed conviction that the days of his life, or of his dearest hopes, were numbered; and though he wished to meet his fate as a man, and trusted he would do so were the danger before his eyes, yet the irresolution of his mind was as natural amid the obscurity of his impending destiny as would be the faltering of his step, if he were treading in the dark on the verge of a precipice."

It was impossible to expect to influence one who could look with this calmness of settled conviction upon an imaginary evil; and, to say the truth, I felt that I was more likely to be led by him into a dread, if not a belief, of some certain danger before us, than to restore my friend's mind to its wonted healthy tone. He did not even express the slightest wish to hasten his return, though I saw that great part of his terrors related to the Donna Louisa. He had become, what I never saw either before or since, and what I do not think can exist, if the person be free from insanity or supernatural influence,—a *practical fatalist*—and resigned himself implicitly to the course of events. But I was determined not to allow him to sink into incurable despondency, and therefore instantly prepared for our return. In all things he was passive, undergoing even the fatigue and danger of the journey across the Andes without being once roused to the excitement which I had hoped the mere animal exertion would have communicated to his mind.

In our rapid return across the Pampas, we were frequently alarmed by reports of hostile Indians being on the path, and were entertained by our terrified peons with tales of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness. Mounted on the most powerful and fleet horses, and themselves the best horsemen in the world, wherever they came their course was tracked in blood. Their many conflicts with the Spanish usurpers of their country had created a spirit of the bitterest hostility in the breasts of both parties, and the idea, on either side, of sparing a foe who had fallen into their hands was never entertained.

Small parties of Indians, armed with their spears of eighteen feet in length, had frequently attacked and burnt the unprotected huts of the Gauchos, remorselessly slain the men, the old and the ugly of the women, and carried the young and good-looking with them into the heart of the Pampas. We became accustomed, however, to these recitals of cruelty, and having come within three hundred miles of Buenos Ayres without seeing any of these flying parties, ceased to consider them an object of alarm.

We were within three days' gallop of the coast; I was a few miles ahead of my companions, when an ostrich crossed me at some distance, and I pushed off alone after him. I had acquired some little skill in the use of

the lasso, and being mounted on a horse of extraordinary speed and power made myself sure of my prize. There is perhaps no sport in the world so intensely interesting as that in which I was engaged ; miles pass with minutes, and the sight of the noble chase continually in view, keeps alive an ardour which absorbs every faculty. I had made several unsuccessful casts, but still kept up the pursuit with reckless impetuosity, when my horse suddenly fell with me into a *biscachero*, and, rolling over my body, bruised me severely. Fortunately I still retained hold of the bridle, but unable to rise, lay helplessly on my back, gazing upwards upon innumerable bright and fantastic objects which seemed to fill the atmosphere. At length, when the sickness had in some measure left me, I managed to get into the saddle, and walked my horse slowly in the direction, as I thought, of the road which I had left. I now began to reflect that, as my course had been almost at right angles to the track leading to the coast, and as I had continued great part of an hour with unabated speed in the chase, there was no possibility of my overtaking my friends, compelled as I was by the pain of my bruises to proceed at the most gentle pace possible. I felt also, from the frequent tripping of my horse, that he was well-nigh spent, and now for the first time the appalling nature of my situation burst fully on my mind.

I was alone in a trackless plain,—without the power of reaching the path I had left, and certain, unless some wandering Gaucho should by good fortune pass me, to perish with hunger, or severe thirst, which, from the bruises I had received, began to parch up my frame. I swept the horizon with a glance dimmed by sickness and terror, but, save a herd or two of wild cattle feeding among the deep clover, there was nothing to break the sameness of the view. A troop of the naked Indian horsemen, of whose cruelties I had lately heard so much, would at that moment have been welcome to my sight.

Often, as the nature of the dreadful death to which I seemed doomed shot through my heart, I struck my spurs into my horse's sides with a convulsive movement, but the groaning of the fatigued animal, and the agony which the least acceleration in his pace created in my bruised limbs, caused me as often to return to a slow walk, and to yield myself up to despair. In a short time, the thirst which I suffered became so intolerable, that I decided on opening a vein in the neck of my horse, in order to quench it in his blood. I knew very well that the best way to relieve my thirst, and assuage the fever which caused it, would have been to draw a little blood from my own veins, instead of that of my jaded steed ; but I was fearful that, if fainting came on, I might bleed to death. I therefore took out the instrument, and was about to dismount in order to perform my little operation. Before doing so, however, I cast another longing look around me ; and to my inexpressible joy beheld a horseman gallop out from behind a large herd of wild cattle which had for a little time concealed him. I hallooed with all my might, but the feeble sound must have died along the plain before it reached him, for he kept on his course. At last I fired one of my pistols, and I could instantly see his horse turn, and sweep towards me at a rapid pace. I had time to reload my pistol, loosen my knife in its sheath, and fix my almost sinking faculties upon the danger probably before me ; for I knew that a Gaucho, meeting an unprotected stranger like myself on the plains, would think nothing of cutting his throat for the sake of his bridle and spurs, besides the possibility of finding a few dollars in his purse. Fortunately, however, my fears were groundless ; the rider who had so opportunely crossed me proved to be a Gaucho boy, of about eleven or twelve years of age. I returned my pistols to my girdle, and uttered an ejaculation of gratitude. The little fellow came dashing up to me at full speed, crying, as he checked his horse, till the animal fell almost on his haunches, " *Dios mio ! qué es esto ?*"—" My God ! what is this ?" I shortly explained to him my misfortune, and requested to be taken to his home,—which I

found was at a few miles' distance, lying farther south than any other Gaucho hut. He gave me a drink of water from a cow's horn, which was slung round him, and never till my dying day shall I forget the exquisite feeling of pleasure which that delicious draught communicated to my parched frame. He then pulled some dried beef from a bag which hung at his saddle bow, and I ate a few mouthfuls to relieve the faintness which my long abstinence from food had created. Thus, having performed the duties of hospitality, the young horseman dashed away in the direction I was to accompany him, whirling his *lasso* above his head, and his *poncho* streaming like a pennon behind,—then ever and anon returning to my side with an “*Alegrarse! alegrarse! vamos! vamos! señor.*”—“*Cheer up! cheer up! come on, come on, señor!*” In this way, after a most painful march, we arrived at his hut, which was larger and more neatly built than any I had seen, containing two apartments, besides a covered shed at a little distance to serve the purposes of a kitchen. The very *corrál* was not surrounded by the usual quantity of filth, the cause of which was at once to be traced to the great number of hawks and heavy-looking gorged vultures which sat upon the stakes of the inclosure, remaining, as I rode past, almost within reach of my extended arm. They had gathered round this settlement in greater numbers than I had seen in any other place on the Pampas, and were also larger than any I had before met with. A few noble horses were shut up in the *corrál*, which, by their neighing as we passed, proved that they had been but lately reclaimed from the plains. Everything around looked less like the squalid hut of a wretched Gaucho, than the decent home of an independent agriculturist; and had it not been for the *corrál*, and the heaps of bones of every kind scattered about, I could have fancied this to be the dwelling of some whimsical foreigner, who had chosen to leave his vineyard in Languedoc, or his farm in Sussex, to share with the wild horse, the gama, and the lion, the freedom of the plains of Paraguay.

But, if I was surprised at the comparative neatness of the place, I was soon much more so at the extraordinary behaviour of its master, as, lifting aside the bullock's hide which served as a door to the dwelling, he came forth to meet me. I have said before that the Gauchos were famed for their hospitality, and that they almost universally retain the grave politeness for which Spaniards have always been remarkable. To such an extent, in fact, is this carried, that a Gaucho never enters his hut without lifting his cap with a gesture of respect, though there may be none but the members of his own family within. I was therefore surprised to perceive that, instead of welcoming me with the cordial alacrity which I had elsewhere universally received, the Gaucho started as his eyes fell upon me, and sliding his hand down towards his heel, drew forth his long knife with a threatening gesture. So soon as I had saluted him, however, and explained my misfortune, he seemed to recover himself, and muttering some words of apology as he replaced his weapon, he begged me to enter his hut, and to consider it as my own. Faint and weary as I was, I could not but perceive the constraint and reluctance with which he uttered this usual compliment, and, as the most delicate way of noticing it, expressed a hope that the entertainment of a traveller for a night under his roof would not in any way incommode him. He turned his quick grey eye on me as I spoke; but seeing, I presume, nothing like suspicion on my features, began busily to occupy himself in releasing my horse from his *recado*, or saddle, and bridle, as he expressed his pleasure in being honoured by the presence of a cavalier like myself. “You must excuse an old man, señor,” said he, “if he is somewhat cautious and fearful; in these wild plains there are more *salleadores* (robbers) than honest Christians; besides, we have certain information that the Indians are somewhere in these parts: they have burnt some huts in the clover ground east, and may be upon us (may the mother of God protect us!) before the morning: a man is rarely at his ease

when he knows his throat may be cut before the next meal, señor, and therefore, I pray you, pardon my want of courtesy." And then giving the horse a lash with the bridle, he moved towards the hut, desiring me, in the true Spanish style, to consider both himself and his dwelling as created only for my pleasure. I had been too often told of the Indians, to be alarmed at the story of my host, besides that I considered it as a *ruse* intended to hasten my departure ; and though I was utterly at a loss to discover the cause of his churlishness, I was too much occupied by my own suffering to notice it further than mentally to determine on leaving the station the next morning at all hazards. There was something in the sound of the man's voice also, which seemed not altogether unknown to me ; and a suspicion that this might be the Gaucho whom Ord had struck rushed across my mind ; but I had nothing, save the peculiarity of his manner, to strengthen this fancy, and I presently forgot it in matters more nearly relating to myself.

The inside of the hut was more clean and neat than usual in the Gauchos' cottages ; the *bolas*, or balls, and the *lassos*, the bridles, spurs, and other implements, were arranged in an orderly manner along the walls,—the cradle, made of a bull's hide, suspended by leathern thongs to the rafters, occupied a remote corner of the apartment,—the charcoal fire burnt cheerily, while the lamp, fed by bullock's tallow, suspended from the roof, poured a clear light into the recesses of the room. The night had fallen during my late slow ride, and the cold had seized upon my stiffened limbs with great severity. It had benumbed rather than chilled me, the feverish heat raging as it were within my frame, while my extremities were almost insensible, and covered with a cold sweat. The warmth of the room, however, presently equalized the heat in my whole body, and I prepared to take away some blood from my arm. There was an instant stir among several dark heaps which lay upon the floor, and four or five women, with twice as many children—black, brown, and red—gathered round me to look at the operation,—the most common and favourite one among all Spaniards. An old black woman, who, from her appearance, and from her bringing in the huge piece of roast beef on the spit, seemed to be the cook of the establishment, held the vessel to receive the blood, and being more occupied in examining my dress than in the duty of the moment, performed her part so awkwardly that I reproved her in an angry and loud tone for her inattention. A shriek immediately burst from the other apartment, and the old Gaucho, rising hastily, and with a mute gesture of rage, rushed into it by a door which communicated with the room in which we sat. I was well nigh fainting, but I noticed the glances of deep meaning which passed between the persons around me, and could also hear the half stifled accents of the old Gaucho addressing some one in the other apartment in a threatening tone.

It is impossible for me to describe my emotions at that moment ; the voice thrilled through even my clouded senses, and the doubt, the fear, the suspicion, which rushed to my very heart's core, seemed to freeze up my blood at its fountain. The stream, which was flowing freely from the open vessel, stopped as if by magic ; and the cold, death-like sweat which was coming over me, and which is the common effect of the abstraction of a large quantity of blood, became, as it were, suddenly dried up, while my muscles grew unnaturally rigid, and each individual fibre seemed to quiver as if in the attempt to contract itself into a state of stony hardness. I was painfully sensible of everything that passed, but I remained fixed, silent, and motionless,—horror having produced upon my frame, weakened by fatigue, pain, and loss of blood, the same, or a similar effect, which some unknown influence exercises upon the nerves of cataleptic persons. I was as one " to stone converted by amaze." But my mind, if unable to command the material frame which it inhabited, seemed endowed with intense and preternatural activity and decision. The voice I had heard, and which

had created these extraordinary effects, was assuredly that of Donna Louisa. The dreadful fact burst upon me with such stunning force, as to render me, as I have just said, speechless, and to drive back, as it were, my mental energies to their most remote citadel.

The reflections, which then shot with the rapidity of lightning across my mind, seemed most like the spontaneous imagery of a dream; for, as in a vision of the night, I was unconscious of the least mental exertion in making them. I may say then, that I *felt*, as if by a revelation, rather than by any exercise of reason, that the Donna Louisa was in the same hut with me,—that the old Gaucho was he whom Ord and Señor Echivera had mortally offended,—that he had kidnapped the maiden to revenge himself on both,—and that he knew or guessed me to be Ord's friend. These conclusions, which proved in the end to be perfectly correct, were doubtless the decision of my judgment from the facts before me, viz.—the tone of the voice, the sinister looks of the Gaucho, and my indistinct recollection of his features at the *posada*; though, as I was utterly unconscious of deducing them by any train of reasoning, the powers of my mind and body being, as it were, for the time disunited, I felt somewhat disposed to consider them as the effect of some unearthly impulse or revelation. Since that time, however, I have heard gentlemen, who stand deservedly at the head of the medical profession, declare that there are diseases, of a nervous order, in which the body is for the time incapable of displaying, by the external senses, the workings of the mind, though the person be all the time conscious of ideas rushing across him with a rapidity, and of a nature infinitely superior to those which occupy his mind in health. I conclude, therefore, that the effect produced on me by horror, conjoined with the peculiar physical and mental circumstances of my situation, was somewhat similar to that which such diseases produce on their possessors. As the violence of the paroxysm—for I know not how else to designate it—decreased, my frame became gradually relaxed, the cold sweat preceding fainting rushed from every pore of my body, and I sank back in a state of insensibility.

When I recovered, I perceived the old Gaucho standing over me with his eyes bent in strict scrutiny upon my features, while the rest of the family bustled around me with such restoratives as their simple means afforded. Closing my eyes for a few moments, as if still under the influence of weakness, I struggled to gather together my scattered energies, and to resolve on my future conduct. My aim was to lull to sleep the suspicions of the treacherous old villain, to leave the hut in the morning, and to return as soon as I could collect as many men as would be able to overpower any resistance he and his might make. Thanking my host, therefore, in a languid manner for his attention, I begged he would allow me to repose myself for an hour or two, and, in the mean time, order a fowl to be boiled, as it would be dangerous for me to sup on such strong food as that which was smoking on the spit near us. I saw at once that I had relieved his fears and suspicions: he instantly became all politeness; uttered compliments with a gravity and extravagance which a Spaniard alone possesses; gave orders for my chicken broth, and with his own hand threw down two or three *ponchos* for my bed, and adjusted a white, new-dressed sheep's skin on my *recado* for my pillow.

I lay down, therefore, and simulated slumber, though it may well be imagined that nothing was farther from me than repose. I was in the shadow, and could see all that went on before me; while my own form must have been in a great measure concealed. The family gathered round and ate their evening meal; each individual, even to the children, cutting with their knives a piece from the huge joint. This, with water, formed their repast; for bread there is none in the plains. Each then bent for a few moments before a little image of the Virgin which hung at one end of the hut; and, lying down on the floor as chance or whim directed them, they were soon fast asleep. The old Gaucho, however, and a very pretty mulatto

girl with a child in her lap, sate at the fire as if waiting for some one. The youthful mother bent over her slumbering infant features wherein some secret grief seemed blended with maternal anxiety. She frequently turned her eyes towards the door, and then to the old Gaucho, with an expression of surprise or fear at the protracted delay of some one whom she named Teobaldo. The old man never answered her, but seemed to be wrapped up in deep reflection. The ruddy light of the charcoal fire fell upon his harsh features, deep dark eyes, and grizzled beard, discovering every furrow on his face with painful distinctness, and clothing his lineaments with a kind of lurid light, which increased the savage, though slumbering, ferocity of their expression. At length, when the young woman again turned her eyes filled with tears upon him, and spoke in a querulous tone of the delay of Teobaldo, the old man uttered an imprecation, and, grinding his teeth, commanded her to be silent. He then relapsed into his former moody abstraction, while I could see the tears streaming down the cheeks of the terrified girl upon her sleeping infant, fast and freely as from a fountain.

On a sudden the sound of a horse at speed approached the hut, and before either the old Gaucho or the girl could reach the door, a young man of a powerful frame, and features expressive of reckless daring, burst into the apartment, raising, at the same time, his cap, and uttering the usual salutation. He had the *bolas* wrapped round his waist, and I saw by the blood with which they were clotted that he had been hunting. A number of dogs, many of which bore terrible marks of the dangerous sport for which they were kept, followed his steps, and with such gestures of pleasure as their fatigue would allow them to make, gathered round the old Gaucho. Meantime, the poor girl held up her child to be kissed by the young huntsman, and laid her arm fondly round his neck. Bestowing the expected caresses upon both, though with a carelessness which showed how little of the heart there was in the action, he desired her to prepare his supper. She placed the child in the cradle of hide which hung above my head, and took from a kind of closet,—made also of a bull's hide inflated and dried, and having a square piece cut out and moving on hinges by way of door,—a flask of wine and other articles of fare of a more generous kind than the family had used at their late meal. While she was thus busied, one of the dogs came smelling up to me, and began to growl and erect his bristles. "Down, Tauro! down!" cried the old man, and to the surprised and inquiring looks of his son answered by briefly narrating the cause of my visiting the hut. "Now, by heaven! Señor," said Teobaldo, scowling upon his father, "you have done foolishly. A stranger, and from the town, said you? You might as well have harboured the devil redhot from hell with a legion of his imps." He was going on lashing himself into an outrageous passion, when the old Gaucho interrupted him; and though he spoke only in a whisper, there was a tone of command and calm concentrated energy in his voice, which appeared to oblige the other to listen. "Señor," said he, (for even the nearest relatives address each other in this punctilious manner,) "you are young, and moreover seem to have forgotten that I am your father. It is well that I cannot, or these words might call for chastisement. We will talk of this at a fitter season, and in the meantime let us look to our guest."

"Voto a Dios! let him look to himself," muttered the young desperado, as, rising, he came towards me, and began furtively to view my features. He was turning away, convinced apparently that I slept, and had not overheard his words, when, as if influenced by sudden suspicion, he again bent over me, and drew forth his knife rapidly. It was a moment of the most dreadful trial, but I had nerve enough for it, though, the next instant, when he had turned away, I felt the big drops coursing down my forehead and cheeks,—so great a shock had the forcible suppression of my feelings communicated to my frame. The old man uttered a brief but threatening expostulation to his son, which he answered by a look of fierce defiance, and without further words drew the skeleton of a horse's head towards the

fire, threw himself upon it, and began to devour his meal in silence. In a short time I was relieved from reflections of the most distressing nature, by being requested by the Mulatto girl to sit up and take the food which had been prepared at my desire.

I noticed, also, that she took some of it, with a small flask of wine, (how procured, heaven knows,) into the other apartment; and that, during the time she was absent, the old Gaucho and his son were restless and impatient, and cast furtive glances continually upon me. I was enabled, however, to escape their observation by allowing my features to take the expression of that listlessness and languor which my weakness, in spite of circumstances, predisposed me to feel. Eagerly—and the more so that I was forced to torture my face into an expression of indifference—did I wait for the return of the girl;—for, if my belief that the Donna Louisa was in confinement in the other room, and had recognised my voice when she screamed, was correct, I thought it probable that she would fall upon some plan to convey to me, by means of her attendant, a certain knowledge of the fact. It was in vain, however, that I scanned the features of the girl when she returned with the food and wine untasted. She whispered something concerning “the Señorita” to the old man, to which he replied by a muttered curse and a significant glance at his son. Sick at heart, and filled with apprehensions, the vague nature of which was more unnerving than the most terrible certainty, I muttered my “*buenas noches*,” and was about to retire to my *poncho*, when I observed the mulatto girl playing with a ring, and viewing it over and over close by the light of the fire. The sight completely deprived me of my circumspection. I started back in undisguised horror, and had uttered an exclamation—fortunately in my native language—before I could recollect myself. From the shock which the circumstance gave me, the bandaged vein again burst out in blood, and the inmates of the hut, (who, like all those that frequently use venesection unscientifically, have a horror on such occasion of an artery having been opened,) ascribing my emotion to the unexpected sight of the blood, began immediately to tighten the bandages,—to roll up rude compresses made of small stones wrapped in wool,—and thus both afforded me time to recover my quiet manner, and drew aside the attention of those who might, from their conscious dread of detection, have ascribed my conduct to other causes.

In the mean time, my mind was filled with a multitude of recollections of the past and determinations for the future. The ring which I had seen in the hands of the mulatto girl I remembered well. It was a favorite one of the Donna Louisa’s, and had, moreover, attracted my attention particularly, from the fact that Ord had written some stanzas upon it. I mention it as a curious proof that the mind is capable of remembering with almost morbid acuteness slight circumstances in periods of great peril—that the sentiments of my poor friend’s verses were in my recollection at the very moment when it might be supposed all my energies would have been directed to the emergency before me. I remembered that, in his lines, he had wished to be that ring,—to encircle so fair a portion of his mistress,—sometimes to be pressed, when she was contemplative, to her sweet cheek,—sometimes, in the unconscious attitude in which sleep might place her downy palm, to be nestled in the warm recesses of her bosom!

But there were thoughts of a different nature succeeding to those remembrances. There was pity and sorrow for the lovely prisoner,—hate and horror, the stronger that it was veiled in a manner of cordiality, towards the savages who had brought her there—and resolve strong as death to liberate her from her thralldom. Without any difficulty, as I conceived, I succeeded in convincing those around me that I suspected nothing, and knew of no motive for suspicion; and in this agreeable opinion, if anything could be agreeable in my circumstances, I betook me to my former place of repose. So soon as the bleeding from my arm was stopped, the old

black cook, who had been among the first to start up and apply remedies, together with two or three other women and the children, again lay down, and presently gave audible proofs of being in a state of oblivion. A little after I had adjusted my slight sleeping clothes, the mulatto girl, of whom I have spoken so frequently, took her child from the swinging cradle, and lay down to rest. Teobaldo stretched himself by her side, while the old Gaucho remained dozing by the fire.

As will be supposed, it was impossible for me to sleep. I lay in a fever of apprehension and doubt. Not a soul stirred in the hut. The old Gaucho nodded his head in the lurid light of the fire, in a manner which I shall remember to my dying day ; the young huntsman breathed heavily beside his wife, or mistress, or slave, or whatever else she might be called, and the rest of the household snored and slept naturally.

A couple of hours might have elapsed in this manner, when the old man awoke, stretched his limbs, took down the household lamp, and, coming to me, passed it across my eyes. I was, of course, fast asleep. He hung up the lamp again, roused Teobaldo, and having by signs convinced him of my somnolency, departed with him from the dwelling. It was some time before I could determine on the course I was to pursue. Sometimes I thought of bursting into the apartment of the Donna Louisa, and defending the opening into it against all comers, for I knew that the *lasso* and the *bolas* could be rendered effective only in open ground. Again, I was for taking my chance of killing both the men at the door of the hut with my pistols, and trusting to fortune for the rest. But prudence prevailed. I listened, with an anxiety which communicated an exquisite acuteness to my auditory nerves, to the breathing of the inhabitants of the hut : all of them, even to the wife of the young huntsman, respired regularly ; and, rising cautiously, I stole to the door. The moon was high in heaven ; but, fortunately for me, the shadow, which was thrown on the front ground of the cottage, concealed me entirely. Here again I must give a curious instance of the attention of the mind to trifles when circumstances of an appalling nature encircle it. I reflected that if I had been on the north instead of the south side of the equator, I should have been fully exposed to those whose motions I was interested in knowing, instead of being myself completely concealed, while they were clearly discernible. Doubtless, they thought nothing about northern or southern hemispheres, but only that he whose knowledge of their plans they doubted or feared was asleep.

Keeping within the shadow of the low walls of the hut, I strained my eyes on every side in vain ; but presently I heard voices breaking from the *corral*, and, by the tones, I immediately recognised the old Gaucho and Teobaldo. I could not see them, for they also were in the moon-shadow, behind the stakes of the inclosure ; but I could, both by the sounds and the sentiments of each voice, know to whom it belonged.

"Well, Señor," said Teobaldo, as if continuing the conversation, "you have told me why this gentleman has come here, and how,—for which, *voto a Dios!* I shall flog the boy who brought him ; but you have not given me a single proof that he may not, on his return, forward such information to the authorities as gets us both the cord, or the dagger. You saw his emotion when his eye fell on that bauble of the Donna's,—or, at least, I was certain I perceived it, in spite of his attempts at concealment—and I doubt not he is here as a spy : he must brook the stab, Señor!"

"Now, by Heaven!" said the old Gaucho, "the steel which strikes his body shall first have passed through my own heart's blood!" He spoke in a tone of stern and iron resolve ; then, after a moment's pause, he resumed more calmly:—"I wonder not at the scorn with which we of the plains are treated by the puny creatures of the coast, since even the last and most cherished virtue of the Gauchos,—their old famous hospitality and good faith to their guests,—seems departing from the present generation."

"Dios mio!" cried Teobaldo, interrupting him, "hospitality, like cha-

city, should surely begin at home. You would not give up our lives to a foolish punctilio, Señor?"

"Teobaldo," responded the old man to his son's remonstrance, "in my own house I shall do in all things according to my pleasure. This stranger has come to me sick, and without intention of evil; his presence is the effect of accident, and he cannot, therefore, be a spy. If these reasons are not enough, I say that he came to me with the words of confidence and politeness in his mouth—he is entitled to my good faith and hospitality, and, by the Mother of God, he shall have it!"

"Muy bien! Muy bien!" returned Teobaldo quickly; "and now about the Señorita. To-night I am determined to have the reward of my adventure to the town, which I have now delayed only because you——"

"Teobaldo," interrupted the old Gaucho, "we will talk of this to-morrow:—patience—patience!"

"Ay, by the Almighty God of immortality!" said Teobaldo, with a burst of irrepressible indignation, "thou hast used that watchword of a tame and dastard spirit, till both my senses and my soul scorn to listen to it!—To night, or a better reason than thou hast yet used!"

As he spoke, I could hear the whistling of his knife as it came from its sheath in his wet Gaucho boot; and, horrified at the parricide which the young savage seemed about to perpetrate, I involuntarily shifted my position, and with difficulty restrained myself from rushing forward to prevent such a deed. The instinct of self-preservation, however, was stronger than the sentiment of horror, and I remained within the shadow which concealed me. But, slight as had been the sound I had created, the acute organs of the Gauchos had detected it, for I observed them emerge into the moonlight at separate sides of the *corral*, each with his long knife gleaming in his hand. Silently placing my thumbs on the hammers of my two pistols, I remained motionless, determined, if they approached, to discharge the balls into their bodies at such a distance as would insure their taking mortal effect. After looking carefully round, however, they retired to their former position behind the *corral*, to my infinite relief. For some time they spoke in so low a tone that I was unable to catch anything, save disjointed sentences, in which the word "Señorita" was frequently repeated. At length the young man, raising his voice, swore, by a horrible oath, that he would no longer be cajoled out of the possession of his promised mistress, and hinted, in a significant tone, that he believed his father had some more selfish reason for his reluctance to yield her up than any he had yet given.

"Fool!" returned the old man—"poor slave of thy passions! Thou wilt sacrifice the deepest, purest, and noblest revenge to the mere lust of thy body! Listen to me, and I will show thee that by disposing of this girl as I wish, thou wilt acquire the means of purchasing the embraces of fifty fairer pieces of painted flesh than she, and wilt moreover regain that rank in society of which we have both been unjustly deprived."

There was a short pause, during which I adjusted myself to catch every sound.

"The girl," said the old Gaucho, "whom you are so deeply in lust with, is your cousin! Ay, start!—She is the daughter of my brother, and my full niece. You have frequently heard the story of my mother's wrongs and mine in the old world; how I was driven, by disgust and despair of gaining my just rights, from my father's house; and how, in the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena, I recovered from my wounds by the care of my trusty band. The father of this girl was the cause,—let me do him justice,—the unconscious cause, of keeping me from my inheritance. His father and mine,—curses on him that I should have to mention us both in a breath!—deceived and disgraced my mother,—may God forget me when I forgive it!—and now, instead of being the possessor of wealth and honour, I am a poor, outlawed, degraded wretch; and thou art—the son of such a one! Now,

attend:—This girl is as the apple of Señor Echivera's eye, and to regain her he will, I am convinced, disgorge such a portion of the immense wealth which he has amassed, as will purchase me the power of again treading in safety the soil of my native land, and afford thee the means of moving in the sphere suited to thy birth. It only remains for us to execute this scheme in such a manner as to keep from Don José a knowledge of his daughter's situation, and to bind him, by a sacred oath, never to divulge the circumstances of the transaction."

"But Señor," said Teobaldo, "I have no desire to leave the plains; the freedom from trammels of every kind, mental and bodily, suit too well with my nature for me to wish to exchange it for the constrained customs of what is called civilized society; nor above all, am I willing to give up so fair a prize as Louisa for the possession of wealth which I do not need, and the tenure of which must depend on the faith of one who has all his life dwelt in cities."

"Boy!" said the Gaucho, "thou dost not know what thou art casting away for the gratification of a moment;—wealth, honour, power, and fame are within your grasp, and you draw back your hand from such a glorious prize, to fondle a girl who—mark me!—can never love thee, such as thou now art. I tell thee, the hoards of my brother are immense, and moreover, I know well that his word is as true as his wealth is great. Honour and good faith, Teobaldo, are not confined to the plains."

"It may be so, Señor," replied he, "but I am determined to go nowhere else in search of them. I have been so long accustomed to the free air which comes down from the *borderillas*, that the pent-up atmosphere of a crowded city would soon choke me, Señor: I will live and die in the Pampas."

This he said in a tone of calm determination, and, in spite of my perilous position, I could not but admire the sentiment.

"Foolish and stubborn boy!" said the Gaucho, yet in a tone more of entreaty than scorn; "can neither the prospect of gratified ambition, nor the boundless power of satisfying every wish of your sensual passions, awaken you from these slothful sentiments, which would better beseeem a base vegetable, that rots in the same dunghill where it rose, than the scion of one of the noblest families in Spain? With the wealth you will possess, you may purchase the finest equipages and the fleetest steeds of Andalusia——"

"With my *lassó*," interrupted Teobaldo, "I can take, at my pleasure, the noblest colts of the herd; and all the equipage I require is my *recado*, bridle, and spurs. I can back a new steed daily, if I choose it; and though I were to strike my knife into the heart of each after its single journey, there would be no lack of horses on the Pampas!"

"You may possess lands and castles, forests and serfs, who will exist only to serve you," urged the old Gaucho.

"The plains of Paraguay are mine as much as though I had bought them with coined money," replied Teobaldo. "Will the lands which your wealth has to purchase extend as far? Will the ostrich be there for the chase, or the steed to follow him? Will your forests be as large as those beneath the *borderillas*; and will the lion, jaguar, lama, and wild goat couch amid their green recesses, or skip among their grey cliffs? Señor, the air, the soil, and the sports of these wide plains have been familiar to my boyhood; and while my eyes can follow the flight of the fleet deer, or my limbs support me on my *recado*, they shall perform their offices on these plains alone. Urge me no farther."

"It is thy ignorance, and not thy noble nature, which speaks, my boy," said the old man, in a tone of earnest remonstrance. "There are other pleasures, the exquisite nature of which thou hast yet to learn. Power in the camp, influence in the council, priority in the splendid and regal pa-

geant, the love of ladies, and admiration of noble cavaliers,—all these, with thy powers, thou mayest aspire to——”

“Pshaw!” said Teobaldo, interrupting him with startling energy; “’tis but a variation of the old tune. Thou hast harped on that string of birth, rank, and wealth, till I, who in these wild plains know not what they mean, am sincerely weary of the sound. I am free! the noblest birthright cannot give more—seldom does it give so much. My rank is such as to acknowledge no superior; my wealth is my strength and skill, which can supply all my wants, and which give me power over nobler animals than the puny libels on humanity whose society you wish to inflict on me. Give me the pleasures and the occupations to which I have been accustomed, which alone I can now fully enjoy, and I shall willingly allow the foolish distinctions of men to pass without disturbing my desires. If I have not a retinue of cringing slaves to minister to me, neither have I any one to kneel to in return; if I possess no influence in the courts which you have so often described to me, neither is my soul prostituted by the meanness, servility, and falsehood which, I have been taught, exist there; and though I have not couches of down and castles of carved stone, I can yet sleep as sweetly and as soundly upon the long grass of my native plains, with the fresh breeze of heaven upon my cheek, and the clear stars alone to watch over my repose. By the God of the true heart! Señor, I swear that I love the back of a fleet steed better than a throne; and that I would not cast aside the *bolos*, which I can strike through the skull of a lion, to grasp the sceptre of Spain!”

“Base dog!” cried the old man, with a burst of bitter scorn, which he could not control; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and soliloquising, though aloud—“Yet how can I blame him? He knows not the glory of possessing the power, in the regal pageant, of pressing near the person of his prince; nor in the court, of slighting, under the favour of his monarch, the proudest peer of the land! He has not felt the disinterested pleasure of leaving the boar at bay for a royal shaft; nor the still more generous pride of yielding a favorite female to the embraces of his sainted master.”

“No, by G——!” cried the young huntsman, almost choked with indignation. “My good horse is the only created being I feel pride in pressing near. I follow and I strike my own quarry, yielding precedence to none; and,” continued he, sinking his voice into a tone of low defiance, “let him who dares even to think of my favorite girl, though he were my nearest in blood, come with his naked knife in his hand, and a stout arm to wield it!”

“Thou speakest after thy own lights, and with a spirit which, in a better cause, might have done better for thee,” returned the old man, calmly, to this burst of his son. “But regarding the Donna Louisa——”

“Ay, regarding her,” said Teobaldo sharply.

“Thou must for the present give up thy intentions respecting that lady,” continued the Gaucho; “at least,” said he quickly, as though Teobaldo had made some sudden gesture of dissent, “at least, until thou hast fully considered my late proposition. Thou art yet but a boy in years——”

“Boy!” cried Teobaldo,—and I recognised the sound of his knife, drawn with its back against his teeth—a common gesture of the Gauchos, when they are deeply enraged. “Boy, indeed! Señor, that word has been used too often, in a tone of insult, even for a son to bear from a father. Did I prove myself a boy when, on foot, and armed only with this knife, I slew the lion, from which yourself and two or three other doughty heroes fled in dismay?—A boy!—By the Trinity! I will prove myself otherwise upon the body of that fair saint whom we are at issue concerning.”

“Teobaldo!” said the old man, sternly interrupting him; “that thou shalt never do, while I live.”

“Ha, hoary lecher! I have suspected this,” said the frantic young

savage, speaking through his clenched teeth. "Thou hast gazed with longing eyes upon Louisa; and perchance the incest which the intercourse involves hath stimulated thy jaded appetite. Ah! it is rank—rotten,—and yet how clear!"

"Yes," said the old man calmly, after a brief pause, as if rather musing than addressing his son; "I, too, have looked for this moment;—I could not but look for it; and it has come! Boy! thou art the last male of a noble race; but thou art also the spawn of thy whorish mother and thy wretched father; and now thou visitest the crime of thy birth upon him who alone remains to answer for it. Thy weapon is drawn,—defend thyself!"

"Thou *wilt* have the knife then, Señor?" was all Teobaldo said, as he crossed his blade with his father's. The sound of clashing iron disturbed the silence of the night for a little time; but in a few moments there was a closer struggling, a good deal of hard breathing, and, at length, a long, low groan. I knew not who had fallen in the desperate and unnatural strife; but, reeling under the influence of the horrors which the last half-hour had placed before me, I returned into the hut, and lay down upon the scanty couch which I had formerly occupied. A few minutes elapsed, and I heard a step slowly approaching. My heart beat audibly, as I saw the hand of the survivor drawing aside the bullock's hide; and the next moment the old Gaucho entered the apartment with a firm step and a calm demeanour. He took down the lamp, and steadily looked round upon the sleepers; but when he passed the light over the features of the poor mulatto girl and her child, I thought I could observe his hand waver: there was blood on it, too.

Every human being in the cottage, except myself, was asleep. The wearied dogs looked up without rising, both at the entrance of the Gaucho and of myself; but there was one old hound,—a tall, strong animal, whose gashed face and torn ears gave proof of severe contests with the wild beasts of the plains, and who, on the Gaucho passing him, sprang suddenly to his feet, and after smelling round about the old man, uttered a low growl, and immediately rushed out of the hut. Knowing the astonishing sagacity, as well as the undaunted courage of these animals, I thought it possible that the hound might prevent the Gaucho from moving the body of his master, or, in the attempt, either throttle the old man himself, or make such a disturbance as to awaken the household. In that case, I did not doubt, from the natural horror the murderer would create on his crime being discovered, that the very women would assist me to take and bind him, or at least offer no resistance, in case I found it necessary to have recourse to my pistols.

Never did I see any one more methodical in preparing for a journey than this old murdering miscreant was in preparing the means for placing his son in a bloody grave. He again examined carefully the features of every sleeper in the hut, drew forth some iron implements from a recess near the door, and after once more turning an anxious glance into the interior of the dwelling, wheeling the lamp slowly round as he looked, he extinguished it, and the next moment I could hear his footsteps rapidly retreating towards the *corrál*.

Probably half an hour elapsed before (my curiosity becoming uncontrollable) I arose, and stole to the door. I could see no one; but, at the gate of the *corrál*, two horses stood with their bridles over the stakes. In a minute or two I heard deep groans issuing from the spot where the murder had been committed, and thick, slow, and heavy sobs bursting with frightful force from the breast of the old man. Nature had found her way to his stony heart at last!

In a short time these sounds ceased as suddenly as they had arisen, as if the mourner had exercised that astonishing power of control over his emotions which he seemed to possess, though a fatal instance of its ineffi-

ciency lay before him. I could hear him speak to the dog: "Down, Tauro! to heel, I say!" And then, breathing heavily under the burthen of his son's corpse, he came forth into the light, and with difficulty laid the body across one of the horses. Then taking the *lasso* from the *recado* of the other horse, he placed the noose round the neck of the dead body, and, passing the thong over the feet, he drew the two extremities of the corpse towards each other under the belly of the horse, securing it in such a manner that the motion of the animal could not shift its position.

It was such a picture as Fuseli might have loved to paint, delighting as he did in the wild and horrible. The *poncho* of the young man had fallen, or been rent off, in the previous struggle, and the full light of the brilliant moon fell upon the naked corpse, discovering plainly two or three long gashes on the breast; while the streams of blood which had flowed from each, being now hardened by exposure to the night-air, contrasted fearfully their dull crimson hue with the whiteness of the rest of the body. The livid distorted features, and glazed eye-balls, which from the effect of the ligatures seemed bursting from their sockets, glared upwards in a manner horribly distinct, while the tremulous moonbeams, playing on the lips all dabbled with blood, gave them the appearance of motion, as if the spirit, not yet departed from its mutilated tenement, were calling down vengeance from the skies upon the head of the murderer. He, meantime, his hands yet reeking with proofs of his unnatural crime, was binding the throat and feet of his victim firmly together, sometimes kneeling to fix a knot, sometimes starting up and glancing fearfully around, while his hand mechanically sought his knife; then he would return again to his unholy occupation, which again he would interrupt to wring his hands together with an expression of the most dreadful anguish. The hound was couched on the earth, on that side of the horse to which the head of his late master was fixed; he never moved his glance from the writhen features, and I should have considered him an uninterested spectator of the scene, had it not been that the low, impatient whine he uttered was changed for a deep growl, which sounded like distant thunder, when the hands of the Gaucho were fumbling about the bloody neck of the corpse. The habits of obedience, however, in which the poor animal had been trained towards the old man, were too powerful for the suspicions of foul play, which his sagacity, doubtless, led him to entertain; and it required only a tone of rebuke to still his rising passion.

At length the Gaucho mounted his horse, and, speaking kindly to the hound, moved slowly and silently away from the *corral*, leading the horse which bore his son's body. I had till now been looking through a crevice between the hide which served as a door and the lintel, but now, drawing aside the skin, I looked forth into the night after the receding group. The old man paced his steeds quietly for a little distance, and then dashed into a furious gallop. A black cloud came over the moon at this moment, but I could hear the sound of his horses' feet as he sped away into the waste with his ghastly burden, like a demon who had clutched his prey to the regions of everlasting darkness.

There is a mist before my memory respecting the events which followed, and I was informed afterwards that I had been found lying near the door of the hut in a state of insensibility, whence I had been removed, by the old black woman, to my former place of repose. As the scene of last night dawned upon me, a shudder of horror shook my frame, but, recollecting the work I had before me, I laboured to repress all appearance of emotion, and calling my kind but uncouth old nurse, with some difficulty I thrust a couple of Spanish dollars into her grimy palm. Instinctively her fingers closed over the unwonted treasure, and, grinning till her white teeth formed a ridge across the whole breadth of her face, she began to pour forth, in most diabolical Spanish, her gratitude for the gift. Having thus gained time to collect my resolution, I looked round the hut for the old Gaucho;

but he was nowhere to be seen. Every thing in the household seemed to go on in a natural train: the mulatto girl was playing with her infant; the dogs lounged out of and into the hut; and two or three older children were, with little *lassos* of twine, attempting to noose the cocks and hens, which also formed part of our establishment. It was evident that the events I had beheld had not yet transpired. As I rose from my *poncho*, I was delighted to find that the pain of my bruises was almost gone, and that, the fever being entirely dissipated, a sense of languor, which in itself was not unpleasant, alone remained to remind me of my accident.

As the old negress brought me some water to wash, (which, in true Spanish style, consisted of about two table-spoonsful of that element,) I asked, in a careless manner, where my host and the young huntsman were gone to? "To the herds before sunrise, Señor," answered she, as if it were a matter of course. "And the boy who brought me hither, where is he?" "Gone to bring your breakfast, Señor; for Don Leonardo said you people of the coast love milk, and the boy has gone to the next hut, where there are goats, to get some. It is but a two hours' gallop, and he will be here presently; but, in the meantime, Señor, you must drink this,—it is good for those who have lost blood,—at least it is good for the people of the plains, and, though the coast people are not so hardy, they are flesh and blood like the Gauchos, are they not, Señor?" And the logical old lady grinned again, as she presented me a bowl of a dark-coloured liquid. In my situation, the suspicion which crossed my mind respecting the contents of the bowl was perhaps natural; but it required only a glance at the honest, open, guileless features of the old woman, to dissipate it. She told me it was a decoction of a rare root which is found in the plains: so, partly to please her, and partly to punish myself for my suspicion, I drank a portion of it. It was bitter enough to possess all the virtues of the pharmacopœia, but in a short time I felt its good effects in a gentle perspiration, which carried off the rigidity remaining from the effects of my fall.

I had gone to the door with the intention of walking round the *corral*, being led by a mysterious desire to look on the spot where the murder had been committed, when I saw a horseman coming at a gallop towards the hut. I soon saw that it was the boy who had first met me on the plain, and who was now returning, after a ride of twenty miles, with a little milk for my breakfast. As he came near me, he seemed in high glee, crying out between loud bursts of merriment, "Cuidado! Abate! Señor." "Take care! have a care, Señor!" I accordingly stepped towards the hut, while the lad, checking his horse till he nearly fell backwards, and giving his *lasso* a jerk, swung an unfortunate pig, which he had been dragging over the rough ground, fairly over the stakes into the *corral*. The poor animal came down after its involuntary flight with a force which would have of itself killed any other but a pig of the Pampas, whilst the mischievous youngster, unbuckling his *recado*, laughed loudly at his exploit. Beckoning me to him, he entered the *corral*, and began to unloose the *lasso* from the neck of the poor brute, all the time addressing it in a jocular tone. "Murió mucho tiempo ha:" "He is dead long ago," said I. "Sta viva; mira! yes! He is alive. Look! behold!" answered the lad quickly, giving the pig a prick with his knife. And indeed, in a short time the unfortunate *cochinillo* began to revive, and presently, looking wildly around him, arose, and trotted out of the *corral*. "Buena cosa por cierto! Dios mio! Very fine indeed! Good God!" cried the little fellow, as he gathered his *lasso* into its usual coils, and walked away with his *recado*.

I was busy with some fresh eggs and the milk which had been procured for me, when the old Gaucho entered. As he lifted his cap and made the usual salutation, his brow was as calm as ice, and his eye cool as a snake's. It was with a most painful effort that I took some food with him; and, thinking that my silence might excite suspicion, I asked after Teobaldo. "We met a party of Gauchos bound for the lion-ground, Señor," answered

the grey villain steadily ; " and the boy, who is too daring to enjoy other sport, has gone with them. Ave Maria purissima ! may he return safe ! "

The young woman whom I have frequently mentioned was about to speak, but the old man silenced her with a look under which she quailed, and, retiring with her child to a corner of the room, she wept bitterly.

" Has he gone without his dogs, Señor ? " said I ; for, though fully conscious of the danger of rousing his suspicions, I felt the strongest temptation to expose the hoary hypocrite.

" His own were wearied, and the other Gauchos were well supplied, Señor," he answered with calm promptitude : " he has only taken Tauro, his best hound, and he will have to carry him, too, for the poor beast is leg-weary."

Nothing further of consequence passed : he heard without reply, that I wished to reach the nearest station as soon as possible, and supplied me with a fresh horse instead of my own tired one. In a short time I was on my way towards the nearest station, on the road between Mendoza and Buenos Ayres, with the boy for a guide—glad at length to have escaped from the glance of the cool grey eye of this consummate hypocrite.

When I reached the courier-track, I dismissed my little guide with a gratuity which caused his wild eyes to sparkle with delight, and his whole frame to tremble with joy, as he fumbled about his cap in search of some secure place to deposit his treasure. When this was effected, he caused his horse to spring with a single bound close to my side, and, leaning towards me with his drawn knife in his hand, he swore that if I had a foe in the plains, and would shew him his hut, before the morning his blade should be gilded with his heart's blood.

" How is it to be wondered at," thought I, " that the men in these wilds are reckless of shedding even the blood dearest to them, when the very children, as soon as they can grasp the knife, are taught to strike it at the life of a fellow-creature ? "

When I had told the boy that I did not need any service such as that he mentioned, he very coolly returned his knife into its sheath, kissed his hand to me, uttered a brief prayer for my welfare, crossing himself devoutly, and then, striking his spurs furiously into his steed, he was out of sight in a few minutes.

I found, on my arrival at the station, that my friend Ord had despatched peons in search of me on every side, and had himself pushed on to the next *posada*. I also discovered that, instead of scouring the country, the peons had fled to a small fortified station at some distance, having received certain information of the approach of the Indians.* The old man who gave me this information was attempting to carry off his women and children, by securing the youngest in hastily constructed vehicles placed across the back of a horse, and by fixing such substitutes for saddles as he could obtain for the accommodation of the elder part of the family. I procured another horse from the *corral*, and pushed on to overtake my friend, deploring the lawless state of a country where the very women and children are ruthlessly butchered by their inhuman foes.

A considerable number of horses were picqueted around the *posada*, which was defended by a ditch, and a wall about breast high, with strong pointed stakes projecting from its summit. Groups of armed men lounged about, some carrying grass for the horses, some examining the long Spanish-barrelled guns, with which each man was furnished, while others discoursed in an anxious and constrained manner. The words " los Indios,"

* The noble horses on which the Indians of the Pampas ride, though they can go any distance and any pace, are unable, because unused, to leap the smallest fence or ditch ; and thus it has frequently happened that a few determined Gauchos have defended a place contemptible, so far as warlike defences are considered, against a complete horde of these flying warriors.

frequently repeated as I rode past the various parties, sufficiently explained the cause of the assemblage. I was assailed on all hands by inquiries as to whence I had come, and what were the opinions respecting the movements of the Indians in the parts I had left. Having supplied them with the little information I possessed, I was informed, in return, that the whole troop had been engaged by Don José Maria Echivera to scour the Gaucho country in search of his child, and that they had rendezvoused at their present spot on account of the alarms respecting the approach of the Indians.

It was with a beating heart that I entered the apartment which the bereaved father and lover occupied. I had determined abruptly to communicate my knowledge of the Donna Louisa's place of confinement, and, having mustered the force at hand, to accompany them instantly to the hut of the Gaucho. But a single glance at my friend showed how dangerous such a course would be. I had left him the day before depressed, silent, passive ; now he was pacing the floor with bloodshot protruding eyes, unequal gait, and maniacal gestures, his whole frame quivering from intense mental agony, and, in short, with every appearance of the fancies of his "o'erwrought brain" merging into madness. Señor Echivera sat in the shadow ; the tears were stealing through the trembling fingers which hid his face, and, between the convulsive sobs which burst from his breast, I could hear him utter, in tones of the most heartrending sorrow,—“ My child ! my child !” Nature was suffering too exquisite torture to be eloquent,—for intense mental, like extreme physical suffering, has but one note.

There is something so touching in the tears of a man,—still more those of an old man,—that the grief of the aged and bereaved father caused me to weep aloud. At the sound my poor friend looked up ; he gave a deep groan when he perceived me, and wringing my hand convulsively, he said, “ The shaft has fallen at last, and in my most vital part. Oh God ! was there no way to reach my heart but through her life blood ? She, the pure, the lovely, the innocent,—immaculate in all save that she was linked to me !—was there no way but through her ?” And flinging away from me, he ground his heel forcibly against the floor, knit his teeth together, and threw his arms wildly upwards, as if abandoning himself to despair. In a few moments, and ere I could fashion my speech to my mind, he came close up to me again with a kind of stealthy pace, looking around as if engaged in some guilty action ; and, pressing me with the grasp of a giant into a chair, he sat down by my side. “ My friend,” said he, “ when after a day of toil we lie down to sleep, do you think the putting off our garments before we address ourselves to repose is a crime ?” “ Assuredly not, my dear friend,” I answered, trembling for his reason, which, from his peculiar manner, seemed to be wavering. “ Say then,” he continued, “ that if I, worn beyond the power of suffering existence, shall put off these corporeal garments, and seek repose in the grave, you will not brand me as a guilty wretch, nor suffer the stain of infamy to rest upon my name. Say,” continued he with increasing energy, “ that you will not allow the dull lie of insanity to be used as a pretext for my self-murder ; nor suffer my spirit to be slandered by the foul and false reproaches of those who are as unable to fathom my present feelings as they are to overcome the base animal clinging to life which they, in common with the beasts of the field, acknowledge as their ruling passion. If I must depart, it shall be as the noble spirits of the olden time, not from a dread of death nor a loathing of life, but in order that, since all possibility of doing good or enjoying happiness is gone, I may at least use the only means left to me, in the hope of recognising, in the halls of eternity, that radiant soul which was here so fondly mingled with mine. Louisa, my love !—that glowing eye !—that lake-like brow !—that sweet mouth, which moulded all words into music !—that easy grace !—that dignity of mien which conscious virtue alone can give !—that purity and loftiness of sentiment which,

like a divine melody, filled us all with admiration born of love and awe!—is all—all gone! and for ever! Oh! my prophetic heart! thou hast felt this agony coming over thee, and yet,—yet thou art unprepared, as though it had been as unseen as it is horrible.”

He flung himself on the ground, and gave way to the anguish for which words were an inadequate vent. The Señor, forgetting his own grief in the extreme passion of my poor friend, joined me in attempting to soothe him, to raise him from the ground, and to pour the last consolation of the miserable—hope—into his ear. For a time he seemed insensible to all our caresses, but at length suddenly springing on his feet, he cried, in a tone which caused even the soldiers on the outside of the *posada* to start,—“ ’Tis false as hell! She dead! did you say? Impossible! she was too pure to perish; and the dotards do but lie! Go, go, silly old man, thy daughter is alive and well. Lead me to her, and I will explain the passage in Camoens we spoke of. Wilt thou not do it? Pah! the old man grows uncivil; but I know the way to the terrace, where Louisa loves to feel the breeze, that comes cool from the regal Plata, breathe over the burning beauties of her cheek. Farewell, Señor!”—and he attempted to move away towards the door. I saw that his sorrows had shaken his reason, and resolved to risk the effect of the intelligence I possessed; for, seeing that he gradually grew more phrenzied, I thought the shock (as I had heard in somewhat similar cases) might arrest the onward progress of the disease,—perhaps restore him to calmness. Briefly, therefore, and with a cheerful tone, I recounted my adventure, and ended by urging our immediate departure from the *posada*.

It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the alternate hopes and fears, and finally the joyful emotion of Señor Echivera, on learning his daughter's situation. But neither his age nor his habits were those of violent or long-continued passion; he presently sank down into a more composed sensation of delight, poured forth a thanksgiving to his patron saint, and then left the room to order the soldiers instantly to prepare to march. But it was with the deepest sorrow that I saw the intelligence had failed in producing a beneficial effect upon my friend Ord. He listened to me, indeed, with attention, and seemed pleased by the information I conveyed; but it was a pleasure depending alone upon the connexion of the Donna's safety with his own warped and maniac notions;—he was, in short, simply pleased, but neither surprised nor grateful. When I repeated to him, the second time, “Donna Louisa lives, my dear Ord, and you may see her before morning,” he answered without emotion, “I know it, and know she lives;—oh, she was too excellent a creature to die!—let us go to her, she will surely think us rude; come, let us go.”

It was dreadful to hear my friend talk thus, and still more dreadful to listen to the tones of his voice, and to mark the expression, the fatuitous restlessness, of his eyes. However, I had still every hope, that when we recovered the Donna Louisa, her gentle care would soon restore him.

Ordering a peon to procure us horses, I drew Ord towards Señor Echivera, who was surrounded by a number of the dismounted soldiers, and attempting in vain to prevail upon them to leave the defences of the *posada*. They knew that the Indians were somewhere near them, that perhaps in a single hour they might be down upon them, and that every one of “los Christianos” whom they met upon the plains, would in a moment be transfixed by a score of spears. The defences, slight as they were, of the *posada*, were sufficient to keep out any number of Indians, who, besides the fact of their horses being unable to leap a ditch or a wall, can do nothing as dismounted troops. I thought our march would unavoidably be delayed on account of the obstinacy of the men,—who, many of them, having been Gauchos, and well acquainted with the savage nature of the Indians, spoke of them with a rage mixed with fear which seemed far more difficult to be overcome than simple terror. “We cut all their throats, Señor,” said an

old moustachioed trooper, "and, by the Mother of God! they cut all ours in return."

"Offer them a dozen dollars a man," said I to Señor Echivera; "every moment is worth the money to us."

"Young man!" answered the old merchant, "do you think I stand to count dollars, when the blood of my only child may depend upon the issue? I would give them my whole worldly possessions to place the dear child in my arms; but though I were to offer each of these rugged men a dozen ounces of gold, instead of as many dollars, they, who know little of money in the plains, would not stir for the bribe. But I will try them with an offer which they all well understand the value of." Then raising his voice, he said, "You all know that the viceroy placed you under my command, and that on your return to Buenos Ayres, every instance of delinquency will, on my reporting it, be severely punished: but I am willing, in a case like the present, rather to influence you by kindness than by fear. I therefore declare, (and you all know my word will be strictly kept,) that every man who is ready for the march, and willing to accompany me in a quarter of an hour, shall have, on our return to the coast, a new *recado*, bridle, and spurs, together with a gallon of strong waters."

Before the words were finished, a loud shout proclaimed their acquiescence with his propositions, and in an instant there were a score of mounted men flying across the plain, their *lassos* whirling round their heads for the purpose of bringing in the horses which were grazing at a distance. Within the specified time the whole of the men were mounted, and ready for the road, with a herd of horses in the van, which, as is usual in travelling over the Pampas, they drove before them, for the purpose of having fresh steeds when necessary.

The moon had risen, and was wading through thick clouds, as we neared the dwelling of the Gauchos, where I had spent the preceding night. Though well nigh falling from my horse through weariness and pain, I still exerted myself to watch over my friend Ord, who, with the strangest infatuation, considered we were proceeding to the coast to meet the Donna Louisa. As our men, influenced by their fears of the Indians, marched, to use an expression of their own, "with their beards on their shoulders," that is, taking a good look out, they had made some slight military arrangements for the purpose of guarding against surprise. They had scouts in advance, and others on each flank, at some distance from the main body. We approached the hut, as will readily be understood, by a very different route from that which I had used in the morning, and were, perhaps, at a distance of four or five miles from our destination, when one of our scouts, falling back upon the main body, declared, in the utmost terror, that he had seen a dead body, guarded by an evil spirit, in a hollow to the left. Knowing that the Gauchos, like all solitary inhabitants of wild countries, are deeply imbued with superstition, I struck spurs into my horse, and, followed by Ord and a few of the men, went in search of the apparition. The moans of some animal in pain directed me to the spot, and there I found the corpse of Teobaldo dug, apparently, out of the shallow grave in which his murderer had placed him, by the old hound which I had observed to follow the Gaucho on the previous evening. The poor animal was desperately wounded, and had been, probably, left for dead by Leonardo. A dead vulture lay beside the body, which the faithful dog had evidently slain, to prevent its feasting on the flesh of his master. As an act of kindness I ordered the dying creature to be put out of pain, and, laying him beside the corpse, caused the two bodies to be covered with the light mould.

All this while Ord gazed upon the scene with stupid wonderment, seeming at length to have sunk into a state of mental torpidity. There was now, however, no time to attend to any thing save the object of our march, which we would attain in half an hour. We were accordingly

proceeding steadily and in silence, when a boy on foot, breathless and terrified, rushed almost under the feet of the horses, shouting "los Indios! los Indios!" A confused movement took place in our little troop, and it was evident that they were only restrained from flight by not knowing on which side they were most likely to escape the enemy. A hundred inquiries, exclamations, and curses burst from the men; all subordination was at an end, and, heedless of the commands of their officers, they began to cluster confusedly together to canvass the best means of escape. The sight roused Ord from his apathy, and seemed to have restored him to sanity; he threw himself among the men, and by commands, entreaties, and ridicule of their cowardice, succeeded at length in reducing them to order. He then called for the boy, who was found crouching about among the horses, trembling with terror. For some time I was too much occupied by surprise and pleasure at the sudden change in Ord's behaviour, to attend to the questions which were put to the lad, and to which he could only be got to answer, in accents of utter horror, "Si, Señor, si! los Indios! los Indios!" Yes, Señor, yes! the Indians! the Indians!" At length, the tones of the boy's voice struck me as being familiar to me, and, on looking at him, I recognised my guide to the Gaucho hut. When I had got him somewhat pacified and reassured, I asked him how his friends were, at the hut. "*All murdered!*" answered the poor boy, with a shudder of extreme horror. "Good God!" exclaimed Señor Echivera; "and my child! is she murdered too? Say that she is safe, boy, and thou shalt have a thousand dollars for the word."

Terror, had, however, so completely paralyzed the boy, that he could utter nothing but "los Indios!"

Perhaps half an hour elapsed before we procured any further information from him, during which time, so still were the men, that I could hear the bridles ringing from the trembling of their hands; yet they were all men who would fearlessly have engaged in single combat, with their murderous knives, if any one but a mounted Indian were their antagonist.

We had felt for some time the smell of smoke drifted down the breeze towards us, and suddenly a bright sheet of flame illuminated the sky. "It is the cottage where I was born!" said the lad, with a burst of that feeling which is strong among the dwellers in the wilderness.

A terrible suspicion shot through my mind that the Donna Louisa might still be in the hut, and, unless we rescued her, be burnt to death in the conflagration. "A hundred dollars to the man who first reaches the hut!" I cried, as, dashing the spurs up to the rowel heads, I flew over the waste. I was followed only by Ord, Señor Echivera, and the captain of the troop, a gallant young Gaucho. The rest remained irresolute. We urged our horses in silence towards the light, and in less than ten minutes reached the burning hut, which, lying in a hollow, had been hitherto concealed from us.

The Indians were gone, but there was a scene of bloodshed and horror before us, such as these savage warriors could alone have produced. The stakes of the *corral* had been broken or pulled up, and piled about the roof and walls of the hut, in order to insure its utter destruction. Horses slaughtered, or hamstrung, lay about on the ground which had formerly been enclosed by the stakes; an occasional plunge from a dying steed in the sea of blood which surrounded him, being the only proof that the dark group had once been endowed with vitality. Nearer the hut, and glimmering ghastly in the lurid light of the burning rafters, lay a heap of women and children, whose gashed limbs and battered heads gave hideous proof of the savage barbarity of their murderers. In turning over the bodies, I recognised the corpse of the old cook and the other women, but neither that of the mulatto girl nor of Donna Louisa was there. The Indians always carry off the young and good-looking females, butchering the old and the ugly together with the men and the children.

Rather to escape from the piercing lamentations of the old merchant, and

the fatuitous insensibility of Ord, than with any hope of making further discoveries, I went round to the other side of the cottage. One end of it had not yet caught fire, and on the ground beneath the shadow of the wall lay some dark and bulky figure. Striking it with the end of my rifle, I thought I heard a low stifled groan, and, bending down to look at it, I encountered the dark eyes of an Indian rolling within an inch or two of my own ! I sprang back, and drawing a pistol, was about to discharge it, when the flame, suddenly leaping up again, showed me that the poor wretch was completely disabled. The distorted appearance of his legs proved that they were both broken ; and he was literally pinned to his horse by a long spear, which, passing through the fleshy part of his thigh, had been driven into the very body of the steed. I was so struck with his calm unquailing glance as he saw the pistol within a yard of his head, and the astonishing resolution which could cause him to be silent under the excruciating torture which he must be suffering, that I remained silent for a time, and returned the pistol to my belt.

At length I addressed him in Spanish ; for many of the Indians, in times of peace, acquire some knowledge of the language by frequenting the Spanish towns. He clearly understood my questions, but, either from pain or obstinacy, answered nothing but their usual monosyllable "ugh ?" The sound of my voice had drawn my companions to me, however, and the young Gaucho captain presently found a way to make him more communicative. Unsheathing his knife, and placing its point on the naked side of the Indian, he said "If thou wilt answer me a few questions relating to this outrage, I will put thee out of pain on the spot ; but if thou art silent, this shall be thy place of abode till the vultures feel that thy hand is powerless, and pick thy flesh whilst thou art still alive. Speak, Indian ! wilt thou accept my offer ?"

"A brave warrior fears not death, in whatever shape, and Sangluca is among the bravest of his tribe," answered the Indian, in a sweet, low, musical voice, unbroken by suffering or fear.—"But a brave warrior may desire to die before his courage is decayed by weakness ; and when he can no longer hurl the *bolas* or the spear, he may wish to sleep in peace with his fathers," said the Gaucho, adopting the peculiar phraseology of the Indians.

"Yes !" said the Indian, as if soliloquizing aloud ; "Yes ! Sangluca is brave. Many are the lions he has slaughtered in the chase ; the pale faces have often gilded his knife with their best blood. The wild colts feared his *lasso* : his balls flew through the fronts of the strongest bulls of the herd. Yes ! Sangluca is brave."

"Heretic !" said the Gaucho, "wilt thou accept my offer ? It is of little consequence, Señor," continued he, turning to me, "whether we put him out of the world now or to-morrow, seeing that he is inevitably damned throughout a hot eternity. But I wish to be certain if any were carried away alive, and this spear, on which he lies as if it were a bed of sheepskins, can only have been thrown by an Indian. But they will never answer straight out ; one must go about as if one were getting the wind of a gama in the hill-grounds, in order to procure an answer from them." He again addressed the wounded Indian.—"The red man boasts that he has slain Christians ; a Christian arm has at last revenged his friends."

"The pale faces cannot throw the Indian spear," cried he, quickly, and with scorn ; "it was the friend of my bosom who drove the steel through my body. We fought for the dark-eyed maiden ; he bore away the prize, I fell, but it was by a brave man's hand."

"Miscreant !" cried Señor Echivera ; "has then an accursed savage borne away my child ? Oh God ! my only child ! She, tenderly nurtured, to follow a horde of murderers ! to suffer cold, hunger, fatigue, the rage of her possessors——" He stopped, overcome with the idea of the sufferings which he had enumerated, and of others which were too horrible for a

father to speak of; and falling heavily down on the grass, he abandoned himself to despair. The Indian, who saw with astonishment this display of emotion, contemplated the wretched father with some scorn, and at length said, "She will be the wife of a brave man. Her offspring will not use the effeminate saddle, nor dwell in cities. They will sleep on the plains, hunt the lion and the ostrich, and slaughter the pale faces."

"Dog of a heretic!" cried the Gaucho, passing his knife into the body of the Indian, "seek the father of such sentiments in hell, whither thou wilt shortly find thyself."

A gleam of triumph passed over the features of the dying warrior; he raised his long spear which had till now lain by his side, and pointing to the stars, he exclaimed, "The God of the Indians has no hell! Behold the spirits of my forefathers careering through the hunting-grounds of Paradise! Shortly I shall be with them. They will welcome me to the chase. Bring a fleet steed, they will cry, for Sangluca;—he was brave; he slew many pale faces!"

He folded his arms composedly on his breast, and closed his eyes, as if waiting for death. I thought he was gone, and stirred him with his own spear shaft. He opened his large black eyes quietly, and said, "It is pleasant for an Indian warrior to die by the light of the burning hut of the pale face! the sight of the Christians whom he has slain is very pleasant to a dying red man!"

The Gaucho again passed his knife, and in a more mortal direction, into the body of the utterer of these horrible sentiments; and he stirred no more.

While I stood, with folded arms, gazing on the dead warrior, and musing on the strange perversion of heart which the education of a savage produces, I was startled by a scream from Señor Echivera, and looking up, I beheld a blackened and scorched form staggering forth from the burning ruins of the hut. He held a long knife in his grasp, and his face and breast were marked with gashes half hidden by clotted blood, which seemed baked hard by the heat. He turned a wild and unsteady glance on each of us; then, turning to the old merchant, who had risen and recoiled from the revolting figure, he said, "Don Jose! I am Leonardo!" Another scream of terror was the wretched old man's only answer to this announcement. "I am that Leonardo," he continued, with bitter energy, "whose mother your father betrayed, whom your mother cheated of his honour and his patrimony, and drove from his home. But I have given your heart to everlasting misery; I have given your daughter—your only child—to a wild Indian, and I am revenged! Will the hoards which you have accumulated relieve your present and future anguish? No more than that anguish will wash my son's blood from my hands, or restore my slaughtered family to life, or quench the flames of my house. Yet, I am revenged, though the knife which has reached you has severed my own heartstrings!—Insolent boy!" continued he, turning to Ord, "on thee, too, I am revenged; I have taught thee how a Gaucho retaliates a blow!"

At this moment my friend was standing within a few yards of the smoking hut, and as the Gaucho, as if to give force to his words, approached him, he drew a pistol from his belt, and shot the ruffian through the body. He staggered back a few paces, but collected himself at length, and, rushing up to my unhappy friend, drove his knife deep into his side. Then closing his arms round him, he murmured, "This for Teobaldo!" and springing up in the agony of the death-pang, he buried himself and his victim in the burning ruins.

At that moment part of the roof, covered with flaming rafters, fell in upon them, so that it was impossible for us to reach them,—and in a few moments the sparks of fire, and the burning brands, which were tossed upwards, becoming still, showed that at length their struggles were over for ever!

SCENES FROM THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE "Alcestis" of Alfieri is said to have been the last tragedy he composed, and is distinguished, in a remarkable degree, by that tenderness of which his former works present so few examples. It would appear as if the pure and exalted affection, by which the impetuosity of his fiery spirit was ameliorated during the latter years of his life, had impressed its whole character on this work, as a record of that domestic happiness in whose bosom his heart at length found a resting place. Most of his earlier writings bear witness to that "fever at the core," that burning impatience of restraint, and those incessant and untameable aspirations after a wider sphere of action, by which his youth was consumed; but the poetry of "Alcestis" must find its echo in every heart which has known the power of domestic ties, or felt the bitterness of their dissolution. The interest of the piece, however, though entirely domestic, is not for a moment allowed to languish, nor does the conjugal affection, which forms the main-spring of the action, ever degenerate into the pastoral insipidity of Metastasio. The character of Alcestis herself, with all its lofty fortitude, heroic affection, and subdued anguish, powerfully recalls to our imagination the calm and tempered majesty distinguishing the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, in which the expression of mental or bodily suffering is never allowed to transgress the limits of beauty and sublimity. The union of dignity and affliction impressing more than earthly grandeur on the countenance of Niobe, would be, perhaps, the best illustration of this analogy.

The following scene, in which Alcestis announces to Pheres, the father of Admetus, the terms upon which the oracle of Delphos has declared that his son may be restored, has seldom been surpassed by the author, even in his most celebrated productions. It is, however, to be feared that little of its beauty can be transfused into translation, as the severity of a style so completely devoid of imagery must render it dependent, for many incommunicable attractions, upon the melody of the original language.

SCENES FROM THE "ALCESTIS" OF ALFIERI.

Act I.—Scene II.

ALCESTIS—PHERES.

Alcestis. Weep thou no more.—O, monarch dry thy tears,
For know, he shall not die; not now shall Fate
Bereave thee of thy son.

Pheres. What mean thy words?
Hath then Apollo—is there then a hope?

Alcestis. Yes, hope for *thee*,—hope, by the voice pronounced
From the prophetic cave. Nor would I yield
To other lips the tidings, meet alone
For thee to hear from mine.

Pheres. But say, oh; say,
Shall, then, my son be spared?

TWO SONNETS.

BY MRS. MARDYN, FORMERLY OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

TO THE MORNING STAR.

MEEK Hermit of the Sphere ! whose watch-fire bright
 Is kindled late and lofty in the skies,
 When sink such weary stars as wait on night,
 In lonely loveliness I mark thee rise.

So fair, like rains of silver, falls thy sheen—
 So sighing-soft the airs which steal around,
 I muse enamoured of the peaceful scene,
 Nor ask a gaudier light, a bolder sound.
 Nay, when meridian suns their glory shed,
 Planet of milder beam ! for *thee* I mourn !

So the wild maid in sylvan cabin bred,
 If thence to courtly crowds and splendour borne,
 Amidst the blaze will oft invoke, with tears,
 The calm simplicity of earlier years.

THE WANDERER.

Written at Genoa, in November, 1822.

The roving merchant, whom a froward fate
 Long years divorces from his native land,
 May cheerly trace Magellan's ice-girt strait,
 Or patient traverse Barca's burning sand ;—

For Hope, whene'er his vent'rous spirit faints,
 Sheds her rich colours o'er the present bourne,
 And in the far perspective gaily paints
 A *home of loves* to greet his fond return.

But ah ! for *her* whose home lies fallen low—
 Whose social ties with life are rent in twain—
 Nor kin—nor friend—a hermit in her woe—
 What charm may *that* faint wanderer's heart sustain ?
 E'en Hope no more the rainbow dares illumine,
 But veils her brow and muses o'er a *tomb* !

LOS PUELCHES; OR, THE PAMPA INDIANS.

"THERE is something," says Washington Irving, "in the character and habits of the North American Indian, taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is to my mind wonderfully striking and sublime." I know not if the observation of the elegant writer I have just quoted does not still more forcibly apply to the aboriginal inhabitants of the southern portion of the American continent, many of whose tribes have to this day maintained that proud independence, the main pillar of savage virtue, and whose lofty spirits have never yet been humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, or corrupted by the withering breath of civilization. And yet, notwithstanding that the man of savage life presents to the philosopher so interesting a field for study and research, it is really singular how few and barren are the facts we are in possession of concerning him. The early conquerors of America, and even the missionaries, have never given us a true and faithful description of these [people; and, with the view of magnifying their own exploits, have grossly exaggerated the number of Indian nations, and disfigured their character by ridiculous stories of barbarism and cannibalism, which, even to this day, are accredited by the ignorant vulgar. At the period of the conquest, the territory at present constituting a part of the Argentine republic, that of the Cisplatina republic, or the Banda Oriental, and the southern portion of the dominions of the Dictator Francia, were inhabited by the following nations:—The Charnas, Yaros, Bohanes, Chanos, Minurnes, and the Pampas. Although the most perfect physical resemblance existed between all these tribes, they were strongly contradistinguished both in manners and language. The Pampas—the subject of the present paper, and who have cost the Spaniards more blood than all the armies of the Peruvian Incas, or those of the Mexican Montezuma—led a wandering life between the thirty-sixth and thirty-ninth degrees of latitude; they were first known by the name of Querandis or Puelches, because every division of the nation has its own distinctive appellation, and which in consequence led to the erroneous supposition that they were so many distinct tribes. This nation opposed the invaders with such obstinate pertinacity, that, after experiencing a considerable loss, they obliged them to abandon their newly-founded city of Buenos Ayres. But, struck with the importance of the position, the Spaniards came a second time, and being strong in cavalry, at that period an arm as terrible to the Indians as they have since made it to their Spanish oppressors, the Pampas were unable to resist, and retired to the territory they have since inhabited, where they exist by hunting the yatoo, the hare, and the ostrich, which on these boundless plains are found in great abundance*. But in a very short time after the arrival of the Spaniards,

* Before the revolution, it was computed that there existed in the province of Buenos Ayres twelve million oxen, and three to four million horses, without comprising the innumerable herds of wild cattle without proprietors. At that period, and even at the present day, an ox was frequently killed for its tongue and hide, and the carcass left for the vultures of the plains.

the wild horses had multiplied to such an astonishing degree, that the Pampas began to catch them ; and their flesh, being found palatable, has since constituted their ordinary food. The Spaniards, on the other hand, deriving an immense commerce from the hides and tallow of these wild animals, soon thinned the numerous herds that extended on the west to the Cordillera, and on the south to the very confines of Patagonia. Thus the Pampas, deprived of their ordinary means of subsistence, began to make incursions into the Spanish territory—*inde bellum* ; hence the origin of those bloody wars that have ever since almost continually raged between the Pampas and the descendants of Spaniards ; in the course of which whole provinces have been laid waste by their devastating fury, the communication between Buenos and Chile frequently interrupted, and the safety of that city itself more than once endangered. And yet the number of these warriors, who have so long set at defiance the Spanish power, never exceeded a thousand. Living constantly in the open air, naked, and subsisting on horse-flesh, prizing beyond everything else their savage independence, these children of Nature present a singular and interesting contrast to the condition of their fellow men in civilized society, whose numerous trammels and complicated misery so justify the observation of Lucan, that—

“ *Paucis humanum vivit genus.* ”

In person the Pampa is about six feet high, strongly limbed, with a broad flat countenance, wearing an habitual expression of melancholy and sternness. Neither the men nor the women ever cut or comb their hair ; the former bring it up to a point, and tie it with a thong round their head ; the latter part it on the forehead *à la Vierge*, making with the ends two thick tails, which fall back over the neck and the arms. When in the Pampas both sexes go nearly naked ; but those who, during the moments of truce that sometimes prevail, come down to Buenos Ayres, adopt the poncho, which they ornament in a rude fashion with bones and feathers. Every chief inhabits a separate district, which they change as soon as forage becomes scarce, for they are unacquainted with even the simplest elements of agriculture. Laws they have none ; and their religion is of so complicated a nature, as to render it doubtful if they possess any exact notions of a Supreme Being ; but that they believe in a future state is evident by their funeral rites, and their ideas of the pleasures of Paradise ; these they make consist in hunting the gama and the ostrich during the day, and in carousing through the night. Thus, on the death of an Indian, his bolas and his favourite steeds are slaughtered and buried with him, and also a large portion of the strong fermented liquor distilled from the cactus, of which they are so passionately fond. Polygamy, so common among the other Indian nations, is rarely found among the Pampas, so that the social condition of their women is infinitely superior to that of those of the other tribes.

But it is in their system of warfare that these hardy children of Nature will excite our liveliest admiration, by a display of daring intrepidity, a lofty contempt of death, unsurpassed by any people who have ever existed*. Strange as it may appear, with the use of the bow they

* Azara relates the following anecdote of the courage of these Indians :—Five of them, who had been made prisoners, were put on board a line-of-battle ship, and

are perfectly unacquainted. At the period of the conquest they made use of the javelin, which they either hurled, or used hand to hand in close combat; but on becoming a nation of horsemen, they have converted this weapon into a formidable lance, eighteen to twenty feet in length, which they use with singular dexterity. The peculiar arm of the Pampas is the bolas* and the lasso; with the former he can, when at full gallop, strike an object at 150 paces distance; or again, when the object is nearer, they strike it without letting go the thong to which the ball is attached. It was with this singular arm that they captured and put to death Don Diego de Mendoza (the brother of the founder of Buenos Ayres) and the whole of his staff; and, by attaching bundles of burning straw to these missiles, they once succeeded in setting fire to several houses at Buenos Ayres, and even burnt some ships in the harbour.

When they have determined on a warlike expedition, they immediately hide their women, and then set forward with the speed of the Pampero wind of their native plains, driving before them herds of wild horses, which enable them to execute marches which, for rapidity and length, will appear incredible in Europe. On approaching the enemy's territory, they detach some scouts on their front and flanks to reconnoitre. These men then advance with the greatest precaution, crouching down beneath their horses' bellies, and stopping every now and then to allow them to graze, the better to deceive the enemy; for this reason the Indian horses are never bitted. Sometimes they will advance crawling on their hands and knees, and, having completed their reconnoissance of the hut, the object of attack, they gallop back to the main body, taking care, if discovered, to take an opposite direction. When all is ready for the attack, they dash forward with the fury of demons, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and, setting up a wild scream that strikes terror into the stoutest heart, set fire to the hut, and murder all without discrimination, reserving only the young and beautiful females, whom they carry off in triumph to their inhospitable deserts.

Yet, in spite of all, there must be either some charm unknown to us children of civilization in the wandering life of the desert, or, on the other hand, there must be more soil in the heart of the Pampa Indian for the growth of the all-generous sympathies and affections of our nature than is usually ascribed to him; for there exist numerous instances of women thus carried off by the Indians, who have refused, after some years' experience, to return to the civilized habits of their infancy. There is also another feature in the mode of life of these Indians which appears to have escaped the attention of the philosopher, and this is the revolution produced in their manners by the introduction of the horse among them. Although at present ignorant of the simplest rudiments of agriculture, the peculiar nature of the country they inhabit would, without the use of this useful quadruped, have rendered an existence by

sent to sea. On clearing the mouth of the Plate, the captain allowed them to come on deck, when one of them, approaching a corporal of marines, and, observing him off his guard, seized his arms and immediately killed two pilots and fourteen sailors. The four others attempted also to seize some arms, but, failing in the attempt, they threw themselves into the sea, and perished.

* Both these arms have been so often described, that it is unnecessary to recur to them here. The lasso, however, is not of American origin like the bolas. Mention of it will be found in Herodotus, in his catalogue of the invading army of Greece under Xerxes.

the chase so very precarious, as to convince us of the impossibility of its being their only means of subsistence. Again, the paucity of the lactiferous animals, and the consequent absence of pastoral nations in the New World, offers a powerful argument against the theory which would people America from Eastern Asia, for it is hardly to be supposed that any of the pastoral hordes of Tartary would emigrate across the Strait of Behring, without carrying with them a supply of those cattle on which their whole subsistence depended. That America was admirably suited for the propagation of them is proved by the extraordinary herds of wild cattle and horses which have overrun the plains from the few originally carried over by the Spaniards. Be this as it may, certain it is that the introduction of the horse has completely revolutionized the mode of life of the Pampa Indian. So identified is he become with this animal, that almost every occupation of his life is performed on horseback, to such an extent, that on foot he is literally the most useless animal in existence.

For the defence of their frontiers against the incursions of these savages, the Buenos Ayrean Government had established a chain of posts along the Indian frontier, but they proved ineffectual in checking the depredations of the Indian, which were more frequent in ratio as the immense herds of cattle became thinned, a circumstance which the late revolutionary war had greatly increased. About eighteen months ago, they accordingly despatched an army under the command of Manoel Rozas, for the purpose of ridding themselves of the scourge that had so long been the terror of their frontier line. The result was crowned by the most signal success ; the once formidable Puelches have been nearly exterminated, and their scattered remnants driven into the inaccessible fastnesses of the Andes.

Once, on my return from an excursion to a large Estancia, situated in the very heart of the Pampas, our party, while pushing on at a rapid pace, to gain the next station before night-fall, observed, as the sun was casting its lengthening shadows across the plain, a single horseman spurring towards us at a furious rate, from a hut which we had left about half a league on our right. From the signs which the man kept making, and his furious exertions to come up with us, we deemed that he might have something important to communicate ; we accordingly drew bridle until he had joined us. "*Viva Dios*," exclaimed the Gaucho, courteously doffing his *montero*—" *Viva Dios, cavalleros* ; fortunate for you is it that you passed within sight of my hut, or, by our Lady del Carmen, not one of you would see to-morrow's sun ; for know ye that the Indians are scouring the neighbourhood ; they have already burnt several huts, murdered their inmates, and driven off the cattle. Return, therefore, to my hut, if you wish to see again the mothers who bore you ; and there you will find a party of *dragones a cavallo*, (dragons on horseback,) on their march to one of the frontier posts, whose Commander has deemed it prudent to halt till the *barbaros* have retired into the desert." The latter part of this unexpected communication convinced us that it would be madness to proceed ; we therefore galloped towards the hut.

The hut proved more spacious than the generality of the Gauchos' habitations, and was surrounded by a ditch. Before its principal entrance a party of troopers and Gauchos were lounging about, smoking their cigars ; and the corral, about a hundred paces off, was literally

crowded with cattle. On alighting, the two officers commanding the cavalry detachment came out, and, corroborating the intelligence of our guide, politely invited us to enter the hut. On entering the principal apartment of this rude habitation, the scene that presented itself was singularly wild and picturesque. The red glare of a charcoal fire threw out in fearful relief the groups of savage-looking figures that occupied it. In one corner was a party of troopers busily engaged in cleaning and examining the locks of their carbines ; in another, a group of women and children, the latter of whom were playing with two large and fierce dogs of the blood-hound breed ; and in the centre, a party of Gauchos, stretched upon the ground, were playing at *monté* ; while around the walls were arranged the different implements of war and the chase. In this hut I passed nearly a week, and, anxious as I was to reach the city, I did not regret a delay that afforded me so fine an opportunity of studying the manners of the Gauchos—to an European, a race, from their wild, predatory existence, almost as interesting as the Indians themselves.

Although personally brave, and among the finest horsemen in the universe, the Gauchos frankly own their inferiority to their Indian foes, and quail before their whirlwind charge on the open plain. Yet under cover of their huts, and by the aid of a few fire-arms, a mere handful of these men have, over and over again, repulsed a host of Indians. On the present occasion, these fiery spirits sought, by the attraction of play, to dispel the *ennui* of their confinement (for, while the Indians were in the neighbourhood, none dared stir beyond the precincts of the hut) ; and the gama, the lion, and the ostrich ranged their boundless plains, unpursued by the flying bolas or the fatal lasso. Seated on the skeletons of horses' heads, these singular beings would literally pass the whole day at their favourite game of *monté* : each man had his naked knife beside him, as an *ultima ratio*, in case of dispute ; and it was both curious and interesting to remark how accurately you could read the alternate turns of good and ill luck, by the varying hues of their dark, handsome countenances. On the approach of night, the whole party withdrew within the hut—the evenings were passed in listening to stories of the War of Independence—two of the troopers having served in every action from Maipo down to the decisive victory of Ayacucho, which sealed the independence of Spanish America. On the conclusion of the recital of some brilliant exploit, the whole party would sing, *con amore*, a stanza of the patriot hymn—

“ Con libertad protestamos vivir,
O con gloria juramos morir ! ”

Sometimes a Gaucho would, to a guitar accompaniment, sing one of the wild and beautiful ditties of the Pampas ;—the melodies of which airs are simple and plaintive, and, when accompanied by the national dance, the clashing of their huge, ponderous spurs, and the fiery, animated looks of the dancers, impart to the whole scene a singularly wild and picturesque effect. But the chief attraction of these reunions was the tales of Indian warfare, which were listened to with intense and profound attention. Many that I heard were so singular in their details, so heart-rending in their catastrophes, that if only slightly embellished by the aid of fiction, the popular tales of the Pampas would be read in this country with profound interest ; as it was, the effect produced upon the assembled party by these tales of blood was electric—the women and children

would draw closely together as if the Indian yell was already pealing in their ear ; while the men,—their dark countenances glowing like copper exposed to the action of a furnace,—would draw their long knife across their gnashed teeth, and utter fearful exclamations of revenge.

On one occasion I ventured to hint that there might be some exaggeration in these stories of Indian cruelty.

“ Come here, Manuella,” said our host, turning towards the group of females that occupied one corner of the apartment—“ Come here, and tell this foreign cavallero thine own bloody tale—how the fierce Puelches murdered all thy kindred, and how, by the *misericordia di Dios*, thou escaped’st the dreadful fate that awaited thee.”

The person thus addressed was a female,—tall beyond the usual standard of the South American women,—her age might have been forty ; and her countenance, though bronzed by the winds and burning sun of her native plains, was marked by a Grecian regularity of outline ; her eyes were dark and lustrous, and a profusion of raven hair fell back wildly on her neck and shoulders, reminding me strongly of one of the dark creations of Velasquez or his pupil Murillo’s pencil.

Manuella arose, and came and seated herself beside me.

“ And is it then true,” said I, addressing myself to her, “ that you have been an eye-witness of one of those bloody scenes such as this night I have heard related ?”

“ *Si, Cavallero* ; and with the permission of those present will I relate my tale.”

“ *Prosigue con Dios, Manuella,*” exclaimed several of the party ; “ it is a story we never tire of hearing.”

Thus encouraged, Manuella spoke as follows :—

“ Come next St. John’s eve, it will be just four and twenty years since the occurrence of the horrible catastrophe which robbed me of all that endeared existence. I was at that time residing with my family in a hut, on the western extremity of the clover ground, not far from the post-road to Mendoza. Confiding in the long truce which had existed with the Indians, my husband and father had neglected those precautions of defence usually adopted on the Pampas. In this state of fatal security we were one night awakened by the well-known Indian war-cry—*Dios mío ! Dios mio !* Cavallero, those yells, to which the cries of the damned must be joyous seguidillas—those cries which tolled the knell of my whole family, will for ever ring in my ears, were I to live for centuries. Before we could recover from our surprise, the enemy had forced the door of the hut, and commenced the work of extermination.”

“ And did they give no quarter ?” said I, interrupting her.

“ Quarter, indeed, Cavallero—*Si mataron a todos, hasta a los chequitos*—they murdered all, even the very infants. Yes, Cavallero, with these eyes,” and as she spoke she drew down her cheeks with both hands till her eye-balls appeared starting from her head—“ with these eyes I saw my aged mother dragged at a horse-tail round her burning dwelling—I saw my father and husband, after a brave defence, expire under the most excruciating torments. But this was not all—the worst still remains to be told—by the light of the moon, which grew pale at the scene of blood, I saw the murdered body of my first born, *mi querida Manuelita* (my darling Manuella) borne high in the air, on the point of an Indian lance, amid the frightful yells of the fiends, till, tired with

the sport, they tossed it as fuel into the flames ! *Santa Madre di Dios !* exclaimed this poor creature, in a tone of heart-rending anguish, and burying her face in her hands—" what had thy poor servant done to draw down upon her head such signal vengeance ?"

" And yet, Manuella," said I, after a short pause, " you alone escaped, to tell this dreadful tale."

" *Si, Señor, sola*—alone I escaped. Look upon this face on which time and grief have made such fearful ravages—*por mis peccados*—it was then as young and beautiful as it is now old and ugly. *Si, Cavallero*, that fatal gift of beauty of which I was then so proud and vain, that heaven in its wrath designed it an instrument of punishment—that fatal gift reserved me for a fate, to a *buena Christiana*, worse than a million deaths—to be the bride of one of those murderous dogs—to drag on the remainder of my wretched existence amid a race of *descomulgados Indios*, who have *ni fe, ni ley, ni rey !*"

" Dreadful, indeed, Manuella, would have been thy fate !" I rejoined ; " but by what miracle did you escape ?"

" *Senor, Dios es grande*," she replied, crossing herself. " Although the maidens of the Pampas, probably from the scenes of bloodshed to which they are inured almost from their cradles, possess not the keen and tender sensibilities of the *damas* of the city, still they can feel—aye, and acutely, too. When I saw the body of my murdered innocent tossed into the flames that were consuming its father's feet, a sickening feeling came over me that rendered me insensible to all around. I have some indistinct recollection of being placed on a horse, and of sweeping away across the Pampa, as if borne on the wings of a Pampero wind—but beyond this I know nothing. When I came to my senses, I found myself in a Gaucho hut, whose inmates found me lying on the plain, abandoned by the Indians, who doubtless thought I had expired. Thus, Señor, by the mercy of Our Lady did I escape."

" And yet, Manuella," said I, breaking the pause which followed the conclusion of the narrative, " you still continue to live on the Pampas ; bereaved as you now are of kindred, why not seek the quiet and protection of the city ?"

Manuella smiled bitterly. " What, Cavallero ! exchange the pure breezes of the Pampas, for the close, sickly atmosphere of that human charnel-house, the city ? Forego the cravings of revenge for the dull stagnant quietude of its walls ? How little you know of our Gaucho feelings ! Behold this knife," she continued with terrible energy, drawing from her boot one of those long sharp weapons, while her whole frame quivered with emotion—" behold this *cuchillo* ! thrice has its thirsty point drunk deeply of Indian blood, and, *con la gracia di Dios*, it shall drink a long draught ere Manuella sleeps with her fathers !"

I shuddered as she spoke, and soon after found that she had indeed outlived every feeling but that of revenge.

I arose early on the following morning, and walked forth, eager to exchange the close, confined atmosphere of the hut for the pure breezes of the Pampas. The sun was just rising through the thick mists that still hung over the Pampas like a pall ; the solemn stillness that prevailed—the boundless expanse of plain—the numerous bones and skeletons that surrounded the hut and corral, gave to the whole scene an air of savage desolation. As I stood gazing upon the solemn scene, I was joined by

the commander of the cavalry detachment, to whom I took the liberty of suggesting the propriety of erecting a *chevaux-de-frise* in the ditch, and likewise a rude stockade at each angle of the hut, which, in case of an attack, would enable us to enfilade the assailants.

“Such precautions I would not neglect,” he replied, “had we a skilful enemy in our front; but with the Indians they are unnecessary. With your party we muster forty carbines, a single discharge of which will send them back to their deserts, and open to you the road to the capital, and to me my future quarters.”

This officer told me that if they fell in with the Puelches on the open plain, their only chance of safety would be to disperse and act *en tirailleur*. “The deepest formation,” he added, “would be broken by their furious charge; on the other hand, so terrified are the Indian horses at the report of fire-arms, that a well-sustained fire will soon disperse them.” He related to me many curious anecdotes of this singular race.

The day passed as before, but not so the night. As I stood watching the moon that was slowly sinking in the west, I observed on the extremity of the horizon a dark spot; suddenly it expanded, and swept towards us with the speed of the whirlwind. To me, this appeared but some natural phenomenon of these regions—but not so to Manuella, who stood beside me—she saw in this advancing cloud a body of hostile Indians, and immediately gave the alarm. In an instant the door was barricaded and every man at his post. Manuella, too, had hers, and with a carbine I had lent her, appeared absolutely mad with revenge. Suddenly a cry burst upon our ears, accompanied with a peculiar hollow sound, which was produced by the Indians striking their bridle-hands against their mouths, and which literally made the earth tremble. With the fury of the tempest, they pushed their wild steeds to the edge of the trench. But here, a well-directed fire, which brought down several, checked their furious onslaught. With the rapidity of lightning, they wheeled, re-formed, and returned to the charge; but their second advance was to carry off the bodies of their disabled comrades, which they did by throwing their lassos over their bodies and dragging them after them till out of the range of our fire. Never shall I forget the Indian war-cry, or the horrid scene that followed their repulse. On issuing from the hut, we discovered the bodies of two Indians which had been left behind: both were quite dead; but in an instant every Gaucho’s knife was buried in their bodies; while Manuella, with hers reeking in their blood, danced with fiendish joy upon their bodies, uttering wild exclamations of delight too dreadful to relate.

On the following morning I resumed my journey, and reached Buenos Ayres without accident. The success which has attended the late expedition of Manuel Rozas will have put an end to the barbarous warfare that has so long desolated these regions, and rooted up every germ of civilization almost as soon as planted. The spear of the Puelche is broken; in a few years he will exist but as an old tradition or a nurse’s tale. Or, if he should still be found, it will be with the mighty condor, in the higher regions of the Cordilleras, where alone he can escape from the persecutions of civilized man.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Close of the Session—The Display in Dublin—Miss Martineau's Departure—Remarkable Deaths—Eton School—Negro Emancipation—The Big Balloon—The Moors and the Fields—Bill to promote Immorality—Cobbett's Consistency—New York in London—Wealth and Mortality—Our Monthly Salute.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION.—A GREAT variety of events—some highly important—have occurred during the past month; and however disinclined we may be, upon a general principle, to touch upon politics, it would be highly unfair and unjust to our readers not to refer cursorily at least to the proceedings in Parliament towards the latter end of the session.

The Bill for the Admission of Dissenters was thrown out of the House of Lords by a majority of 102, the numbers being 187 to 85. The coincidence of the relative numbers in this division is very curious: the Peers present, who voted for the Bill, were 38; and the proxies, 47; making *together* exactly the same number as there were Peers *present* who voted against it. The majority against the Bill consisted of 85 present and 102 proxies, so that the actual majority against it was precisely the same in amount as the proxies against it. The enemies of proxies would perhaps adduce this as a reason—inconclusive enough, we must admit—for the reformation of the proxy system; but in reply to such an argument, we have to observe that the majority of 85 to 38 peers present, is equally decisive in proportion.

The Lords passed the *Poor Laws Amendment Bill* after several clauses had been added by the Duke of Wellington, which entirely altered the spirit of the measure, as well as many of its most important details. Under the operation of this Act, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Member for Radnorshire (who vacates in consequence), has been appointed Senior Commissioner for the management of the poor, together with Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Nicholls. Mr. Frankland Lewis gets 2000*l.* per annum, with the patronage of appointing nine Deputy Commissioners at 500*l.* per annum and their travelling expenses. If the Bill should not work well, (and it is generally considered impracticable,) all these gentlemen will be entitled to retiring allowances.

The Lords threw out the Irish Tithe Bill, and at the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, rejected the Warwick Election Bill, which had passed the Commons by a large majority. His Lordship, in so doing, took occasion to eulogize Lord Warwick; to declare his opinion that the evidence before the House did not bear out the allegations contained in the Bill; and moreover, that there was nothing illegal, dishonourable, or unusual in the interference of Peers in elections: nevertheless, the House of Commons subsequently, on the motion of Lord John Russell, decided that no writ should issue to Warwick till next Session.

The King prorogued Parliament on the 15th, with a speech in which there was about the usual number of words, but which was remarkable for nothing but having produced one of the cleverest parodies in the "Times" newspaper we ever read. It is so good that we are tempted to submit it to our readers, some of whom may not have seen it:—

MODEL OF A KING'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is with a deep sense of the exertion and labour which you have bestowed in the prosecution of your pleasures that

FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

AMONG the great political changes that have taken place during the last half-century, and which, for good or for evil, must necessarily influence the condition of those who succeed us, to remote generations, few are more interesting and important than the secession of the Spanish Colonies of South America from the weak, yet oppressive sway of their mother country.

At the time when the English colonies of North America achieved their independence, and France was progressing in her frightful revolution, Spain, in lieu of profiting by the lessons imparted by these events, and which all who opened their eyes might read—in lieu of turning her closest attention towards her western empire, redressing its grievances, facilitating and protecting its commerce, educating its youth, improving its laws and institutions, and at the same time keeping it in due submission by the strongest control of her authority and exertions of her power—instead of all this, what did she? She continued to creep on in the old worn-out path, to govern unjustly, injuriously, rapaciously, and at the same time so weakly, that her colonies had only to will their freedom, and they were free. With stupid wonder, Spain, herself on the verge of ruin, saw them shake her yoke from their necks almost without an effort.

They obtained their liberty; they did not exactly understand what that was, but they were as proud and as pleased as though they did: still less did they know what use to make of it, and instead of trying to find out, they talked in their assemblies of Greece and Rome, Cæsar, Pompey, and the Gracchi—gave themselves high-sounding republican titles—quarrelled with their neighbours and with each other—and finally—look at them now—at the expiration of five or six and twenty years, what are they?—a mere prey to the spoiler.

These states are not fitted for republicanism: that form of government, it would appear, suits best a nation in its first vigour, emerging from barbarism, while yet free from the taints of luxury and ambition. The States of South America are not forming from the strength of youth, but from the decrepitude of old age; they are remnants of the two most degenerated nations of Europe, the Spanish and the Portuguese, with their negro mixtures. The Portuguese, it is true, have as yet no republic, but their taste is decidedly that way. One cannot choose but laugh at spying the pig-tail, huge cocked hat, and tarnished embroidery of the old Spaniard and Portuguese protruding through the hastily-assumed toga of republican Rome—the ass in the lion's skin.

The author of this sketch will not apologise to her readers for presuming that they know but little about either Paraguay or Francia. Not even the detention of M. Bonpland, and the efforts made in Europe by his family for his release, could attract the public attention towards this secluded territory and its ruler. A small volume has been published by Messrs. Menger and Longchamps, Swiss gentlemen, travelling as naturalists, who were detained at Assumption (the capital) as unjustly as was M. Bonpland, from 1819 to 1825. This narrative is written with much good sense and simplicity, and its account is confirmed by the information personally received by the present writer from two other gentlemen who had been in Paraguay, one of them as a *detenu* for five years. From these sources is derived the following sketch, with the anecdotes which accompany it:—

Paraguay is an inland state of nearly the size of England, with a salubrious climate and rich soil, watered by fine navigable rivers; with a population of about five hundred thousand.

After some puerile attempts to establish a few republican forms and names, consuls, a legislative assembly, &c., the whole state sunk in the short space of four years under the absolute controul of one master-mind; Gaspard Roderick de Francia was created Dictator, at first for three years, and at the expiration of that time for life.

Francia was born in Paraguay, and has never been beyond the Spanish colonies of South America. His father is supposed by many to have been a Portuguese, but he prefers to have it believed that he is of French origin; his mother was a creole of Paraguay, and he was one of several children.

He was intended for the Church, but his destination was changed, and he embraced the profession of the law. He received the first rudiments of his education from the monks at Assumption; he then studied at the University of Cordova du Tucuman, where he was admitted Doctor of Theology, and he is usually denominated Doctor Francia.

In the exercise of his profession as a lawyer, and especially as a judge, he was remarkable for his integrity and disinterestedness. He was elected a Member of the *Cabildo*, and afterwards succeeded to the office of *Alcaldi*. He was exceedingly independent, flattered no party, and professed his sole political object to be the entire separation of Paraguay from Spain, and its formation into a republican state.

When the revolution was effected, a junta was established, to which Francia was appointed secretary, with a deliberative voice; but all was in confusion; the army, as usual on such occasions, seemed inclined to take the lead, and for a time terror and dissension alone prevailed. Francia, however, at that critical moment, obtained an ascendancy he never afterwards lost: his superior talents, address, and information were constantly appealed to, and nothing of any importance could be transacted without him.

At length it was settled that the government should be *consular*; Francia and a colleague were appointed consuls for one year, each in supreme command for four months at a time; Francia took care to secure to his share the first and the last four months of the year. Two curule chairs were prepared on this occasion; upon one was inscribed the name of Cæsar, and on the other that of Pompey; Francia eagerly took possession of the first.

But the grand blow yet remained to be struck; by the most consummate art and management, and by the influence he had obtained over the troops, he got himself at the end of the year proclaimed Dictator, and, as before said, at the end of three years, Dictator for life. The first nomination took place in 1814, when Francia was about 53 years of age.

From the moment he found his footing firm, and his authority quietly submitted to, his whole character appeared to undergo a remarkable change: without faltering or hesitation, without a pause of human weakness or a thrill of human feeling, he proceeded to frame perhaps the most extraordinary despotism that has ever been submitted to. In Paraguay there exist at present but two classes—the Dictator forms one, and the populace the other; in the Dictator is lodged the whole power, legislative and executive, of the state; the populace has no power, and only one duty—to obey. All was done rapidly, boldly, and powerfully; he well knew the character of the weak and ignorant people at whose head he had placed himself, and who had had the temerity to presume that they possessed energy and virtue enough for a republic.

As the result of this remarkable effort, the middling orders are destroyed; there is no gradation between the ruler and the people—a man may be richer or better educated than his neighbour; but if these advantages be not quite as useful to the Dictator as they are to their possessor, they only render him liable to become an object of distrust and oppression.

Even that most difficult of all powers to control—the power of a bigotted but dissolute clergy over a deceived and ignorant people—Francia

has entirely mastered ; not a monastic institution now exists in Paraguay. The poor old bishop appointed by Spain has been long in a state of derangement, brought on by his horror at the revolution and its consequences ; his place is filled by a vicar-general, a creature of the Dictator's. No processions of any kind are allowed to take place except that of the *Fête Dieu*, and the Sabbath is the only religious holiday permitted to be observed. The Dictator nominates all the curates throughout the country, and withdraws them at his pleasure. He proclaims that every individual in Paraguay may adopt any creed he pleases ; he may even be a Mahometan or a deist—anything but an atheist.

He has long since put an end altogether to the municipal body termed the *Cabildo*, not only in the capital, but in every town in Paraguay ; in the former he has replaced it by a couple of *alcaldes*, a *fiel executor* (head of the police), and an advocate for minors ; they are all dependent on him in every respect.

The Dictator is the sole receiver and disposer of all the revenues of the state ; he observes great secrecy concerning them, so that it has not yet been found possible to make a just estimate of their amount. The minister of finance is merely a principal clerk ; he cannot make the smallest payment, or the most trifling delivery of stores, without the authority of the Dictator, whose economy is ludicrously minute. The only branch of expenditure on which he appears to be liberal is the provision of the warlike stores, which he is aware, in the event of an invasion, could not be procured ; but although the supply is amply kept up, it is only by oppressing the foreign merchant or the native artizan. The salaries of the public functionaries are very moderate—many have none but their fees of office ; the clergy are almost all supported by voluntary contributions. The public works are carried on by prisoners, or by means of forced labour, the master workmen alone receiving salaries.

The revenues of the state arise from tithes, a tax upon shops and store-houses in the capital, an import and export duty, the sale duty, stamps, postage of letters, fines, confiscations, the produce of the national domains (which are very extensive), and the *droit d'aubaine*.

Of these taxes the most severe are the import duty and the *droit d'aubaine* ; the latter is one of the most wicked and unjust oppressions of this nature ever invented : by it, the state becomes the heir of all foreigners who die without legitimate children *born in Paraguay*. As the poor stranger breathes his last, he beholds the myrmidons of government in his house, taking inventories and affixing their seals—he is obliged to declare upon oath the amount of his property, without even deducting his debts—although he may be in the agonies of death, he is removed from his bed into another apartment, while his chamber undergoes the same scrutiny as the rest of his habitation ; if yet likely to live for a few days, a small pittance is doled out from his own purse to supply him with mere necessities ; there is not left even sufficient for his interment, which is usually done by subscription, while his widow and foreign-born orphans are turned destitute from their roof.

The army is the Dictator's instrument of power—it consists of only five thousand regular troops and twenty thousand militia ; the levies of both carefully exclude young men of education, or who belong to wealthy families. Among the regulars, all must serve at first, without exception, in the ranks, from whence they are raised, at the pleasure and choice of the Dictator, to fill the station of officers—that is to say, of ensigns and lieutenants, not more than half a dozen individuals at most possessing the rank of captain, beyond which there is no promotion. A soldier of the line can only be tried for any serious crime by the Dictator in person. Very strict discipline is enforced in all that regards their conduct as soldiers ; but when off duty, they are at perfect liberty, lead licentious lives, and are seldom reprimanded for any misconduct towards the citizens.

There are at the capital two kinds of prisons; the public prison for criminals and debtors, and the state prison for offenders against the government. In the first, the prisoners are crowded together in the most unwholesome and miserable manner, without distinction of age, rank, sex, or species of crime; but their condition is not so hopeless and heart-breaking as that of the state-prisoners, who languish for years in darkness, chains, and solitude: not sickness, nor even the approach of death itself, occasioning more than a slight amelioration in their treatment. A Doctor Sabaler, who was as an especial favour allowed to be visited by one of the Swiss travellers in his medical capacity, died with the *grillos* on his feet, and was not allowed even to receive the sacrament.

But the most singular feature in the government of Francia is the perfect isolation in which he has succeeded in placing Paraguay. In the attainment of this object he has been no doubt assisted by the peculiar situation of the country: in the midst of an immense and thinly-populated continent, it stands alone and impenetrable: its large rivers, extensive forests and morasses, together with the vigilant measures adopted by the Dictator, render it next to impossible for a single individual to escape from his dominions; the attempt is perilous in the extreme: those who make it have to encounter the dangers of entirely losing every clue to their destination in the wilds; of being destroyed in one of the immense and frequent conflagrations of the forest; of excessive fatigue and exposure; of starvation, and of attacks from serpents, wild beasts, and savages: if they are brought back, instant execution, or chains and imprisonment await them.

The only possibility of escape is during the time that the river Paraguay overflows the surrounding plains; it is then *just* practicable, and *has been* effected: but the Swiss travellers give an interesting account of an attempt to escape during that time, in 1823, which failed. The fugitives, however, showed great want of foresight in their preparations: they had neither fire-arms nor fishing-tackle, both indispensable either to their defence or subsistence. The party consisted of a Mr. Escaffier, four free negroes, and a negress in a state of pregnancy. One of the men died from fatigue, another from the bite of a serpent; at one time they were surrounded by a conflagration, at another involved in an immense glade in the midst of a forest, where they wandered about for fifteen days, seeking the only outlet it contained, namely, the one by which they had entered it. At last they were taken by a serjeant of militia; they were in so reduced a state that the whole party were quite incapable of defending themselves against one man: they were imprisoned and tortured, but ultimately treated with more lenity than might have been expected.

This singular system of national imprisonment extends not only to the natives of the *free republic* of Paraguay, but also in a most unjust and extraordinary degree to the foreigners residing there. The two Swiss gentlemen already alluded to were travelling for scientific purposes in these vast and unknown regions. At Corrientes, which was in a state of commotion, they were detained eight months, before being permitted to re-embark on the Parana, which conveyed them into Paraguay, and to Assumption, its capital, in July 1819. Here they were presented to the Dictator, and were told not to concern themselves about his government, but in all other respects to do as they pleased; and it appears that no obstacle was thrown in the way of their researches, for which long excursions into the country must have been necessary.

In consequence of a conspiracy being detected, and of some other commotions on the frontier, occasioned by the banditti of Artigas, who after a life of general plunder, upon all estates and parties, was forced to take refuge in Paraguay from his own troops—the port was closed, and all foreign communication put an entire stop to. This was a sad blow to the Europeans in Assumption, who now amounted to about forty persons, English, French, Swiss, and Italian; all merchants, except the two Swiss

gentlemen and an English physician. Still, however, they experienced no molestation, until the arrest of M. Bonpland, at his establishment on the frontier, dispelled their illusion. The excuse was that he had held communication with the rebel troops of Artigas, and that his establishment was formed less for commercial or scientific objects than to facilitate an invasion. A party of his Indians were massacred by the soldiers of the Dictator; M. Bonpland himself, although apparently unarmed and unresisting, was wounded; his property was plundered, and, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria. In the course of this painful journey, he forgot, like a good Christian, that he was among his enemies, and attended in his medical capacity the soldiers whom the Indians had wounded in their own defence. However, as soon as the Dictator was apprized of the treatment M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, and restored to him such of his property as had escaped the plunder of the soldiers; but he was not permitted to come to the capital; a residence was assigned to him near Santa Maria, where he remained a prisoner for many years: the more interest that was made for him, either by governments or individuals, the more Francia appeared to rejoice at having him in his power.

At length, having received an official notification of the acknowledgment of the South American Republics by England, accompanied by a request that the English in Paraguay might be permitted to leave the country whenever they pleased, with their effects, the Dictator ordered them to get their vessels ready. The Swiss gentlemen thought it a favourable moment to apply for the same benefit, which, after the delay of a couple of months, when they were beginning quite to despair, was suddenly granted. Passports were given to them at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with orders to sail by a vessel that was to depart at *one* the same day—*two hours* allowed them to settle their affairs, make their preparations, and, above all, to pack up their collections of objects of natural history, several of which were of a very fragile nature. There is no spur like necessity. Leaving much in the hands of confidential persons, they went on board and sailed at the prescribed hour, amidst the good wishes of a multitude of spectators of all ranks; after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay—two years voluntarily, and four by forcible detention.

While on the subject of the treatment of foreigners in Paraguay, it will doubtless not be uninteresting to present an account of the reception there of a countryman of our own. He is one of the two gentlemen (the *detenu* for five years) already mentioned as having afforded to the writer of this the advantage of personal information. The account which follows is in his own words.

“It was late in the evening that the little sloop in which I took my passage had entered the waters of Paraguay. On the approach of night we secured our bark, as is the custom in that river, to a tree, in order to await the dawn of the next morning. We had not been long in this situation, when a certain noise, repeated and answered at intervals, attracted our notice. We had on board an Indian who was returning to his native country, in the capacity of our pilot; he told us that the noise proceeded from the encampment of a tribe of Indians who occupied the right bank of the river, and were then at war with Paraguay. This intelligence caused us some uneasiness. After supper, our men had scarcely retired to rest when a canoe came rapidly down the stream, and was alongside before the person on watch had discovered it. The noise made by him to arouse the people, seemed to have alarmed the persons in the canoe; they let go our chains and were gliding along with the current, when my fowling-piece, which happened to be at hand loaded with bird-shot, was discharged in their direction; they returned us the compliment once with ball, and left us to digest as we might this nocturnal encounter. Presuming that they would return during the night with additional force, we made some little

preparation to receive them. We were not disturbed, however, until day-break, when a canoe was seen coming up the stream: after a cautious approach, the persons in it hailed, and came on board; they inquired who was *patron* or master, and on the poor fellow going forward, they assaulted him with their sabres in the most brutal manner. I inquired the cause of such violent conduct; but the only answer I could get from them, was the frequent repetition, in a very agitated manner, of the words 'You will see presently.'

"I thought that our hour was come—that the villains were going to take us on shore among the bushes, and shoot us at once. The pilot, who spoke of course the Paraguay language, was asked who I was; on being told, I suppose they considered me entitled to equal attention with the master; so they took hold of me, but without striking, they tied both hands behind my back, as they had already done to him.

"In this situation an *eclaircissement* took place: instead of Indians as we had supposed them, our nocturnal visitors happened to have been free Paraguayos taking their rounds in their capacity of river patrol, or guard. Our small shot had spread so much that it slightly wounded three of the men, who in their terror took us for a man-of-war; and the silly fellows, under that impression, proceeded straight to the nearest piquet, where they made their report accordingly. The officer on guard, without waiting for further investigation, sent an express with the awful intelligence to the commandant of the district, who in his turn was equally expeditious in sending it on to the capital. I requested our captor (from whom we got the first part of this intelligence, and who was by degrees becoming less cholerick and more disposed to hearken to reason) to ease the ties on our hands as much as was consistent with the security of our persons. As the master, smarting under the excruciating pain produced by the brutal manner in which they had tied him was crying aloud like a child, he was ordered to be untied altogether. My release soon followed: on the removal of the cords, and the re-action of the blood, the sensation was most unpleasant: for a moment or two I lost my sight, and could scarcely stand; my hands were swollen and much discoloured.

"The master fainted away on being untied, and was obliged to be carried below. On his recovery we were ordered into the canoe—conducted a few miles up the river—landed and lodged in a guard-house, where the master was immediately placed in the stocks. My time had not yet arrived. The serjeant who conducted us had, during our intercourse, become somewhat less hostile towards me, and wishing to save me the indignity of the stocks desired me to sit down in the porch of the guard-house, under the eye of the sentinel.

"The commander of the detachment forming this guard now made his appearance, not at all in a disposition to deprive me of the benefit of a repose in the stocks. His orders in this respect were soon complied with; but accident brought about my release sooner than either the fellow wished or I anticipated. As the affair of the previous night had now assumed quite a different shape to what had been originally given to it, it became the commander's duty to forward, without delay, a fresh bulletin, together with the papers and manifest of the vessel, as well as the correspondence, of which I might be the bearer. I told him he could have none of those papers unless I went on board. Persisting in this, I soon found myself at comparative liberty, accompanying the officer to the vessel. By the time we had returned to the guard-house his temper was somewhat mollified, and he did not insist on a second lodgment in the stocks. The rest of the day was passed in much preparation, and it must have been about ten o'clock at night when the master was roused from his slumbers in the stocks; we mounted on horseback, and, strongly escorted, travelled all night. At day-break we were in sight of, and not very distant from Neembucii, the residence of the commandant of the district,—a halt was

ordered, and a person approached, who told me with civility that he must secure my hands before we entered the town. I desired him to do his duty; he then fixed a cord to my arms above the elbows, leaving sufficient play to guide the horse: the master was served in like manner. This individual, a native of Portugal, had hitherto wished to pass himself off upon me as the bravest of the brave; but ever since our capture he had behaved in a very pusillanimous manner, often crying aloud, entreating the mercy of the brutal Paraguayos, and ever and anon using earnest supplication to the Virgin Mary.

"We were very soon conducted to the presence of the awful commandant of Neembucii; a tall, lank, elderly man, and with his arm stretched out very like a cross-road sign-post. On our approach, he apparently assumed his most imposing manner, and asked 'how we had the temerity to fire on his people?' I replied, 'that we did not know them to be his people—that they came alongside and attempted to board in a dark night without hailing; a conduct so unusual, that we took them to be some of the barbarous Indians, whose signals we had heard a little time before, and that under similar circumstances we should again act in the like manner.' After expressing his indignation, he ordered our bonds to be removed, sent the master to the common prison, and placed me under the surveillance of a guard stationed on the bank of the river, to keep a look-out for such vessels as might be passing either up or down. I passed about a week in this situation, but that week produced a great change in our affairs. Francia had received in due course the intimation of the presence of an enemy's vessel in the river, and lost not a moment in adopting defensive measures. Six hundred men were under marching orders for the frontier, when the intelligence reached him that the terrible man-of-war had dwindled down into an insignificant merchantman, and that his men had been accidentally wounded with bird-shot, for having attempted to board at night without hailing. He was very angry with his people on this occasion, and particularly chagrined at the want of etiquette which had caused them to be taken for barbarous Indians: 'Would to God,' he exclaimed, 'that the Englishmen had sunk them!'

"About one-half of the troops assembled were sent after all to Neembucii under a new commander, so that I had the pleasure to see the old one removed in disgrace. His successor treated me with civility, placed me in possession of my vessel, and restored me the master.

"From this place we had a long passage of about three weeks to the capital, where I found that the sensation produced by our rencontre with the canoe was very great. Much speculation was afloat about the reception I was to meet with from the Dictator.

"On landing, I was conducted by a soldier to the government-house, where my arrival was announced. I had not to wait long before I was requested to enter; the day was cold and rainy—I was dressed in a body-coat buttoned, over which I wore a great coat—my pocket-handkerchief, for convenience of access, was pushed in between the buttons of my coat at the breast. The officer requested me to take off my great coat, and, without saying a word, he pulled out my pocket-handkerchief—then, without further ceremony, requested me to enter.

"At the end of a long interior corridor I saw a thin, spare man, not very tall, with a pen stuck behind one ear. His coat, which was made of light grey cloth, might be said to be neither civil nor military; a little stripe of lace on the shoulder was all that distinguished it from any common garment of the same class. Not taking this personage for the Dictator, I hesitated to proceed, but he beckoned and I advanced. I told him I was an Englishman just arrived; he asked when I had left Buenos Ayres? why I had remained so long on the way? and many other questions. He spoke of England and the English people with great affability and frankness of manner.

"I have heard that persons admitted to his presence have been required to stand, and to place their hands in a certain position; I studied no particular posture, nor did he seem to pay the least attention to it. He told me that I had several countrymen in the city, some of whom were then about returning to Buenos Ayres: he then dismissed me in a manner indicating kindness and friendship more than anything else. He made no allusion to the affair of the canoe, and in that respect I thought it prudent to follow his example; although, if it had come from himself, I was rather desirous to speak to him on the subject.

"The Paraguayos are a kind and hospitable people, and during the many pleasant excursions I made into the interior of the country, they amply atoned to me, by their attention and civilities, for the barbarous manner in which I was treated on entering their country."

This gentleman intended to have stayed two months in Paraguay; he was detained *five years*, only receiving his release at the time I have alluded to, when permission was granted to the English to quit, and in which permission the two Swiss gentlemen, Messrs. Menger and Longchamps, were so fortunate as to get themselves included. There were also some French merchants who had already been detained some years, and who *have not yet* effected their release; a representation on the subject is at this moment making to the French minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro.

Another class of persons whose situation in Paraguay calls for the commiseration of all, is that of the Spaniards. Against them the suspicion, jealousy, and hatred of Francia are particularly directed; as in Brazil the Portuguese are the chief objects of enmity, and as in the United States the English are the most disliked of all Europeans.

The Spaniards at the time of the revolution formed the most wealthy and educated class of the community; most of them had Creole wives; notwithstanding which, their race was declared extinct so far as related to civil affairs, and they were prohibited for the future from intermarrying with white women. This decree was, however, suffered to lie dormant until Francia had arrived at the height of his power; when, unfortunately, a fanatic Spaniard being exasperated at the quartering of six hundred men in the Convent of St. Francis, had the imprudence openly to exclaim, "The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn is yet to come." This language was duly reported—the culprit was sent for. "As to when I shall go," the Dictator said to him, "I really am ignorant; but this I know, that you shall go before me." The unhappy man was shot next day, his property confiscated, and his widow and children reduced to beggary.

This was the commencement of the reign of terror, as far as regarded the Spaniards; the consular decree just mentioned was revived, and confiscations and executions rapidly increased. At length a conspiracy was formed; it was headed by Francia's late colleague, and other members of the junta established at the revolution—it was discovered—torture, chains, and death succeeded, and the failure of this hostile attack only served to confirm the power of the Dictator.

The convicted and the sufferers upon this occasion had been chiefly Creoles, but Francia was resolved to strike one grand blow at the Spaniards, against whom his suspicion never slept. Having shot one of them for not pleasing him in some mason-work he had been intrusted with, the Dictator issued an order calling on all the Spaniards inhabiting the city and places within a league of it to assemble in three hours at the square in front of the government-house. They assembled to the number of three hundred; they were accused, among other frivolous charges, of obstructing the proceedings of government; they were led to prison, and crowded by fifties into ill-ventilated rooms, where they were shut up at night, and by day were allowed to walk in a small yard. The Dictator appeared to

think that he treated them with great lenity, and called them, not his *prisoners*, but his *recluses*. The late Governor of Paraguay, who had ruled up to the time of the revolution, contrary to the usual practice of his countrymen, with much justice and moderation, was among the number; he sickened and died, without being able to procure medical assistance.

Some of the prisoners, those of humble condition, were in a short time enlarged, but compelled to withdraw from four to ten leagues' distance from the capital. The more influential persons remained in prison nearly nineteen months, and only recovered their liberty on the hard condition of paying within three days a fine of 150,000 piastres. The money was exacted upon so rigorous a principle, that one individual having died, his contingent was levied on his orphans, although they were Creoles. Three were kept in prison for default of payment, and many others were only enabled to make up their proportion through the kindness of some Cr le merchants: much to the credit of the Paraguayos be it told, that on this occasion they buried in oblivion their national antipathy; and liberally assisted, fed, clothed, and employed the poor Spaniards, to whose influence in the state Francia had thus given a death-blow.

The complete isolation of Paraguay produced one important benefit; the inhabitants were forced to pay attention to agriculture, which the Dictator wisely encouraged, and by his own practical knowledge greatly improved. Besides the cultivation of the tobacco-leaf, the sugar-cane, and the zucca-root, which together with the preparation of the *herb of Paraguay*, had hitherto exclusively employed the industry of the natives,—their fruitful plains began now to be spread over with rice, maize, fruits, and vegetables hitherto unknown to them. Above all, the cultivation of cotton, which article they had until now received wholly from Corrientes, succeeded so well, that its home produce entirely replaced the quantity which had been usually imported. The encouragement of the breed of horses and horned cattle produced the same effects. Manufactures kept pace with agriculture; and the clothing of the people, which had for the most part been imported ready made at a great expense, was now entirely manufactured and made up at home. The Brazilian Consul on his return from Paraguay in 1825, embarked at St. Catherine's, on board the frigate commanded by the husband of the writer of this sketch, and is the other informant to whom allusion has been made. He presented the writer with a scarf and pocket-handkerchief from Assumption; the scarf is of white cotton, of a rough, unfinished texture, with the ends most elaborately worked in all manner of devices; the pocket-handkerchief is of French cambric, worked in Assumption, most richly and delicately, although it had evidently been so long in hand that the material itself had become worn. The Consul stated, that the females employed in these fine works were constantly attended by slaves, and were not even permitted to turn the handle of a door, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of their touch.

Thus out of evil came forth good; for it cannot be denied that Francia's suspicions and illiberal system has brought out, in objects of the first importance, the dormant energies of a very talented people. Commerce; where it precedes agriculture and manufactures, is out of its place, and this is its situation generally in regard to South America, which remains poor in the midst of mines of silver, gold, and gems. Commerce has also, in this point of view, a demoralizing effect—it encourages expense and idleness; it produces foreign luxuries, where no home-comforts exist; speculation and rapacity take the place of steady industry; all is show and incongruity—nothing substantial and consistent. Some ludicrous effects have been related of this premature introduction of foreign conveniences.

At an inland estate in Brazil, the negroes and their overseers were employed in carrying ore, with all its weighty additions of earth, stone, and rubbish to the stamping-mill, which was at a considerable distance from the mine, and much time and labour were wasted in the conveyance. To

obviate this inconvenience, the owner of the estate, who was at Rio de Janeiro, sent them a supply of wheelbarrows from a lot which had been just imported. The sagacious overseers and their sable workmen admired the contrivance of the wheelbarrows, which they perceived would carry three times as much as could be transported in the usual way; accordingly they loaded them—the patient blacks stooped their silly heads—the wheelbarrows were placed on them, and they staggered along under the painfully-increased load—congratulating themselves, however, that they should have but one run instead of three; and this continued, no one, black or white, discovering the blunder, until the astonished owner returned and rectified it.

A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator.

But to return: while agriculture and manufactures thus rapidly improved and flourished, commerce on the other hand was absolutely annihilated. During the close of its port, Assumption resembled a coast where a hundred ships had run aground, and its storehouses, as well as those of the other principal towns, were heaped with rotting tobacco and the herb of Paraguay; the latter, which grows wild in the forests, being the staple commodity of the country, used for making *matlé*, a kind of tea, without which the Spanish Americans can scarcely exist.

Among numerous instances of the breach of hospitality by Francia, one singular example of its observance merits being recorded. The bandit chieftain Antigas had done a great deal of injury to Paraguay, both by land and on the river, and had incensed Francia yet further by fomenting revolts among his Indians. Nevertheless, when one of Antigas's lieutenants rebelled against him, and forced him to retreat with the wreck of his army, he threw himself on the mercy of the Dictator, and his appeal was listened to. He was conducted by an escort to the capital, where he was very anxious to obtain an audience of the Dictator; but this was refused, and he was sent to the village of Curngnaty, eighty-five leagues north of Assumption. From that place it is impossible for him to escape but by a desert on the Brazilian side, of which there is very little danger that he will avail himself, after the excesses he has committed against that nation. The Dictator assigned him a house and lands, with thirty-two piastres a month (his pay formerly as lieutenant of chasseurs), and ordered the governor of the circle to furnish him besides with whatever accommodations he required, and to treat him with great respect. It appears that since that time Antigas has wished to expiate, at least in part, the iniquities he has perpetrated. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor in Curngnaty. It is presumed that he is still residing there.

Among other means of making himself master of all that passes in his territory, Francia has suppressed the post-office; but the post-masters keep their places, in order to expedite official letters, and collect the postage of all others brought by private conveyance, for these letters do not pass free. The violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.

Francia does not encourage education, but he throws no obstacles in its way: he allows the public elementary schools for boys, which he found

established at Assumption, to continue, and takes no notice of several private seminaries that have lately been formed for both sexes.

The city of Assumption is built in the shape of an amphitheatre upon a rising ground, washed by the river Paraguay. Its streets, in 1820, were crooked, irregular, and narrow. The houses, consisting of only one floor, generally stood apart from each other; they were interspersed with trees, little gardens, brushwood, and patches of verdure. Numerous springs issued from the ground in every part of the town, and formed streams or stagnated into pools; the rain-water had furrowed the soil, and broken up all the sloping streets. Such was the city Francia undertook to remodel; and the description given by the Swiss gentlemen of the effects produced by ignorance, miscalculation, and injustice, are almost incredible. At the end of four years the capital of Paraguay presented the aspect of a city that had been bombarded for several months; whole streets were seen bordered merely by hedges of dry reeds; and among the thinly-scattered houses, but a very few had their fronts towards the street. The individual loss and suffering exceeded calculation.

It may be interesting to give, in conclusion, a few details of the private life of Francia, and a few anecdotes concerning him, which will place this singular personage in a closer point of view.

Discovering once (before he became corrupted by the acquisition of power) that he was possessor of eight hundred piastres, he thought this sum too much for a single person, and he spent it. There seems to have really existed originally in the breast of this man somewhat of that simple and severe species of virtue which is essential in the formation and preservation of a republic.

The unfavourable change in his disposition when he became Dictator perhaps not even he himself can clearly account for; he was past the age when any dormant vice, except that of avarice, springs up in the character; he was not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of exalted rank, nor even by that nobler weakness, the desire of fame; for he takes no pains to display his power, or spread his reputation among foreign nations, nor to hand it down to posterity. On the contrary, he carefully shrouds himself, and as far as possible his dominions, in haughty seclusion. Admitting that he had become convinced that his country in her present state was not fitted for republicanism, and that it was requisite for her real welfare that absolute power for a time, at least, should be wielded by one able and vigorous hand—still, on assuming that power, had he not the most splendid opportunity ever enjoyed by a man, of rendering the most lasting and essential benefits to his country? Admitting even that it was necessary for him to rule with a rod of iron in one hand, who would have blamed him had he showered down blessings with the other?

One of the strongest and most painful proofs of how little the real good of his people lies at the heart of Francia, is, that no provision appears to be made for their government at his death, which may now, from his great age, be soon expected. All then will probably relapse into anarchy, unless the army take affairs into its own hand, and experience has fully shown us what the governor and the governed are then likely to endure.

The ruling, or rather the absorbing passion of Francia, is the love of power—of power for itself alone; it is with him a pure, abstracted principle, free from desire of the splendour which usually surrounds it, of the wealth which usually supports it, and of the fame which usually succeeds it. To this passion is united one more spring of action, and one only—it is the fear of assassination:—"Even-handed justice returns the chalice to his own lips,"—he who inflicts terror on all around him is himself its greatest slave; and for one death that he causes, he suffers in imagination a thousand.

There is one peculiarity which must not be omitted in any scrutiny into the causes of Francia's habits of mind. His father was of very eccentric

habits, his brother and one of his sisters were lunatics, and he himself is subject to fits of hypochondria, which have sometimes degenerated into madness: his mind is therefore not *sound*; but while the knowledge of this fact diminishes our wonder at the inconsistency of his character, it very much increases it as to the folly of the people, who with such abject submission bend down their necks for him to trample on.

When the hypochondriacal fit comes on, Francia sometimes shuts himself up for several days, but if unhappily he does not do this, he ill-treats every one around him, orders arrests, inflicts the severest punishments, and thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death.

On the occasion of an execution, the Dictator himself gives out the ball-cartridges, and so parsimonious is he of these materials, that he allows but three men to each execution; so that, in more instances than one, the unhappy victims have been dispatched by the bayonet. Francia is a witness of these scenes of horror, for the executions take place always beneath his window, and frequently in his actual presence.

Once, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinel placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to *fix his eyes* upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, *this* is for a second shot—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss *you*." The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the Government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the Dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it.

Francia was never married; but in his earlier days he was by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex; however, on becoming Dictator, he abjured them altogether, and at the same time relinquished play. The only being for whom he seemed to have any lasting attachment was a sister, who was usually in charge of his country-house; but so jealous is he of his authority, that he sent her away, because she took upon herself to order a slave to be chastised. He has nephews, but apparently takes no interest in them; when he became Dictator he dismissed two, who were officers in the army, only from the fear that they might presume upon their relationship. One he confined in irons four years for having at a ball (it seems people dance even in Paraguay!) struck a man who had insulted him; and another passed a year in the public prison for having employed one of the military band in a serenade which he gave his mistress.

At the commencement of Francia's dictatorship for life, while the people were not yet sufficiently trained for their yoke, when he rode out on horseback he was escorted by hussars; two went before and one followed him; it was their duty to see that every person on the road stopped in the most respectful manner as he passed. At a subsequent period, Francia required his attendants to drive back on the highway all who presented themselves; and the blows of the flat part of the sabre, with which these directions were enforced, very soon disgusted the curious.

He imprisoned the wife of a conspirator, who, upon the arrest of her husband, took the resolution of joining together the broken threads of the conspiracy. Though detected and put in irons, she still repeated every day, "Had I a thousand lives to lose, I would risk them all to destroy this monster!"

A woman out of jealousy accused her lover of having uttered offensive expressions against the Dictator, who ordered the unfortunate man to re-

ceive a hundred blows: but the latter was so averse to this disgraceful punishment, that he begged to be shot rather than undergo it, and his request was immediately complied with. The Dictator, however, was never known to reward either a spy or informer; on the contrary, he so justly appreciated their character, that he dismissed some officers who had acted for him in that capacity, as soon as he had no further use for their services.

Since 1820, Francia has taken no part in public worship, and has seized every occasion to show his dislike to the established religion. To a commandant, who asked him for the image of a saint, that he might place a newly-constructed fortress under its protection, he answered—"O people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic I believed as you do, but *now* I know that bullets are the best saints you can have on the frontiers."

To give an idea of the instruction of the clergy, one anecdote will be enough. In the vale of Ita, about thirty miles from the capital, there is a community of Indians, subjects of Paraguay, who had a curate, the son of a warrior, on whom the king of Spain had conferred the title of Don, in reward for some service. This title, which the courtesy of modern times extends to all who have the least pretension to gentility, descended by right to his son, the curate, who, it appears, had been regularly educated for the Church. He was a kind, hospitable, social man, much beloved in the neighbourhood, and sought after by all travellers. There were three points on which he piqued himself: his great sobriety, the abundance and excellence of his table, and his deep knowledge of sacred history. It was no doubt his superiority on the last point which, in despite of his reputation for gallantry, attracted all the fair penitents of the country round. As a specimen of his scriptural erudition, he maintained that the Sacred Founder of our religion (whose name I dare not mention in such a sentence as this) "and Mahomet were very intimate friends; that they met frequently to discuss certain points of their respective religions, and that many an evening had they passed together, sitting on the same cloth, and smoking out of the same hookah."

Besides the neighbours and strangers that usually met at the Padre's hospitable board, its benefits were extended to fifteen cats and one-third that number of dogs, which daily surrounded it, and were fed from the hand of their benevolent master. The Padre in the hot weather regularly undressed for dinner; sitting down only in a pair of long drawers, trimmed at the ankles with lace, and a scarf thrown over his shoulders; of these he had a great variety, worked by the fair penitents aforesaid. Indeed the Paraguayans, although fond and vain of dress on occasions of show, are very indifferent to it as an object of decency and comfort. Both sexes are permitted, especially in the country, to go unclothed, until they are well advanced in their teens; if a young girl be sent on a message to a neighbouring farm, she merely throws a scarf over her head, its ends hanging negligently down in front, and thus trudges along quite unconscious of the surprise her singular appearance excites in the passing stranger. From this complete freedom they spring up strait and well-proportioned: "I could not help," says the informant of the present writer, "comparing them to the palm-trees around; they were as graceful and as pliant, and like them, too, their heads alone were covered."

Francia is much praised for his disinterestedness in regard to money: his private fortune has never been increased by his elevation; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear. He is not forgetful of the claims of old fellowship or kindness, provided they are accompanied with diffidence and great respect.

The Dictator admits of no confidant; he has never been known to take counsel of any one, nor can any one boast of ever having exercised influence over him.

"I knew an officer," says our liberated fellow-countryman, "of the Dictator's body-guard, who was supposed to be making rapid progress in his favour; he did not however stand his ground long; he was dismissed, and having no family who could support him, was reduced to become a day-labourer in the fields. One day, while strolling in the neighbourhood of the city, I saw this individual, naked from the waist upwards, occupied in roasting sweet mandioca for his dinner.

"The body-guard," he continues, "was composed of about a hundred picked men, the tallest and handsomest that could be found in the country. The lieutenant, by whom the guard was commanded, was a young man of very little education, although the son of parents in easy circumstances. From his situation about the person of the Dictator, he was much looked up to by many, and was considered as possessing favour at head-quarters. This youth grew uncommonly vain, and scarcely knew how to walk or dress, till at last not a day passed without producing some new or extravagant article of apparel. Francia saw with displeasure his monkey-like behaviour, and one morning, when he presumed to appear at parade in an extraordinarily-shaped and ornamented jacket, he called him, and with some familiarity asked where he had got his pretty jacket?—'You look extremely well in it,' said Francia, 'but I think you would look still better if you were to take off your trousers, and wear it without them, after the fashion of your countrymen.' The poor fellow was obliged to take the hint, strip, and walk a turn or two before the Dictator, who complimented him on his appearance, and appealed to the soldiers as to whether he had not suggested a striking improvement. After this scene his services were no longer required."

This corps looked well; it was clothed in a handsome manner, and was much esteemed by Francia for a time: when in good humour he was in the habit of calling it his corps of "Frenchified Russians," thereby meaning, "barbarians in progress of civilization." However, it finally incurred his displeasure and was disbanded.

Francia treats his officers with very little ceremony; when displeased he abuses them in the presence of the soldiers, as though they were his menial servants, thus aiming at diminishing their importance and increasing his own.

The death of a person, in his service, under the following melancholy circumstances, produced a great effect upon the mind of the Dictator, and was followed by some beneficial consequences. About the middle of 1824, a young man (of whose capacity Francia entertained a high opinion, and for whom he had created the office of secretary of state) having committed some trifling errors in the exercise of his functions became alarmed for the consequences. Dreading to be reproached or dismissed by the Dictator, he resolved to drown himself, though, as first officer of the government, he might have effected his escape. Before dying, he wrote a letter to the Dictator, in which he gave an account of his official conduct, adding, that in the position in which he stood, he considered that flight would dishonour his country and disgrace his name. The Dictator was moved; he perceived how heavily his yoke bore even upon those who were most devoted to him. He was induced to hint that the time was not far distant when Paraguay might enjoy some liberty. Imprisonments became less frequent; none but criminals were sentenced to death, and the denunciations of informers were more disregarded: he punished, too, in his army, some instances of oppression and insolence towards the people. In short, Paraguay, from that moment, began to breathe somewhat more freely, and the self-sacrifice of this honourable and heroic youth was at least not made in vain.

The Swiss travellers describe the Dictator as a man of middle stature, with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterize the Creoles of South America; and as having a most penetrating look, with a

strong expression of distrust. On their first introduction he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat (the uniform of a Spanish general,) waistcoat, breeches, stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. He was then sixty-two years of age, but did not appear more than fifty. At the commencement of a conversation he is haughty and intimidating, but if met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes, when in a good humour, by conversing very agreeably; and he is then perceived to be a man of great talent and extensive acquirements. He is a devoted admirer of Napoleon, whose downfall he always deplores; he contemplated with much interest his portrait when shown to him by the Swiss gentlemen; he had in his possession a caricature of Napoleon, which he had mistaken for a portrait, until his visitors explained the German inscription that was underneath it. They believe that it must have been this caricature that suggested to the Dictator the idea of adding to his costume an enormous badge in imitation of the clumsy star with which Napoleon is decorated in that piece. Francia also showed the strangers his library, which, together with the best Spanish authors, contained the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, &c. He possessed, also, some mathematical instruments, globes, and maps—among the latter the best map of Paraguay that is to be found in the country. From the knowledge of the constellations, which he acquired by means of his celestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it is imagined by the people that he is an astrologer, but he himself does not encourage this notion.

In the last interview Dr. Renger had with Francia, when at the end of six years he and his friend had conceived hope from the English being permitted to depart, and ventured to ask for passports, Francia listened to the request without replying to it, but desired Dr. Renger to go and inspect some forty or fifty recruits who had fallen sick. On his return, Francia asked him several questions about his travels in the interior of Paraguay, and what he intended publishing. He appeared to be very well satisfied with the recognition of the new republics by England, and said, "The French government was wrong not to have been beforehand with the English. The analogy between the characters of both nations, a common religion, and the nature of the produce and manufactures of France, which are better adapted to the wants of these countries, seemed to call for amicable relations, which would have opened new and invaluable channels to French commerce. But that government, instead of signaling itself by an act of liberality, which was in perfect conformity with the interests of France, has preferred maintaining, by a ruinous expedition, a tottering throne, the fall of which it can only defer, but not ultimately prevent. I should not be surprised to see that government making an attack upon our republics in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh, and that is one of my reasons for not permitting the French who are here to depart. With regard to your request, we shall consider of it." The result of this conversation is known to the reader. One motive for the delay in granting the request was, that the Dictator wished to have appointed Dr. Renger chief physician to the troops, with the direction of a new military hospital he intended to establish.

Francia's household consists of four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. He leads a very regular life—the first rays of the sun rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. Francia then prepares with the greatest possible care his *maté*, or Paraguay tea; having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, but the

only member of the faculty in whom he confides. If the Dictator be in good humour he chats with him, and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects. This barber may be said to be his official gazette (no new incident, by the by, in the annals of history). He then puts on his dressing-gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. At seven he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers and other functionaries come to make their reports and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock the principal secretary brings the papers that are to be submitted to his inspection, and writes from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retire, and Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself; when the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's closet, who comes out and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta*; on awaking, he takes his *maté* and smokes a cigar, after observing the same precautions as in the morning. From this until four or five he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; the barber then enters and dresses his hair while his horse is saddling. During his ride Francia inspects the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study until nine, when he takes his supper, consisting of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watch-word, and on returning into the house he fastens all the doors himself.

For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barracks, which are outside the city, about a quarter of a league from his usual residence; but there his manner of living is the same, except that he sometimes takes the pleasures of the chace. In the apartments that he occupies there are always arms within his reach; pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him; and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette prescribed at his audiences; the person admitted must not approach nearer to the Dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance, and even then he must always stop at the distance of three paces,—his arms must be held close to his body, and his hands open and hanging down, so that it may be evident that he has no concealed weapons. The officers even are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. He is pleased, however, that the person addressing him should look him straight in the face, and return prompt and positive answers. He told Dr. Renger one day, when about to open the body of one of the natives, to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out. Alas! it was the fetter on the mind, beyond the skill of the physician to remove, that bowed down their necks.

In the foregoing sketch it has been the writer's object rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. It is impossible but that great interest will prevail towards Paraguay on the death of its singular ruler: none can contemplate with indifference the idea of this fine province, with its docile and industrious population, being given up to anarchy, and gradually returning to the waste desert from whence it has been struggling to emerge.

Rio de Janeiro, July, 1834.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT ?

WAS I right, or was I not ?
 The age exact I cannot tell,
 But 'twas some time in teens, I wot,
 That I came out a dashing belle.
 My mother called me "hare-brain'd chit,"
 But that I heeded ne'er a jot,
 For little Miss *must* flirt a bit.
 Was I right, or was I not ?

Away I sparkled in the ring ;
 And soon was known as false and fair.
 Oh ! 'tis a dear, delightful thing
 When first we make a swain despair.
 There was young Frederick all on fire,
 Who vowed and swore—I know not what—
 Of course I left him to expire.
 Was I right, or was I not ?

Dear me ! I felt a trifle sad,
 When all cried out "What have you done !"
 For, sure enough, I loved the lad :
 But who'd take up with number one ?
 So *vive l'amour !* I gaily cried,
 And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot,—
 For I'd an hundred sparks beside.
 Was I right, or was I not ?

Some shook their heads, but I had skill :
 Lovers and friends I went on winning.
 What will you have ? I flirted still,—
 Because I flirted at beginning.
 A long gay train I led away ;
 Young Cupid sure was in the plot :
 I thought the spell would last for aye ;—
 Was I right, or was I not ?

But now 'tis come into my head
 That I must grow discreet and sage ;
 For there are hints my charms have fled,
 And I approach "a certain age."
 So the next offer—that's my plan—
 I'll nail, decisive, on the spot ;
 'Tis time that I'd secured my man,
 Am I right, or am I not ?

But ah ! though gladly I'd say "Yes,"
 The looks of all the men say "No."
 Who would have thought 'twould come to this ?
 But mother says, "I told you so !"
 Friends, lovers, dangles, now are gone :
 Not one is left of all the lot,
 And I'm a "maiden all forlorn !"
 Is it right, or is it not ?

Q. Q.

MY HONOURABLE FRIEND BOB.

It was at a public school that I first became acquainted with my friend Bob Burnaby; he was then a little round-faced, curly-pated boy about ten years of age; and I, being two years his senior, and there existing some intimacy between our parents, he was put under my especial protection. Bobby had been a spoiled child (the only one possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby,) and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of pies and tarts, of comfits and comforts; his *will* had been the regulator of the paternal mansion, and his *pleasure* the main object promoted by his mother.

All this ended (that is, as far as the young gentleman's residence at Burnaby Hall was concerned) in those roots of all evil, idleness and ignorance: and some rash and glaring acts of insubordination having brought upon Bob's head the wrath of his father (whose head, by the by, was more in error than his son's,) the young reprobate had sudden notice to quit; and in spite of the threats, entreaties, and hysterics of Mrs. Burnaby, he was immediately borne off to the academic shades superintended by the Rev. Dr. Rearpepper.

I soon became very fond of Bob; we naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and everything was so new to him, poor fellow, that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage; he sat on the same form, at the same desk, casting up his little sums, or writing his little exercises; and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about papa and mama, and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age Bob had acquired a taste for extravagance; his money always burned a hole in his little breeches pocket, and when it was gone many a shilling did he borrow of me, and more did he owe to Mrs. Puffy, the fat vender of pastry, whose residence was "down the street."

These premature extravagances, petty as they certainly were, of course led to little difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is, the habit of fibbing, and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles, which nothing but candour could really remedy. And thus it was with Bob: had I not loved him, and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times; so often did he borrow, so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he voluntarily made. But no, I wrong him, he did *not* forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did, when he stood before me a defaulter, and his flushed cheek and moistened eyes proved that he endured humiliation, and that *at heart* he was even then my *honourable friend*.

At sixteen I left Dr. Rearpepper's establishment, and many were the tears that poor Bob shed at my departure: he said nothing about the nine shillings and fourpence that he owed me, but when I said, "Bob, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my residence at Oxford we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate: but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At length, by the coach came

a splendidly-bound copy of a work which he knew to be my favourite, and in the title-page was written my name, and underneath the words "from his affectionate and grateful friend, Bob."

"Yes," thought I, "as I read the inscription, "and still thou art my honourable friend." Bob, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few shillings which he owed me; but he could not be happy till he had spent many pounds on a gift which was intended to repay me. With the parcel I received a letter announcing his having entered the army, and adding that he was about to join his regiment, which was then on a foreign station. He entreated me not to suppose from his long silence that he had forgotten me; and in short, there was so much warmth of heart in the whole letter, that Bob was reinstated in my good graces, and I wrote him a most affectionate reply, assuring him that whenever we met he would find me unaltered.

After quitting Oxford, I travelled on the continent for many months, and on my return to England I found my friend Bob at an hotel in Bond-street, and in every sense of the word "a gay man about town."

Ours was more like the re-union of boys after a summer's vacation, than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world; we could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets of the west end, we laughed almost as much, and were really nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of old Rearpepper.

Whatever I may have been, Bob was indeed unchanged; and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his "sweet tooth," and daily did he lead me into Gunter's or Grange's (nay often into both in turn,) and there I saw him indulge, as he used of old in the habitation of Mrs. Puffy; the only difference was that his dainties were somewhat more refined, and more expensive; for, alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, "Put it down to my bill," had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other tradespeople were most impartially dealt with by Bob in the same way; and I saw him take possession of trinkets, coats, hats, and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now, I knew that Bob would eventually, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it *then* in his power to pay for one-fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened colour in his cheek, I saw that he felt the truth of what I said; but I soon found that with the old error, he still retained the old bad habit of fibbing to endeavour to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evening together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Bob ran to my bedside to inform me that he was ordered to India, and must leave London in a day or two: he showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for his immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with wafered notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Bob took my arm, and requested me to

walk with him ; and after passing through several streets and squares in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

"There is no alternative," said he, "I must go."

"You must indeed, Bob," I replied, "unless you are *detained*."

"*Detained*!" said Bob, blushing, "how do you mean?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but really few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear Bob, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally *nothing* to spare, but if knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me."

Bob grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances; he therefore hastily answered—

"This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a bill."

"Not of large amount, Bob, I trust?"

"No—yes—larger, I fear, than——"

"If it be a large sum, Bob, you know that if your draft is not honoured when it is due I shall go to prison instead of you."

"Never," said Bob, with a fervour and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

"Well, then, what is the sum?" said I.

"First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart," said Bob; "not here—come with me this way."

And in solemn silence he led me to Park-lane.

"What can all this mean?" said I, at last.

"Hush!" said Bob, "you see that house?"

And he pointed to a very handsome and well-appointed mansion. Two footmen in splendid liveries were standing at the door, receiving cards from the window of a coroneted carriage.

"See the house?" I replied; "to be sure I do; and what then?"

"That house is owned by one of the richest commoners in England."

"I should think so," I answered.

"He has an only daughter," said Bob.

"Has he?" said I.

"His sole heiress," added Bob.

And again I answered, "What then?"

"I am ashamed of having concealed all this so long from so dear a friend," murmured Bob.

"All what?"

"But the secret was not my own."

"What secret?"

"That lovely girl!"

"Upon my word, Bob," I cried, "you put me out of all patience."

"I have won that girl's affections."

"The heiress!" said I.

"She loves me," whispered Bob.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me."

"Oh!" said Bob, "you have not heard all; she loves me—to madness loves me—poor dear girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match."

1734

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.

[So little is known in Europe of this remarkable man, that, although we have already published, upon hearsay evidence, some account of him and his country, we gladly lay before our readers the statement of a gentleman whose personal intercourse with the Dictator has enabled him to supply information of considerable interest and importance. It will be perceived that he represents the character and government of Francia in a still less agreeable light than our former correspondent. This may be, in part, perhaps attributable to the persecutions he endured, and the injuries he sustained by order of "the Despot of Paraguay;" but these injuries and persecutions, on the other hand, are so many additional testimonies in support of the view given of Francia's character.]

WHEN the Spanish Governor Velasco was deposed after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, a junta, consisting of the two military chiefs Yegros and Cavallero, who had been in the action, together with a Dr. Francia, was elected in the ordinary way, to preside over and direct the affairs of the infant republic.

This Dr. Francia has made himself infamous by his tyranny. He has exercised, in a spirit so ferocious and unrelenting, every species of cruelty, not over his fellow-mortals merely, but over his fellow-countrymen, that though, politically speaking, he is little known in Europe, he yet deserves to be *made* known as a rare monster of atrocity in these days of comparative humanity and civilization. He would have ranked in the worst days of Rome, in refinement of cruelty, with the worst of the Roman emperors.

In the calculating *motives* of his cruelty,—in his unrelenting severity of execution,—in his studied aggravation of distress,—in the exercise of tyranny too petty to be called great, and yet too ferocious not to be classified as monstrous,—he proceeded to such deeds of imprisonment, confiscation, and murder, as may well claim for him a very awful pre-eminence in the annals of ambitious depravity.

This extraordinary person was educated at Cordova, (the Salamanca of South America). He is a man of a shrewd, saturnine disposition, and of very retired and studious habits. By dint of application, and in spite of the jealousy of the Church, he contrived, in addition to the ordinary branches of education taught at the University, to get a slight knowledge of algebra, and a still more superficial one of geometry and Greek. It was asserted that he understood both these branches of study well; nor in the whole fraternity of collegians was there anybody to vouch for the contrary. Having taken out his degree, he returned to Paraguay, where he soon came into considerable practice as a lawyer. A stern adherence to the justice of the case as he conceived it,—more

than ordinary acuteness and learning in his profession,—great knowledge and consequent management of the weaknesses of his countrymen,—together with his reputation for mysterious familiarity with the occult sciences,—brought him into great repute. To be able to multiply and subtract letters,—to read in a language the characters of which even were unknown,—to measure an angle and ascertain the height of an eminence with a theodolite,—and to show the satellites of Jupiter through a telescope, were sciences as truly occult to every other inhabitant of Paraguay but Dr. Francia himself, as at the University where he was educated would have been a critical dissertation in Hebrew on the curious, and recondite, and most important subject of the digamma.

This ascendancy of Dr. Francia in his own profession was carried by him into the government of which he soon became a member. He began too soon, however, to attempt the overthrow of the military influence of his two colleagues, by the mere strength of his own legal knowledge and growing popularity. He sneered, cavilled, and commanded, till the other members of the junta got impatient of his petulance. He, on the other hand, refused any longer to brook their ignorance and assumption. In a fit of disgust and spleen on his part, and under very ready acquiescence on theirs, he retired to the privacy of his small country house, about six miles from town.

Here it was that gradually and effectually, though silently, he kept extending his influence among the people, by assiduously courting the lower classes,—by apparent indifference about power, but constant insinuations how much it was abused,—and by an affectedly close prosecution of those studies, to which he knew he owed so much of the blind and increasing deference he enjoyed.

I happened to live very near to him, at this period, in the country; and being one evening out shooting, passed so close by his house that, in the exercise of a hospitality at that time common in all the Spanish colonies, he invited me in. The cottage had a low thatched roof with a little porch around it, which afforded shade out of doors, and, by keeping the walls and the windows free from the rays of the sun, not only preserved the humble dwelling cool, but cast an agreeable shade of chiaro-scuro over the small rustic apartments within. It was situated at the foot of a little hill, beautifully wooded from the base to the top. A few palm trees waved their graceful and lofty foliage on the natural greensward of the open lawn in front of it. A large field of the sugar-cane and one of cotton on one side of the house, and a thick dark orange grove, affording food and shade to a multitude of parrots, on the other, half occupied the little valley in which stood the lowly but romantic dwelling of him who was to be the Dictator and Tyrant of Paraguay.

The last rays of the sun were just streaming in upon the peaceful little vale, and tinging with the bright colours of evening the woody acclivities in which it was embosomed. The parrots were coming to roost, and the pheasants were taking their evening's repast along the skirts of the fine natural copses everywhere around.

There was a delightful air of tropical luxuriance and stillness in the scene, well calculated, one should have thought, with the solitary and studious habits of Dr. Francia, to soften his character into something in unison with the ostensible nature of his occupations, and the beautifully sequestered spot in which he pursued them; but wild ambition, like a

lurking monster, lay crouching within his bosom, and only waiting for an opportunity to spring from its lair, that it might destroy and desolate the land with blood, and leave around it a scene of carnage and dismay.

He was walking to and fro under the porch, enveloped, after the Spanish fashion, in a loose scarlet cloak, and sipping, through a tube, out of a small calabash, or maté-cup, an infusion of the yerba or Paraguay tea. His figure was tall and spare, his complexion swarthy, and his air and manner evidently stern, though relaxed into an expression of grave politeness to receive a guest, whom he perceived to be a foreigner.

After the first salutation, there was leisure to examine a countenance full of sagacity, asperity, and penetration. His jet black hair was carefully combed back from his bold forehead, and allowed to fall in profusion from the back part of his head almost down upon his shoulders. He shot forth from his dark eyes a very keen and searching glance, from which the attention was taken, however, in some slight degree, by a composed, natural, and even simple demeanour and address. He spoke in very general terms of the state of the country; said he lived very much to himself, and made offer of his house and services, in the terms of commonplace civility usual in the country.

Shortly after this period he came again into power, having laid all his plans and taken all his preliminary measures for making it permanent, cruel, exclusive to himself, and wholly uncontrollable.

About the time of Dr. Francia's return to be a member of the government, Buenos Ayres sent a deputy to Paraguay, with the reasonable and natural expectation of entering into such arrangements, as, without the remotest acknowledgment of dependence on the part of the latter, should lead to reciprocal and friendly relations in politics, but especially in commerce between both. The defined alliance proposed by Buenos Ayres was one so obviously called for by the relative position and circumstances of the two countries, that one should have expected a very speedy termination of the business, by the execution of a treaty founded on stipulations consonant with the views and interests of both parties. The result was far otherwise.

Dr. Francia had previously determined to have *no* intercourse with Buenos Ayres or any other country, except Great Britain; and this was to have been permitted on pretty much the principles and terms so long and so liberally conceded to us by China. He was to have established an outpost at a place called Neembucú, 240 miles from Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, and to have allowed his mercantile allies, the English, to supply from thence their manufactures, on condition that they should at the same time provide him with arms and ammunition. He determined about this period also to get rid of his colleagues in power; and affected, that before he could give an answer to the deputy from Buenos Ayres, it was necessary he should assemble the Grand Congress, to be composed of representatives minutely and scrupulously chosen from among the people. He accordingly issued orders for that purpose, in such a way as that it would require about three months to collect the representatives. The intermediate time he successfully employed in encouraging and increasing the enmity there naturally existed among his countrymen to Buenos Ayres—in gaining over to his interest the officers in immediate command of the Paraguay troops—in

making himself personally and familiarly acquainted with every deputy as he came into town—and in at once flattering his vanity, and stimulating his cupidity, by large but undefined promises of protection and encouragement in relation to the order of men to whom the deputy might happen to belong. By one delay after another, never appearing to originate with Dr. Francia, he protracted the meeting of Congress two months beyond the time appointed for its sitting, after all the deputies had arrived in Assumption. By this plan, he not only had an opportunity of increasing adherents, fortifying converts, and deciding doubters, but brought such inconvenience and expense upon the poor deputies, as, aided by Francia's suggestions, determined them to insist upon a final settlement of all their business on the first day of the meeting of Congress.

They delivered themselves and the country up, bound hand and foot, to the man who was to use the power with which they had invested him for the annihilation of their trade—the ruin of their agriculture—the absolute slavery of the lower classes—and the prostration, imprisonment, or execution of every man in the country with the remotest pretension to influence, wealth, or knowledge.

It were endless to relate the petty, low, but determined and systematic devices by which Francia proceeded now to initiate his system of terrorism. His first care was to call in and to have repaired under his own immediate inspection every straggling musket and rusty blunderbuss which could be collected. The number of guards ("Quarteleros" as they were called, from occupying a quartel or species of barracks) was augmented, and all higher rank than that of captain dispensed with; the Dictator himself became colonel, general, paymaster, quartermaster, and head-tailor to the regiment. Not a musket was delivered out but by his own hands; grenadier hats and coat-trimmings were not only devised, but fitted, stored, and distributed by himself. He held personal communication with every man, almost, in his regiment of guards; pampered, flattered, paid, and caressed them. At the same time he diffused among them a spirit of constant and ever-jealous rivalry, and aspiration to his favour and countenance. He began his system of indulgence with the private, and diminished it as he carried it through the grades of corporal, serjeant, ensign, lieutenant, till it faded into nothing with the captain: whose superior rank was thus held subordinate to the estimate and importance which every man in the company naturally attached to the Dictator's private countenance and favour as shown to him—but denied, or at all events not publicly shown, to his captain. This feeling of importance permitted to the subordinate officers and men was again, however, counteracted by the Dictator's exacting *from* the soldiers and subordinate officers a strict obedience to the captain's orders. The captain thus felt himself, without understanding the plan acted upon by the Dictator, in possession of actual command, without moral power; and the soldier felt, without seeing how, that although he must obey the captain and his other superior officers, as one condition of the Dictator's favour, yet, that if either the captain or the officer did not take care, the Dictator might very easily pitch upon him (the soldier) to fill his place. The jealousy entertained on the one hand by every superior officer of the one next subordinate to him created a prying vigilance as to his conduct, and a never-failing report in case of

misbehaviour. The hope of advancement fostered by the Dictator in the subaltern and private kept *them* on the other hand within the sphere of duty, but equally ready to report at head-quarters any dereliction from it on the part of their superior officer. At the same time, an *esprit de corps* was not only encouraged, but inculcated, by which every man in the regiment—even the lowest—was to consider himself as higher in the scale of importance than any mere civilian. By this distinction in favour of his soldiers, the Dictator not only meant to soothe and compensate for the little feverish feeling to which, individually, every man in the regiment was subjected by his system of discipline, but to try how far he might push a system of terrorism, and annihilation of every spark of civil liberty among the people. He was determined, if possible, at once to quell into absolute and silent submission every spirit daring enough to question an authority which he seemed to have determined should not only be boundless, but boundless in its career of cruelty. He devised incessantly new means by which to render still more abject, servile, and ignorant—under the appearance, withal, of contentment—a people already so low as the Paraguayans were in the scale of political prostration.

At this period, accordingly, it became impossible to walk the streets without being intentionally jostled by every soldier you met; he obliged you to take off your hat to him—laughed at you—sneered at you—and asked you for money. No home was safe from their obtrusion, and not many could escape the contagion of their vices. Francia occasionally checked them—more to let them feel the Dictator's unbounded power even over the military license which himself had encouraged, than to benefit, or oblige, or gain popularity from those who thus suffered by it.

His next step was to cut off all intercourse, both mercantile and epistolary, with every place beyond the boundaries of Paraguay; not a soul was permitted to enter or leave the province—not a bale of merchandize to be exported;—a dead and horrid silence pervaded the province, as if to hide the sad and awful scenes about to be enacted there from the observation, and even from the knowledge, of mankind.

Busy vessels no longer enlivened the river, nor ministered to commerce; the exportable produce of the country rotted in the warehouses; no more tobacco was grown, because none was inquired for; the yerba could not be sent away, and therefore was not collected; the sugar cultivator suspended his labour; thousands of hale, active men were thrown listless and idle upon the community; and poverty stalked forth over the land, in all the length and the breadth of it. Twenty-one years have elapsed since Francia shut up the country from its natural intercourse with other parts; and in that time, not only have the inhabitants relinquished the active and industrious pursuits by which they carried on their once beneficial traffic, but idleness, vice, and misery, and a slavish apathy and total indifference about their condition, have overtaken them. At the same time, the countries which they before supplied, especially with the yerba, or tea, and mild tobacco, have either relinquished the use of them, or have had them superseded by importations from other places: so that their misery is not only present but prospective, inasmuch as it will require great exertion and re-action to bring things back even to their original state; and if we estimate the progress that *would* have been made under an ordinarily reasonable

administration, and compare it with the retardation which has been the unavoidable consequence of Dr. Francia's tyranny, the amount of political delinquency for which he has to answer will appear equally frightful and incalculable.

Having delivered himself from all interference from *without* the province, the Dictator proceeded now to silence all *within*. First, under the most frivolous pretexts, and soon under none at all, he proceeded to question, investigate, and set up a political inquisition into the private actions, words, and even looks of every man of the least respectability in the country. One man was taken up because he had written a letter to Buenos Ayres, another because he had received one from that place. Sometimes it was a delinquency to have spoken to the former members of Government; and at others, to have regretted that the trade of the province was dying away. One after another of such presumptuous scribblers and babblers as these was first imprisoned, and soon after shot: their friends and relations often shared the same fate, because they had been heard to regret the untimely end of him who had suffered before them. Latterly, it was an unpardonable offence to *inquire* even after the fate of a long-imprisoned, solitary, and famished dungeon-outcast, under the Dictator's displeasure. One very fine young man, Andrez Gomez, who was several years in my service in the capacity of agent, upon the simple ground of better knowledge and more free inquiry than was usual among his countrymen, and of connexion and correspondence with people *not* in the country, was torn from the arms of his mother and sister—thrown into a dungeon—chained to the floor of it—left without communication with a human being but the gaoler—without the means even of cleaning his person—till despair took place of patience and reason, and he became a mournful maniac—the victim of Francia's groundless but unrelenting displeasure. To such a length and to so great a degree has this persecution of well-doing, virtuous men been carried,—of men who constituted the only little respectability that was to be found in the country,—that there is not now a single family of that class which does not mourn the loss of a father, a husband, or a brother, and always of that member of the family who was looked upon as its *greatest ornament*. The least spirit of enterprise or investigation, especially, was unpardonable; and poor Padre Maiz, whom the Spanish Bishop was content to banish to a country curacy for having constructed a celestial globe, has now been immured in a dungeon, for saying that "*vox populi*" was "*vox Diaboli*" in such a country as Paraguay.

The Dictator's practice, when he rides out, is to send two guards about one hundred yards before him; it being an understood requisition to the inhabitants, when these guards come in front of their houses, either that they shut their doors quite close, or leave them wide open;—in the latter case, the owner of the house is obliged to stand out in the street. This is to prevent the supposed probability of any one's taking aim, from behind a *half-opened* door, at the Dictator; but it seems, in fact, only to be one of the many devices by which he has chosen to bring it irresistibly home to every man under his government, that Dictator Francia is lord and master absolute. No one knows so well as the Dictator himself, in Paraguay, that he has effectually silenced sedition and conspiracy. He has left wholly unnerved every arm, and most effec-

tually subdued every spirit capable of giving that arm an impulse strong enough to reach his cold heart.

Nothing can be more clearly indicative of the penetration, management, and resolution by which Francia has subdued into slavish fear the people over whom he rules, than the fact that, though they are 300,000 in number, his whole regular military force does not exceed 3000 men*.

But the same system of discipline, founded upon the great agitating principles of our nature—hope and fear, which he introduced into his small regiment of guards, he diffused over the whole community. He dispensed with all assistance in his government, except what was merely mechanical, and could be rendered by the very lowest members of the community. He was his own Minister of Finance, Secretary at War, Collector of Customs, and Keeper of the strong box of the State. No petty commandant of a petty village could pay his drummer and fifer without an express order from the Dictator. He was the very axis upon which every piece of the State-machinery turned,—at once the centre of attraction toward which everything gravitated, and the point from which all public matters, great and small, were made to emanate. At the same time, he professed ever to be looking out for agents and assistants; and the lowest man employed about him was allowed to entertain the hope that he might become his minister or secretary. As the hopes of those about him were thus excited, so, on the other hand, was their fear equally alarmed, lest, instead of having places under the Government, they might one day find themselves in a prison, or on the scaffold.

He once imprisoned a man, for whom an individual, in acknowledged favour, ventured to intercede. "Sir," said the Dictator, "I made you my friend, not because you deserved it, but because I chose it. You now pretend to *dictate* to me, and by implication to impugn my judgment, by speaking in favour of a person whom you know that judgment has condemned. You thus negatively advocate his cause, and support his principles. Go where he is." And without a word more, he dispatched him to a solitary dungeon, contiguous to that in which lay confined the individual for whose liberation he had so imprudently and so fruitlessly pleaded.

A lieutenant, presuming upon the Dictator's fancied partiality for him, disobeyed his captain, and gave it as a reason for his doing so, that he

* In an article, in the last Number of the "New Monthly Magazine," on Dr. Francia, the population of Paraguay is stated at 500,000; but this includes the migratory and other tribes of Indians on the *west* bank of the river Paraguay, or Great Chaco; and many of these, though, strictly speaking, in Francia's territory, can in no sense be said to be under his control. The river forms the great dividing barrier between them and that part of the province which lies on the *east* side of it. The morasses and almost impervious brushwood of the Chaco form an insuperable obstacle to any attempt at conquest there, even were that desirable.

The Indians referred to in the present Article are the Guarani Indians, originally found on the east side of the river, settled in small townships by the Jesuits, and now, in a great measure, amalgamated with the descendants of the Spaniards.

The militia in Paraguay are stated, in Mrs. Norton's article, at 20,000 men. At one time (about 1812) there might have been about *half* that number; but since Francia called in the muskets, blunderbusses, and pistols scattered over the country, and in the hands of the straggling militia force, their exercise has been discontinued, and even the mustering of them at all; they cannot, therefore, now, be considered as a military body. Francia early became jealous of them, and took instant steps to curtail their power of ever rising against him.

was more a favourite of the Dictator's than the captain himself. The Dictator heard this—said not a word to the lieutenant; but ordering a muster of the Quarteleros, or Guards, he went up to the officer, and pulling him out of the ranks, he addressed him in this way:—"I found you a beggar, and I made you an officer: I now find you an ill-behaved officer, and send you back to be a well-behaved beggar: for if you are not that, I shall put you in the stocks or a worse place." Hereupon, he had the officer stripped of his uniform, clothed in garments suited to a beggar, and drummed out of the regiment.

In the year 1814, an event happened to myself, which, as developing in its progress and results much of both the policy and character of Dr. Francia, I shall here relate.

Before he discovered himself to be the ambitious despot and cruel tyrant which he afterwards proved, I was in habits of great intimacy and personal friendship with him; and I had derived much pleasure, as well as information on matters connected with South America, in his society. Being almost the only foreigner in the country, Dr. Francia had calculated, through me, on providing himself with what he might require in the shape of warlike stores, without interference on the part of Buenos Ayres to prevent their transit to Paraguay; and he anticipated that even if such a disposition should be manifested, our naval commanders on the station would not permit it to be carried into action. The province of Paraguay was at this time at peace with all the others of the river Plate. On leaving Paraguay, accordingly, with an intention to return shortly, Dr. Francia commissioned me to bring him, if possible, some sabres and muskets.

I shipped them, with the consent of the Buenos Ayres' Government, in a vessel of my own, and proceeded up the river Plate on my voyage, the third I had now made to Paraguay. I had left a brother there, in management of my rather extensive concerns, during my absence. One beautiful evening I went out in a boat to shoot pheasants, which abound along the banks of the river. The schooner was moored to a tree, the wind not being strong enough to enable us to stem the current, and the laborious work of dragging the vessel up by ropes being, for the day, at an end.

On my return, what were my horror and surprise to discover that a party of soldiers had taken possession of her, and were pointing their muskets into the boat: a serjeant, apparently in command of the party, called out to me to stop, and presently sent his own boat to mine, with a number of fierce-looking and most tattered men-at-arms. They tied my hands behind my back, and in woful plight conveyed me on board of my own ship. Here I found all mystery and confusion. I could get no explanation of the outrage committed, nor of the power or party by whose authority it was done; but I found my cabin completely ransacked—every one of the soldiers intoxicated—one man with my watch, another with a coat, a third with a pair of boots; my whole wardrobe was already distributed among these Philistines, and the place, which two hours before I had left a picture of comfort and neatness, was converted literally into a den of thieves and robbers. They stripped me of every article of clothing, leaving me, in lieu of my own dress, one of their very scanty great-coats and an old soldier's cap. After beating me with their swords, and threatening with pointed pistols and

brandished sabres to take my life, they thrust me, bound as I was with thongs, into the hold of the vessel. Here I lay, in horror and in darkness, the whole night. I could hear nothing but the yells and carousals of this troop of brigands—except that, ever and anon, one or other of their number would lift up the hatchway or covering of the hold, and cry aloud to me, “*Preparesse a morir !*”—(Prepare to die.)

At length the morning dawned upon me; and a search was commenced into every corner of the vessel—packages were upturned and broke open amid oaths and execrations, boisterous threats, and fiendlike looks. The muskets and sabres were found; but the men were persuaded there must be money on board, which, not having discovered, they thought I had determined to conceal. Hereupon they landed, and carried me into the wood; I could give them no money, for they had taken all. They tied me to a tree, and being drawn up by their serjeant, were ordered to level their muskets and fire. At this moment one of their own band—a robust, swarthy Indian—intercedèd. He claimed a right, he said, to ask a favour—and that favour, to my no small joy and gratitude—was, “that my life should be spared.” It was so. I was again carried on board of my vessel—again put into the hold; and the crew being ordered to get under weigh, we were turned in a direction contrary to that of our intended voyage, and carried down the river at a rapid rate, both wind and current being with us. I was now informed that the men in possession of the ship and property, as well as of my person, were a party of soldiers belonging to the famous chief Artigas; and that they had been despatched from a place called the Baxada of Santa Fé, for the express purpose of overtaking and seizing the ship. Information, it seems, had been lodged with the commandant of that place by one of the sailors, who had left her on the upward voyage, that there were arms on board; and this functionary, without further ceremony or pretext, had sent out the party on their commission of robbery, which, but for the interference of my Indian friend, would have been consummated by murder. As we sailed down the river, and my rough companions perceived my unobtrusive acquiescence in what was beyond my control, they relaxed a little in their severity, and gave me occasionally a glass of my own wine. One day they laid their hands upon a double flageolet, and after much expression of wonder at the combination of two flutes or pipes into one, they insisted upon it that I should play them a tune. I was not, as you may conceive, gentle reader, in the best frame of mind to indulge in music; but the reiterated, and now rather stern orders to proceed, made me change my note. “*Toca la flauta,*” said the serjeant; “*Vamos, hombre, toca la flauta,*” said my Indian friend; “*Toca, le digo,*” insisted a fierce-looking corporal,—till, rather frightened by their threats than yielding to their solicitations, I did literally sit down; and a prisoner, on the stern of the vessel, in my miserable habiliments and total uncertainty as to the fate which awaited me—surrounded, too, by an audience far from indulgent or complacent, I tuned my flageolet. I pray that no one who condescends to read this may ever, in a similar predicament, be constrained as I was “*tocar la flauta,*” (to play the flute;) and yet the sequel will show that I was constrained to do much harder things.

Having reached the Baxada, I was landed from the vessel under a *feu de joie* of musketry, in token of rejoicing for the victory achieved,

and the brave troops who had made so brilliant a prize in so undaunted a manner, marched me up the hill which leads from the harbour to the town. With my arms pinioned, my soldier's coat and cap, and a pair of old shoes being *most literally* my only habiliments, was I escorted along in a strange land, and without the slightest chance, according to human probabilities, of communicating even to my friends at Buenos Ayres the predicament in which I was placed. We were separated by a distance of 320 miles, with only two or three small intervening towns, and mud-huts at intervals of five leagues each, for the relay of horses.

At this critical moment, and as despair almost was quite overpowering hope, I met, coming out of the town, a red-haired Englishman named Manuel, who had once been a servant of mine. As the party, under whose escort I was, passed him, I had just time to implore him "for God's sake to go and report to my friends what he had seen, and what he could further learn of my imprisonment." Five minutes afterwards I was marched into the public prison. It consisted of but one large apartment totally unfurnished, unless a dozen bullocks' skulls, occupied by so many prisoners, as *seats*, could be called furniture. I was received by the savage inmates of this charnel-house with a frightful yell of commingled welcome and derision. They struck their hands in rapid succession against their mouths, and shouted forth their fiendish screams at a pitch so discordant and so loud, that I felt as if I had at once been ushered into Dante's hell, or Milton's pandemonium. It was towards evening, and the flickering embers of a fire, in the middle of the prison, at which the half-naked and swarthy wretches had been cooking their day's meal, sent up, enveloped in smoke, a few feeble rays, which lingering on their ferocious countenances, added indescribable horror to the general gloom of the place. The prisons in South America teem with inmates guilty of every species of crime, but chiefly of the crime of murder. Every one of the lower classes there carries a knife in his girdle, and in their orgies at the gin-shops, or "*pulperias*," the *use* of the knife is invariably resorted to as the only legitimate arbiter of their quarrels. You are constantly shocked, as you pass one or other church-door in any of the larger towns, by the exhibition of some stabbed corpse, laid out by order of the clergy to excite the compassion of the beholders, and *through* this compassion, to extort from them the means to defray the expense of burying the murdered man. Thus, even murder, there, constitutes no inconsiderable part of the Church's gain.

With this class of prisoners, was I now constrained to live in common: they insisted upon my treating them to a bottle of spirits, assuring me that it was an invariable, indeed immemorial practice, thus to drink the health of every new lodger at his own expense. They added, that if I were not shot before the next lodger came, I should then participate, in common with them, in the enjoyment of this well-known right and ancient privilege of the prison. I had no money—not a *quartillo* left me: and so—not to infringe this traditional and long-respected privilege—they stripped me of my cap and old shoes, sold them for "*aguardiente*" (the spirit of the country), and pledged *me*, as they insisted upon it that I should pledge *them*, in a draught of the nauseous beverage, handed round to the company in a filthy bullock's horn.

I relished this second edition of "*toca la flauta*," as little as the first: but not to shock or detain you by a detail of the tedious and varied misery

which, day after day, and night after night, I experienced in this wretched abode, I shall simply add, that almost overborne by the weight of calamity and woe which pressed upon me, I sought the last refuge of the wretched—sleep; and I *found* it—found it even upon the cold, dank floor of the Baxada Prison, and amid the yells and the carousals of the inmates of it. Nine long days and longer nights did I pass there; and I heard, during that time, my execution spoken of by the other prisoners as a thing quite settled. They went out to work in their chains every day, and heard, and repeated to me, the reports on this subject, as *quite* matter of notoriety.

Frequently was I taken, under an escort, to the governor's house, to be examined on the various crimes and misdemeanours—all of course supposititious—that were alleged against me; and each time was I fully persuaded, that instead of being called out for examination, I was wanted for execution.

It is alleged that a shock of joy is often more fatal than a shock of grief; and I believe experience has shown it to be necessary to announce, to even the hardest felons, the news of a reprieve from sentence of death with great circumspection. Possibly, however, as *much* circumspection might be wanted to announce to an ardent, loving husband the quite unexpected death of a dear and doating wife. How the theory of this comparative violence of sudden and unexpected emotions of pleasure and of woe might turn out really to be, if closely and analytically examined, I am not at present prepared to say; but you shall require no theory to persuade you, gentle reader, of the joy unspeakable, the heartfelt delight, with which I received his Excellency the Governor, when, on the ninth evening of my confinement, he came in, and with an air of awkward condescension, which spoke *volumes* to me, announced that he had received orders from General Artigas to set me at liberty. Not an antelope bounding on the Andes—not a frisking fawn skipping in buoyant joy before its dam—not a horse that “paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength”—no, nor yet Leviathan, when “in his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him,”—was half so joyful as I, when my prison doors were thrown open, and I was told to “go free.” I felt not the ground under me as I ran, or rather flew, to the house of a countryman in the town,—a Mr. Nightingale,—and there found solace, welcome, and repose. My beard, which had grown for a fortnight, was shaved; the tattered great coat, my sole and scanty covering, was exchanged for a clean shirt and comfortable suit of clothes; a hospitable board was spread for my refreshment; and wine, that “maketh glad the heart,” was substituted in a limpid glass, for the ditch-water beverage, in a bullock's horn, which had been my cold, cold drink in prison. I found from my friend Mr. Nightingale (and, be it observed, in justice to him, that all intercourse with me in prison, except with the prisoners themselves, had been interdicted, or I should have seen him before,) that my guardian angel, “red-haired Manuel,” had ridden to Buenos Ayres, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles, in the almost incredibly short space of two days and two nights.

He had taken his departure a few hours after he met me in my forlorn procession to prison. He heard at once, in the town of the Baxada, all the particulars of my capture, and set off with them, instantly, to my friend Mr. Thoroughgood, known at that time from his extraordinary

height of six feet five, and extensive dealings with Paraguay, sometimes as the "Paraguay Giant," and sometimes (his Christian name being Thomas) as "Don Tomás y medio,"—that is, "Thomas and a half." Mr. Thoroughgood instantly laid my case before the Honourable Joscelyn Percy, then in command of the Hotspur frigate, and of his Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in the river Plate. This officer, with a truly Hotspur alacrity and decision, yet tempered, in him, as a seaman, by the discipline of modern naval tactics, and as a diplomatist, by the mandatory coolness of very defined instructions from the Foreign Office, determined at once what was to be done.

He had a beautiful little vessel, which he had built on board of his own frigate, after her model, and called the "Little Hotspur." He despatched this man-of-war yacht to General Artigas, under the command of a very gallant English tar, *then* Lieutenant ———. He was familiarly styled, by his messmates, and very appropriately, "Old Blowhard;" and he is *now* a distinguished post-captain in the navy. With his smart coat, and most uncompromising cocked hat, this officer delivered into the hands of the then all but omnipotent chief Artigas the despatches of Captain Percy. They were to the short and simple effect, that unless I were liberated, and my property delivered up, (it being notorious that I had infringed no known law of the country,) he would immediately proceed to make reprisals of all property under Artigas' flag. This spirited display of cool and reasonable resolution had its desired effect on the banditti chief Artigas: he despatched instant orders for my liberation to the Governor of the Baxada; and in *consequence* of these orders it was, that I was released from prison.

But Captain Percy did not stop here. At the same time that he sent over his ship-of-war to Artigas, he despatched a well-known, active, and athletic courier, of the name of Bob Braveall, to me at the Baxada, with a communication to the Governor of that town, to this effect:—

"Sir,—You have, I understand, taken violent possession of the ship, property, and person of the British subject, Mr. Renimaxe; I beg to inform you that I have despatched the bearer, Mr. Braveall, to the Baxada, for the express purpose of conveying to you a copy of my official notice, on the subject of Mr. Renimaxe's illegal imprisonment, to General Artigas. And I have to request, on the alternative there proposed, that all proceedings against the British subject referred to be suspended, and himself in the meantime liberated from prison, under such surveillance as you may deem proper, until you receive specific and final instructions on the subject from the most excellent Protector (so was Artigas then styled) of the independent provinces of the river Plate.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

"JOSCELYN PERCY,

"Commander of his Britannic Majesty's Forces
in the Rio de la Plata."

The Commandant and Governor of the Baxada had received, the day before, the order from General Artigas himself for my liberation, issued in consequence of the receipt of Captain Percy's communication to him direct, by the Little Hotspur. It was the day *after* my liberation, that the courier, Mr. Braveall, arrived at the Baxada from Buenos Ayres; and though the demand for my liberation was no longer necessary, through *this* channel, it will yet be readily believed that I did not the

less gratefully or gladly receive so triumphant a testimonial of my innocence, and so handsome and effectual a proof of the alacrity and zeal with which British interests were watched over, even in the remotest parts of that almost uninhabited waste. I have much pleasure, and I have much pride, in paying this small, alas! *very* small tribute of public acknowledgment and gratitude to Captain Percy, be he, *now*, where he may.

In a few days after my personal liberation, my property was restored to me, and my vessel, with the trifling deficit of about five thousand dollars, which, besides the muskets, had been actually and irretrievably plundered by the military cormorants of the place. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to Paraguay; I visited my friends at Buenos Ayres, and thanked Captain Percy for his most timely and effectual interposition; I then went to the camp of General Artigas, and endeavoured, but in vain, to get compensation for my stolen property; and I finally proceeded to Paraguay, on horseback, expecting at any rate, *there*, to be received by Dr. Francia with open arms, after all I had suffered and lost on his account. How far my expectations were answered, in this respect, will be shown in a subsequent paper. It is solely with a view to the better development of Dr. Francia's character, by showing the part he acted in the sequel of this episode, that it has been at all introduced.

A TRAVELLER.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies,
 The Poet of the Poor!
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
 The meadow and the moor;
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
 The tyrant and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the jail,
 The palace—and the grave!
 Sin met thy brother everywhere!
 And is thy brother blamed?
 From passion, danger, doubt and care,
 He no exemption claim'd.
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
 He fear'd to scorn or hate;
 But, honouring in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great,
 He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes
 The poor man's little more;
 Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
 From plunder'd labour's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare,—
 Tell Man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are.

GILBERT GURNEY.

CHAPTER VI.

So much has been said and written from the days of Shakspeare to our own degenerate times about the vice of drinking, that I have no intention of dilating upon its folly and disgracefulness; but in confessing that I drank a great deal too much of everything exciting and intoxicating upon this particular occasion, I may perhaps be permitted to say, that although, under the influence of agreeable conversation and a bad example, I might be induced now and then to exceed, I was not habitually addicted to what are called Bacchanalian pleasures; and that one bout similar to that to which I now refer, generally produced at least a six weeks' course of repentance. So it was upon this memorable night—for memorable, indeed, it proved to me; and so rapidly did our potations affect my faculties, that in the plenitude of our mutual confidence—by which, be it understood, I mean the confidence of Daly in inquiring, and my own confidence in answering—I imparted to him the secret of my attachment to an amiable, dear, unsophisticated creature, who was living in the romantic and beautiful sea-port of Tenby in South Wales; whither she had been conveyed, as it had been hinted to me, to get her out of my reach, by her mother, whose designs for her were of the Corinthian order, and who had no notion of allowing her lily to waste its sweetness upon a desert "heir" to four or five hundred a-year.

I just recollect the enthusiasm with which I described my Emma's beauties as the lamps twinkled before my eyes, and the various "drinks" which Daly had ordered passed over my senseless palate; but I was diffuse in my eulogiums, and candid in the extreme as to the certainty of my failure in obtaining the golden apple of the Cambrian Hesperides, watched as it was by the matronly dragon who, as I firmly believed, detested me.

In those days there really existed something like sentiment and affection, devoted and unqualified by worldly grovellings. Now, these exist no longer; nobody ever hears of an unmarried woman's being seriously attached; the highly-accomplished and double-refined beauty of the period at which I write would be shocked to death if she were thought to be what in other times was called being in love. Girls like dandies, and with the dandies whom they like they flirt, and they waltz, and, if it happens to be quite convenient to all parties, eventually marry them. Wit and accomplishments have taken place of that sober serious devotion which "looked unutterable things;" and a man in these times convicted of having been upon his knees, would be as much damaged in the estimation of the sporting-world, as a horse would be for the same reason.

But when I was sitting sipping and sighing at Dejeux's it was not so. I remember treasuring a fan of Emma's, as I would the relic of a saint, aye and worshipping it, too. To a white kid glove ripped at the thumb, I have bowed as pilgrims would at a shrine; and a rose which once had graced her bosom has been deposited in the leaf of some favoured book to dry, a botanical memorandum of her beauties and my own devotion.

I have a faint recollection of Daly's strong encouragement in my pursuit, and a most earnest protestation of assistance in any of the

taken to her Ladyship. Consternation reigned, and his Royal Highness had to re-ascend the stairs, and wait until the whole affair was rearranged. Of course I was as ignorant as my neighbours of the cause of this calamity, and should have remained so until now, had not Daly told me, in our way home, that having gone out into the garden in order to get rid of his Jew's dress and basket, where he deposited them, he found a band of Pandean Minstrels, puffing their hearts out into their pipes, to which nobody listened, and being resolved, if possible, to destroy the royal monopoly in the tent-room, to which he had not been invited, and which, although locked towards the lobby, opened on to the lawn, he directed the weary performers to go in at the window, which he set wide for the purpose, and get their supper; advising them by no means to call for anything that was not there already—to eat and drink what they could, to make as much haste as possible, and when they had done to lock the window on the outside, and throw the key into the two yards square pond, which in rainy weather served as a wet dock to her Ladyship's pet swan. All of which instructions, it appeared, the said Pandéans followed to the very letter; and thus, to his infinite delight, caused that confusion in which his heart so wonderfully rejoiced.

It was nearly five when I handed Mrs. Fletcher Green into her plain dark brown chariot. I ventured to express some solicitude about her companion at the supper-room door, till she assured me that she was quite safe; "because," said she, "she has a husband here to take care of her. I am quite independent—a thousand thanks—I hope we shall be better acquainted."

Away she drove—I turned into the house to look for Daly—but I confess Mrs. Fletcher Green had made an impression upon me—there was such a charming mixture of worldliness and nature about her—I mean such a perfect knowledge of every body in society, and of every thing that was going on, mixed with a genuine kind-heartedness—a love of fun—and an artless hearty good nature; all of which, combined with talent of a high order, and accomplishments which even my short intercourse with her had convinced me were of the first class, rendered her engaging—interesting—captivating!

When I went up stairs to look for my friend, the sun had superseded the lamps and candles—the decorations of the preceding night had lost their freshness; even the flowers were drooping—the lovely girls looked haggard, and the elderly ladies horrid—the rouge burnt blue on their cheeks, and there was not a curl in the whole community. Masks and character-dresses lay heaped in corners, disregarded; and people, in their own proper persons, were languidly praising the humours and delights of the party, listening, listlessly, for the announcement of the carriages which were to take them away;—the vapour of tea and coffee which were served, were the only refreshments of the *flêtri* scene, if I except the morning air, which some of the most venturous of the girls dared to admit through the open windows, *malgré* the warnings of their more prudent mothers.

I soon found Daly, and we retired together—my head aching—my heart not easy—tired—worn out—and as much fatigued as if I had travelled a journey of two hundred miles. All the consolation I derived from my own sensations was, the hope that my friend would be equally knocked up with myself, and would therefore delay his departure for Tenby, for at least another day.

FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.*

THE vessel in which I had been made prisoner was called the *Ingle-sita*. Being now liberated, she proceeded from the Baxada, on her original voyage to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. In the letter-bag of general correspondence, which had been put on board at Buenos Ayres, and which contained a great mass of letters from the merchants and other persons there connected with Paraguay, there was one also from Don Nicolas Herrera, then secretary of the Buenos Ayres government, to Dr. Francia. This same Mr. Herrera had been the envoy from that place to Paraguay, on the mission which so entirely failed, to solicit, and establish by treaty, a commercial intercourse between the two republics. I had known him very intimately, and seen him very frequently at my house, during his residence at Assumption, about a year before the events of which I am now writing occurred.

So much afraid were the natives, and all in any way connected with Dr. Francia, of the remotest intercourse with the Buenos Ayres envoy, that he was almost quite shut out from society. Dr. Francia was pleased to extend to me, as a foreigner, the privilege of seeing as much of Mr. Herrera as I chose: "for," said the Dictator, "I know you don't meddle with our politics; and it is a pity that so loquacious a gentleman as Mr. Herrera should be obliged to hold his tongue all day, for want of any one to talk to: I wish you much joy of his company: he is a miserable charlatan."

The Dictator did me no more than justice in saying that I did not meddle with his politics. I had too much regard both for life and fortune to do so. However occupied I might be in *thinking* of his measures, and in judging, by the signs, of the coming storm, I abstained most scrupulously from all reference to the sultry state of the political atmosphere, or the gathering darkness that might be seen on the horizon.

To Mr. Herrera, the Dictator by *no means* did justice. With much shrewdness of character, and very gentlemanlike manners, the Buenos Ayres envoy was a man of some literary attainments, and of so happy a perception of the ridiculous, as to render him a very agreeable companion, in a country affording such ample scope for the exercise of the latter talent.

This gentleman, then, just before I sailed from Buenos Ayres in the *Ingle-sita*, requested me to wait on him at the Government-house, he being at the time Secretary of State. He told me that the government had determined to write to Dr. Francia,—knowing him to be in great want of muskets, and offering to supply them, if, in return, he would send them some Paraguay recruits. General Albear was then Director of Buenos Ayres. I was introduced to him: he confirmed Mr. Herrera's statement, and added, that as I was so well acquainted with the state of affairs, both in Paraguay and the provinces of the river Plate, the government, in its letter to the Dictator, would refer him to me for information on all matters connected with the state of the country.

A communication to this effect was accordingly put into the *Ingle-sita's* letter-bag; and it was, as a matter of course, seized, and with all the other letters and papers on board, at the time of the vessel's capture, sent to General Artigas.

Of this extraordinary man—almost as great a wonder in one way, as Dr. Francia in another—I propose to give some account in a future paper. Suffice it, in the mean time, to say, that at the period of which I now write (1814-15), Artigas, at open war with Buenos Ayres, had withdrawn from the federal union with that place, most of the interior provinces and towns on the *west* side of the river Plate, and all those on the *east* side, or Banda Oriental. Under the title of “Most Excellent Protector” of those provinces, his word became a law, and his measures, all directed against Buenos Ayres, threatened her very existence as an independent state.

Artigas was not at war with Paraguay; but he was using every underhand and seductive means in his power—sometimes resorting even to open predatory incursions into that province—to undermine the influence of the Dictator. Things were so equally poised between them—Francia being strong in his river-girt, isolated territory, and Artigas powerful by his influence over the adjacent provinces, as well as by his means of rapid locomotion with his cavalry—that each had abstained from any formal declaration of war against the other. But both were intent upon making it, the moment that either should find himself with such accession of power as should give him the decided superiority.

Meanwhile, from their respective fastnesses, they stood watching and looking at each other like two implacable beasts of prey, resolved upon the onset, yet pausing to measure, by their keen, ferocious glance, the precise moment at which it might be most advantageously made.

In this position of affairs, having sent off the *Inglesita* from the Baxada to Assumption, I returned on horseback to Buenos Ayres, thence visited the camp of General Artigas, and finally proceeded on my journey, by land, to Paraguay.

Scarcely had I set foot on that territory when I was met by a courier, which my brother had dispatched, with a letter to the following effect:—

“Assumption, 1814-15.

“My dear John,—Your vessel, the *Inglesita*, has arrived. The Dictator, however, not only refuses to permit her discharge, but has commanded me to send her back, within eight days from this time. He has ordered me, also, to quit the province, and allows me only three weeks to wind up your affairs; so that your scattered property here, and all the money owing to you, may be considered as entirely lost.

“Nor is this all. The Dictator requires me to tell you, that as you value your life, you are never again to set foot in Paraguay; and I am too well persuaded of his deadly intentions, not on the instant to dispatch our courier, Velasquez, to you with the fatal news. I beseech, I intreat of you, on no account to come here. I shall myself do all I possibly can, in the short space allotted to me, to bring your affairs to a close.

“I will then join you wherever you may direct me to do so: and be so good as to let me know your plans, that I may co-operate towards their execution as far as lies in my power. The reasons alleged by Francia for these harsh measures against you (and you know his measures to be not more harsh than his resolutions irrevocable) are two:—

“First, he says, that Captain Percy ought to have insisted, with Artigas, upon restitution of the *muskets*, as well as of your other property; and he asked me, in a tone of bitterness and indignation which I have seldom observed, even in him, if I thought it reasonable that he should permit a commerce in English rags to Paraguay, while yet the Commander of the British forces was so pusillanimous as not to protect a trade in arms? He says he will allow no such thing; and is determined they shall know,

in Great Britain, that there is at least *one* man in the world—he, too, a Dictator—that as little courts their alliance as he values their protection.

“The second source of Francia’s displeasure, he urges as originating entirely with yourself: and hence his terrible bitterness against you personally.

“It seems that among the letters taken by Artigas on board of the *Inglesita*, there was one addressed by the Buenos Ayres government to Dr. Francia, requesting him to send them recruits, in return for which they would supply him with arms. Most unfortunately, reference is made to you in this letter, as authorized by the Director Albear, to communicate with the Dictator on this and other subjects. He hence infers—and insists upon it—that you have been intriguing against him with the Buenos Ayres government: and how vain—how much worse than vain—how perilous, were all remonstrance with him to the contrary, you too well know.

“What makes the matter altogether hopeless is this: that Artigas has published, with many exaggerations, the letter in question, and is now busy distributing it among Francia’s people, and the soldiers on the frontiers of Misiones. On the strength of this document, Artigas tells the Paraguayans that their Dictator, in league with Buenos Ayres and heretical foreigners, is bargaining to send thousands of them out of the country, and to sell them, like so many flocks of sheep, for arms; and that with these, when he gets them, he will shoot or enslave his misguided countrymen.

“Under these accumulated circumstances, heightened and aggravated by the fierce, impatient jealousy of the Dictator, you will see how hazardous, not to say how reckless and rash an attempt it were on your part, to come here. I send, therefore, express, to prevent your doing so. My hope is, that the courier may meet you at Corientes, before you enter this now dangerous and forbidden land. But if he should not—if you should, ere this letter reaches you, be already in Paraguay—for God’s sake return instantly: save yourself, and relieve the anxiety of your affectionate brother,
“WILLIAM ———.”

I was already within the province of Paraguay when I received this letter. At the time the courier met me I was at full gallop for Assumption, attended by a single servant and a postillion. The road lay through a forest, dark and almost impervious; and as I reined in my horse—read the ominous epistle—looked upon the deep solitude and seclusion of the spot—the panting horses—the nearly exhausted riders—and the anxious and alarmed countenance of the courier—a fit of momentary sickness came over me, and my head felt for an instant giddy. It was *but* for an instant. I recovered immediately, and determined at once, in spite of my brother’s letter—in spite of the affectionate remonstrance of the old and faithful courier—to ride on to Assumption, and face the Dictator in his own palace. I was so completely conscious of my own innocence of the accusations laid to my charge, and I was so indignant at Francia’s conduct, after all I had suffered on his account, in the capture of my vessel, loss of my property, and imprisonment of my person at the Baxada, that I became as bold as a lion, and felt far more strongly the impossibility of his *daring* to shoot me, than I even remotely feared the chance of his doing so.

I contrived to reach Assumption at night, and rode as quietly through the town as possible, till I came to my own house. I shall not stop to describe the chill of horror and alarm which came over my brother when he saw me. He intreated, he implored, I would instantly leave the place; but he did so in vain. He soon saw, in my cool but determined resolution to meet Francia on the following day, a mind so made up as

to be absolutely impervious at once to his remonstrances and his supplications. We passed a great part of the night in conversation over our bottle of wine. I heard of the thousand cruel and arbitrary acts of which the Dictator had been guilty, since I had last been in Paraguay. My brother recounted them in animated succession, and in the affectionate though now very feeble hope that they might deter me from the risk I was about to run, of becoming one of Francia's victims. My mind, however, was thoroughly, irrevocably, made up to meet him.

Next morning, accordingly, my brother and myself went to the Dictator's palace. On our names being sent in, we were admitted, under an escort of two of his body-guard and a serjeant, to his presence.

He seemed wrapped up in an air and attitude of more than ordinary sternness and severity. I stood before him immoveable, and without uttering a word.

"How dare you, Sir," said he, "appear before me," when I gave your brother orders to prohibit your coming into the province, at the peril of your life?" Hereupon the following dialogue, transcribed almost verbatim, ensued between the Dictator and myself.

"Sir," said I, in reply to his question, "I *dare* to appear before you, because, so far from having done anything reasonably to offend you, I have risked my life to serve you; and I *dare* to appear before you, because, instead of expecting any such despotic and ungrateful appeal, I expected to receive both consolation and reward for what I have suffered."

Francia. "The letter, Sir—the letter! *why* did you countenance the Government of Buenos Ayres in writing such a letter? what made you *presume* to authorize them to write such things to me?"

"I neither did countenance, Sir, nor authorize the Government's writing *any* thing to you. If your Excellency will please to recollect that I am a private and very humble individual, you will perceive the incongruity of such a charge. What would *you* think, after you had made up your mind upon a subject, written to the Government of Buenos Ayres upon it, and told them that the bearer of your letter could give them any information they required upon the state of the country you ruled, if that Government, upon finding the contents of your dispatch unsavoury, should *take up* the bearer of it, and threaten to shoot him, because he had 'countenanced' and 'authorized' Dr. Francia to write such a letter? Sir, you *dare* not shoot me upon such a pretext; and *one* of the reasons for my appearing before you to-day, is to show you that I hold such a threat to be a mere piece of dictatorial bravado. Much as you affect to despise the English, you know very well—were it only by Captain Percy's interference for my person and property at the Baxada—that they will not allow even Dr. Francia to shoot a British subject, without a fearful foreboding, on his part, of the consequences. I do, Sir, *defy* you to take my life."

Francia. "You impertinent scoundrel, do you thus dare to speak to me, who am perpetual and supreme Dictator of this republic?"

"I do, Sir," replied I, "not only thus dare to speak to you, but I tell you that, as regards your country, you are a most despotic tyrant, and, as regards me, a most treacherous and ungrateful friend."

Francia. "Leave my presence, Sir; and if, twenty-four hours hence, I find you in Assumption, yourself shall certainly be hung up in the square, and you may not, possibly, have even a *brother* left to weep your untimely fate."

This was such an *argumentum ad hominem*, and it was followed up by so rude a grasp of the guards, as they dragged me forth from the dictatorial presence, that I was constrained per force to acquiesce. My poor brother, during the short interview which I had with the Dictator, had stood behind me, and in most affectionate solicitude, had endeavoured, but in vain, to moderate "the rancour of my tongue;" this had become "a fire,"—it could not "be tamed,"—it was for the moment "an unruly evil," and was eager to set on fire, not so much "the course of nature," as the course of Francia's most unnatural sway.

Forth, then, from the presence of the Dictator was I dragged. I was escorted to my own house by a couple of his guards; and while I rejoiced in having declared my sentiments, my *brother* rejoiced in my having escaped from death. How the Dictator was moved to a deviation from his usual practice of following up his first determination by a literal adherence to the terms of it, I cannot say; but certain it is, that *my* original sentence of death, should I put foot in Paraguay, was now commuted to a sentence of banishment, with twenty-four hours' notice to prepare for it. I delegated all preparation in the matter to my brother; and in the meantime I sallied forth to scan the feelings of my former "dear friends," and "most obedient servants," as toward a "proscribed" and "banished man."

Every inhabitant of the place—the males, with whom I had been most intimate—the females, with whom I had been most gallant—shunned me as a thing blighted and contaminated by the Dictator's displeasure. Every door was shut against my admission; every eye was turned away from the glance which in mine attempted to meet it. Hospitality, which before had greeted me with open arms, turned deadly pale at my appearance; and friendship, which had of old held out to me the right hand of cordial fellowship, shrunk back now from even the civility of external salutation. A damp, cold, fearful chill, benumbed the affections, and froze up all the genial currents of those hearts in which I had a little while ago ruled and revelled. I felt like Cain, and was ready to say to my God, "Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.—My punishment is greater than I can bear."

One cot—one lowly cot, and its inhabitants, alone did I find unchanged. It stood upon the face of a hill, embosomed in the most lovely and exuberant array of tropical profusion. Here the lofty cedar, and there the splendid palm, were waving their foliage to the evening breeze; the sugar-cane plantations were bending to the wind, and the Indian corn, tufted with its luxuriant flower, inferior only to that of the horse-chesnut, was nodding in verdant majesty, and promising unlimited abundance to the expectant cultivator of the favoured soil. Birds of every variety of plumage, and still more beautiful and mellifluous variety of song, were charming the eye, and filling the air with their notes. The turtle wooed his mate in melancholy mood; the green and yellow parrot flew cackling and chuckling to his fragrant sombre roost, the orange grove; the little "pica-flor," or humming-bird, of a thousand different hues and sizes, was taking his last flirting sip of a jessamine or a pink. At one corner of the garden of this cot you might see him, in form not larger than a bee; and in another might you behold reflected from him by the rays of the evening sun, his rich and variegated tinges of

purple, blue, and gold. Poised on his fluttering pinions, he inhaled his fragrant nectar,—and in his little sportive dalliance, and buoyant joy, did he pass from flower to flower, depriving them only by his hasty sip, of that which not impoverished them, and made him rich indeed.

This cot or cottage—call it which you will—peeped from its elevated recess upon the wide-spread glassy surface of the river Paraguay. Winding and meandering, this magnificent and silver stream, a mile in breadth, was flowing between its banks and among its woods, so rich, so verdant, and so dark as to make the liquid contrast with them of the river, almost like millennial splendour.

Gazing I stood, enraptured with the scene. Francia was forgotten: Carmensita was in my arms: I went not home that night to see my brother. I passed it with Carmen at the cottage. At early dawn I tore myself from her, and from her lowly but lovely cot. Alas! I never crossed the well-known threshold more.

Once, again, I stalked forth—"the banished man,"—the brand of proscription frightening every one from my path;—I reached my own house: here my kind brother and the servants were busied in preparations for my voyage. I *must* leave Assumption at noon: the only alternative, if I remained *now*, was death inevitable.—I *did* leave it, accordingly. I left it in the Inglesita; and as I glided down the stream, I got one parting glimpse of Carmen's cottage; and by straining my eyes, I got a last look of Carmen's self.—Pale and solitary, there she stood. One long, pure, and beautifully white robe was all her attire:—simplicity asks, and the climate permits, in Paraguay, no more. It was tied round her slender waist by a little purple band, showing a most exquisite bust, and a most finished form beneath. Her long black tresses were floating to the breeze, not even caught up by a comb. She waved her small and lovely hand to me and my departing bark; and, as I returned the sad signal of adieu, she rushed into her cot, and vanished from my eyes for ever.

It is not my intention, in this paper, to pursue my personal memoirs farther than as they are connected with Dr. Francia, or tend to illustrate his policy and develop his character.

It is with this same view that the following further occurrences and facts are adduced. Some of them happened before, some after I left Paraguay; but all of them may be relied on as having occurred, either under my own personal observation, or as having come to my knowledge from subsequent communication with persons entitled to all credit, whether from their knowledge of facts, or their veracity in the relation of them.

General Velasco, to whom I have alluded in a previous paper, as governor of Paraguay, when the revolution, by which the Spanish power was overthrown there, occurred, was a man of the most amiable and interesting character. Descended from a very old family in Spain, he had been long governor of Paraguay, under the Viceroy of Buenos Ayres. His person tall, his air military and erect, he had, nevertheless, in his countenance that which spoke humanity, kindness, and affability to be the leading features of his character. His venerable form, and his grey locks, and the remembrance of his unassuming, humane, and even-handed administration of justice, had conciliated for him at once the respect and the affection of all who knew him. When he was deposed, accordingly, from the government, and superseded by the Junta composed of Generals Yegros, Cavallero, and Dr. Francia, his very enemies

respected him so far as to leave him unmolested, and at liberty to live where he would, and move about as he pleased.

I was introduced to him soon after my first arrival in Paraguay. He was then about sixty-eight years of age. His mode of life was simple, frugal, and altogether unostentatious.

But yet there was something of the *je ne sai quoi* of the old Governor about him. Every part of his own attire was scrupulously clean; everything in his humble dwelling had an air of neatness and arrangement, which showed rather diminished means than superseded habits of elegance and taste. The plate off which he dined was beautifully bright; the small table at which he ate, and which never admitted of more than one guest, was covered with a napkin snowy white; pure and cool water, in a sparkling caraffe, showed that to be his principal beverage; for the wine stood on a small side-table, to be helped only when called for. An old and favourite butler, the only servant in attendance, stood at a distance more respectful, and waited with an attention more reverential, than it was possible he could have done during General Velasco's governorship. All this I saw when occasionally I dined with him, preparatorily to our going to shoot partridges in the evening. He was a keen sportsman, and an excellent shot. With his Spanish barrel, all inlaid with silver, and a clumsy, but very capital lock, he took his sure and graceful aim, and seldom missed his bird. Often did we together, in the cool of the evening, go forth on horseback to our two hours' exercise and sport, in the most lovely country upon which Nature ever lavished her beauties. With our favourite dogs, and our two servants—one to hold our horses, and another to alleviate our very gentle fatigue by handing us a glass of what was there a great rarity, English porter,—did General Velasco and I pass many an afternoon together, and return to his or my house, with our twelve brace of birds, to sit afterwards in the open court, and smoke a cigar under the clear moon, and the delightful and refreshing fragrance of the evening breeze. One other amusement, only, the simple and patriarchial General had. He was very fond of humming-birds, and had a dozen cages stocked with them, and hung all round his usual sitting-room. There he bred them, there he fed them; and as you walked in upon him of a forenoon, you might see him, in his morning gown, surrounded by a number of the little flutterers,—one sipping syrup from one small quill, another from another. They flew about his ears, hovered round his mouth, or pitched upon his shoulder, with all the endearment of perfect confidence and love. When tired, he shook his hands in the gentlest possible way in the midst of them, and instantly the rich and gaudy little tribe dispersed, each to its respective cage. Scarcely had it been there, however, for a moment, when it poised itself on its wings within its pretty tenement, and looked towards its kind feeder, as if alike impatient and desirous to know when it might return to him.

General Velasco was supported by the cheerful and voluntary donations of his countrymen, the old Spaniards, residing in Assumption. They ministered to his every want in a way so delicate, and so honourable to themselves, that it deserves to be recorded.

The butler had been a servant in the general's family in Spain, and left it, to accompany the member of it whom he most respected and loved, when he embarked for South America. This butler had the *entire* superintendence of all General Velasco's domestic affairs, when he was

governor. When he *ceased* to be governor, the general insisted upon his butler's providing for himself, by getting another situation. The butler remonstrated thus—"Ah! Sir, is it possible, that after having been a favoured servant of your own and your family's during twenty years of your prosperity, you should now turn me off in the bleak day of your adversity? *What* have I done to merit this?"

As Ruth to Naomi, so Benito (that was the butler's name) "*clave*" to his master. Most *honourable* butler; he *would* not go free. He said—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

Benito *did* go with his master; it was to Benito's care and kindness that all the nice arrangements about his master were to be traced. Benito first spent his own little fortune to effect this, telling his master that his friends, the old Spaniards, sent him the money, without sending their names. Benito, when his own money was done, got, *literally* in this anonymous way, *from* the Spaniards, what more was required for his master's use. Benito was his master's servant—he was also his ministering angel.

"They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided;" for when the cruel and relentless jealousy of the tyrant Francia at length laid its iron gripe upon poor General Velasco, tore him, at the age of seventy-six, from his home to a prison, and there suffered him to die of starvation, neglect, and filth—Benito, stretched out at his master's feet, survived him but one day.

The bishop of Paraguay was a man almost equally respected and equally unfortunate with General Velasco. I was introduced at the palace to his lordship, and had the honour of kissing his hand, on which sparkled a rich diamond ring. Dr. Francia told him that it was not customary for Protestants to kneel to their prelates; and that as Paraguay was now a country that tolerated all religions, I must be excused from this ceremony. The bishop very graciously acquiesced, spoke to me a good deal, and considering I could not, as a heretic, occupy a very high place in his opinion, I had much reason not only to be satisfied with the distinguished honour of kissing his lordship's hand, but to be very thankful for not having to go down on my knees. This latter ceremony was nothing more than every individual, at one time, in Paraguay, went through as he passed the bishop in the street.

He was a venerable, meek, and mild-looking man, and had belonged to the order of Franciscan friars. Francia so beset him with threats and intimidations, and not content with completely undermining his ecclesiastical power, so taunted and insulted, fretted and frightened him, that he drove him to complete mental alienation. He lingered a few years in this melancholy state, and then died in the depths and misery of poverty, wretchedness, and destitution. Not a friend was found to close his eyes; neither could there be obtained for him a separate grave. Dragged on a hurdle to the public place of burial, he was there committed, in a large hole, to his mother earth, in common with the naked wretches who had died in prison, or been executed by order of the Dictator.

The celebrated botanist Monsieur Bonpland—that Bonpland who

travelled with Humboldt during the course of his scientific researches in Mexico,—was detained many years a prisoner in Paraguay by Francia. In one of his long, stern, unrelenting moods, the Dictator resisted every effort, supplication, and influence used to obtain the liberation of Bonpland. This enterprising naturalist, having been led up the river Paraná, on botanical research, found, in a part of the Misiones territory, some fine forests of the yerba, or Paraguay tea tree. The exportation of this commodity having, under the system of Francia's non-intercourse policy, been prohibited from Paraguay, Bonpland, with the Indians residing near the spot, formed an establishment for the purpose of collecting and preparing it.

This of course excited Francia's jealousy. He equipped a small military force, sent it against the establishment of the peaceful but enterprising botanist, completely overthrew it, and carried Bonpland himself a prisoner into Paraguay. The wife and daughter of this gentleman were at the time in Buenos Ayres. His wife, after exhausting, and exhausting in vain, every effort *there*, to obtain her husband's liberation, proceeded at length to Europe, to try what could be done through the mediation of the French court, for the unhappy prisoner. The following letter, transmitted to me from Lima, by my brother, who saw Madame Bonpland there, on her return from Europe, gives a short account of the indefatigable zeal and energy of this amiable and accomplished woman. She is an honour to her sex: she is a most especial honour to the married part of it:—she is a noble, a delightful specimen of the enterprize to which, with conjugal love as the basis of it, that sex may be stimulated.

"Lima, 27th June, 1827.

"MY DEAR JOHN—Madame Bonpland arrived here a few days ago, and I have just had a long conversation with her. She is bound on the perilous enterprize of joining her husband in Paraguay; and it is impossible not to feel the highest interest in her behalf. A year ago Madame Bonpland left Rio de Janeiro with her daughter for France, and there applied to the King for a requisition of the person of Bonpland, as a French subject, from Francia. The French minister proposed addressing him as 'Dr. Francia,' simply, and Madame Bonpland was three months engaged in the arduous enterprise of getting the French cabinet to style him—'His Excellency the Dictator of Paraguay.' It was at last conceded to her, on the *solemn* promise, that the dispatch should either be delivered by her own hands, or returned to the King: so great was his Majesty's fear that the style of the address might be construed into an acknowledgment of the Doctor's government. Madame Bonpland next got a letter from Mr. Canning, begging Bonpland's person of the Dictator; and she then returned to Rio de Janeiro.

"Here she was disappointed in her hope of getting to Paraguay by the route of Matagroso. She had previously established a correspondence with General Sucre, who had offered her his assistance in getting to Paraguay, if necessary, by the interior of Peru, and so to the Brazil frontiers, on the river Paraguay, whence she could descend it, and reach Assumption.

"She sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Valparaiso, and arrived there lately. She there got letters again, from the Chile government, in favour of her husband, for Francia. She now waits here for General La Mar, (the President of Peru) to get letters to the same effect from him. She will proceed hence back to Arica, and so to La Paz. At this place she expects either to hear from Francia, or to get a military escort from General Sucre, with which to proceed straight across the country to Paraguay.

"The undertaking is as singular and arduous as can well be imagined ;

and you cannot conceive a more interesting woman *for* the undertaking than Madame Bonpland. She is of the age and figure and elegance of Lady P——y. Her face is not so handsome, but full of soul and intelligence; and she is not only accomplished and fascinating in her manners, but has a really intelligent and well-cultivated mind.

"She left her daughter at Paris, and has no companion for her proposed undertaking. Our old school-fellow, Captain Tait, of H.M.S. Volage, has agreed to give her a passage to Arica.

"I am only afraid, alas! that the savage nature, and phlegmatic, cold-blooded feelings of Francia, are totally incapable of relenting, even at the sight of female heroism in distress, like that of Madame Bonpland.

"Yours, &c.

(Signed)

WILLIAM ———."

A single glance at the map, most gracious reader (and if a man, in admiration of Madame Bonpland's devotion—if a woman, as a tribute of respect for what she could undertake,—of sympathy for what she must have suffered, you should *bestow* this glance,) a single glance at the map will show the nature and extent of her voyages and travels, for the one object of procuring her husband's liberation from captivity.

First, she sailed from the river Plate to France; thence to England; and across the Atlantic again, from England to Rio de Janeiro; from hence you will see, that had she been permitted to follow up her original intention of crossing the country to Paraguay, she might have reached Assumption in three weeks, the distance between it and Rio de Janeiro, by the land route, being not more than eight hundred miles. This, however, she could not do, and so sailed from Rio round the cold and boisterous region of Cape Horn, to Valparaiso. At Valparaiso she embarked for Lima, and sailed *back* from Lima to Arica. From hence, crossing the sandy deserts of Peru, herself the only female, escorted through a savage country by rough soldiers, she made her way to the river Paraguay, above Assumption, and then embarking in a canoe, was paddled by Indians down the stream, till she came to Francia's capital. Before she could reach this place, she must have sailed and travelled from the time of her first leaving Buenos Ayres, 21,500 miles.

She *did* then reach Paraguay—had an interview with the Dictator—prostrate at his feet, she laid her credentials before him;—she entreated, wept, implored—"Oh, Sir, restore to me my husband!" Vain were her tears, and useless were her supplications. As well might they have been addressed to the flinty rock, or the howling wind. Francia's heart was harder than the adamant—more chilling than the blast. Not only did he refuse to liberate Bonpland, but even to permit his wife to *see* him. Back she measured her desolate and solitary steps to Chile; and there in widowed sadness—her husband still alive—she set herself to earn a scanty subsistence by the establishment of a school.

Bonpland was liberated, and allowed to leave Paraguay, some years after the date of the preceding letter from Lima, in consequence of a remonstrance addressed by the French consul to Francia, from Buenos Ayres, which had, I believe, the effect of *intimidating* the Dictator.* Of the subsequent fortune or fate of Bonpland and his wife, I have had no information.

* It was intimated to him that there were then French ships of war in the river Plate, and that they would no longer permit the unjust violation either of the liberty or the property of French subjects.

“ OUR EXILE IN ENGLAND : ”

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SPANISH REFUGEES.

ENGLAND has uniformly shown an honourable sympathy with that noble little band of Spaniards—the fallen defenders of a disastrous, but inextinguishable cause—who, a few years ago, sought the shelter of her shores, after every sacrifice and every exertion that heart could prompt, or hand achieve, on behalf of the constitutional liberty of their country. Of these men, some have since died in their not inglorious exile—died with the consolation which the memory of patriotic deeds and motives must ever impart—and some who have lived on, “ bating no jot of heart or hope ” for better times, are gone back to the land of their homes, to lend fresh aid to the revived impulses of freedom—while a few, yet lingering among us in the persevering exercise of those vocations to which necessity has constrained them, present to our admiration the fine and touching spectacle of the constant mind struggling with adversity. We need no apology for offering to our readers the following brief records of such men as we have here referred to: on the contrary, when we add that their own hands have traced the originals of those records—that their own pens have furnished the memorials of their hopeful toils and their still hopeful sufferings—we feel that we arouse and interest at once those associations that have so often before caused English bosoms to thrill in their behalf. For the opportunity of laying before the public these “ short and simple annals of the brave,” we are indebted to Mr. Upcott, of whose indefatigable exertions in the collection of autographs they present a curious specimen, and one which of itself goes far towards overturning the objections so often raised against the alleged futility of such a pursuit. They are written in an album—nearly all in the native language of the contributors, from which noble tongue we have transferred them to our own—and *all* in direct continuity with each other, in agreement with that fraternal community of spirit under which their authors had acted. Those which we now offer are not the whole that appear in Mr. Upcott’s book: we may perhaps find future room to complete the series.

We would commence with General Mina, that scarred and veteran pattern of intrepid constancy, that “ *telo animus præstantior omni*,” who is at this moment actively upholding the cause of political regeneration, in support of which he has earned so many previous laurels; but the short memorandum from his pen happens to be one of mere compliment, and is written in English of a somewhat imperfect construction, which we would neither alter, nor yet incur the risk of exciting any inopportune levity of feeling by exactly transcribing it. Let him therefore pass, with three cheers (of the heart) for so gallant a soldier.

Next come we to the honoured name of General Quiroga. His account of himself is faced by a lithographic portrait, exhibiting lineaments as frank and martial as Desdemona’s self could desire. His words, translated, are as follow:—

“ Anthony Quiroga, born at Betanzos in Galicia, commenced his martial career in the Marine Guard in 1804; entered the army in 1808, at the age of 16: was wounded and made prisoner in Asturias, in 1809; owed his release to the officer in command of the escort, who then accompanied him from Venaventre to the quarters of the Spanish army; was appointed staff-officer and Colonel in 1812; took part in the actions at Valmareda,

FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.*

WHAT precedes shall suffice to illustrate the character, and principles of government, of the extraordinary man who has been the subject of this memoir. I shall now proceed to give a short account of the scenery and customs of the country of Paraguay.

It is next to impossible for those who have never left England, and even for those who have visited some of the more magnificent scenery which other parts of Europe present to the traveller, to form an adequate conception of the vastness, the grandeur, or the sublimity of some of the scenery of South America.

That of the Andes is of a huge, stupendous, and solemn character. It impresses the traveller, as he winds his apparently interminable way between masses of mountains which rear their cumbrous summits far into the clouds, or as he commences the long and laborious task of ascending the gradual acclivity, his ride to the termination of which is to constitute a day's journey, with feelings of the deepest awe and veneration.

It is such a display of the wonders of creation, as takes him utterly by surprise, because it exceeds in immensity all that his most extravagant imagination could ever grasp. It realises to him so irresistible a display of the unlimited power of the Creator, as brings home to him, with an intensity never before felt, the presence, by his works, of the Divinity who made them.

He must be a cold observer indeed, who can enter the deep and dark ravines, by which the first approach is made to those mountains, without sensations more than ordinarily solemn—impressive at once of the greatness of Him who framed the universe, and of the insignificance of the *atom man*, except considered as an immortal being, whose career is destined to be still new, when those mountains shall have “waxed old as a garment,” and when, “as a vesture they shall have been folded up.”

The scenery of the river Plate, though not of the same stupendous character as that of the Andes, would yet be noble and majestic, were there nothing but the river itself to constitute it. There is, however, much more than this, especially as you ascend toward the source of it, which is more than two thousand miles from its mouth. In the whole magnificence of its course it scarcely ever gets narrower than a mile, or a mile and a half; it is often three miles broad; and in many places it is studded with the most beautiful and extensive islands. The shore on either side is sometimes quite lost to the eye, and nothing meets it but waving forests of stately trees, alternating with large clumps of evergreen shrubs, that rise in groups “grotesque and wild,” out of the silver expanse of water by which they are surrounded.

After sailing occasionally for half a day through scenery like this, you come again to be obviously confined by the banks of the river, which are sometimes richly wooded on either side. Sometimes the water is hemmed in upon *one* side by high and precipitous banks, and

on the other overflows, like a sea, the marshy and extensive tract of land called the Great Chaco. In the whole course of this majestic stream, from the lake Xarayes, in which it has its source, to the mouth of the river Plate, a distance, we have seen, of more than two thousand miles, there is no obstruction whatever to the navigation of vessels drawing eight or nine feet of water. A ship of three hundred tons was once built at Assumption, of Paraguay timber, and floated down, without the smallest difficulty, fifteen hundred miles to the sea.

The stream of the river Plate is called the Paraguay, till it joins at the village of Corrientes, nine hundred miles below its source, a branch, larger at their confluence than the parent stream. The two streams, *united* here, flow down with an augmentation of their waters, which gives a character of greatly increased splendour and majesty to the river, now called the Paraná.

After winding from this point in a broad, placid, uninterrupted course, for more than a thousand miles, it pours its unsullied and salubrious waters into the river Plate, so first called, a little above Buenos Ayres. From hence the river deepens and widens, with occasional banks and shoals, till after a course of about two hundred miles more, it empties itself into the Atlantic, by an outlet nearly three hundred miles wide.

The flux and reflux of the tide are distinctly observable at Buenos Ayres; and the water of the river Plate, impregnated with that of the ocean, is salt at the distance of a hundred miles from this. The current of the Paraguay and Paraná runs at the rate of nearly three miles an hour toward the sea.

The manner of *navigating* the river, when the current begins to be strong, and the shores are much wooded, is curious. The Paraguayan sailors, stripping themselves, plunge into the water with a rope in their mouths. One makes his rope fast to a tree at some distance above the vessel, by which the sailors remaining on board heave or pull the little ship up against the current. By the time it gets to the tree to which the first sailor had fastened his rope, another has fastened one still higher up, by which the vessel, without delay, is again dragged along.

In the manner thus described, these Paragayan sailors, when there is little wind, or a point of headland to be got round, swim and work for hours together. In this slow and ponderous way, and by this immensely fatiguing process, day after day, little by little, they drag the vessel nearer to her destined port.

It commands at once our admiration, and excites our compassion, to see the patient and cheerful constancy with which those men endure fatigue. The vigour with which they work, and the small remuneration, and rude simple fare which they are content to receive in return, would not only excite astonishment, but breed contempt, in the mind of a London coal-heaver, whose work, without being half so laborious, is paid for at four times the rate of the Paraguay sailor's.

Though a vessel is often three months in getting up from Buenos Ayres, against the stream, to the capital of Paraguay, very few of the sailors receive more than two or three pounds for their labour during the passage; many of them work their passage up, for the mere consideration of food. This food consists in beef, cut into thin strips, and dried in the sun. They never have bread, and very often not salt

to it. They never, even incidentally, are allowed anything in the shape of spirits or wine.

And yet, to see these men seated around the fire which they have kindled on shore for the purpose of roasting their dry, hard, unsavoury fare, scanty as their garments are, and laborious as their exertions through the day have been, there is not a countenance among them but what is beaming with content. Often have I seen the cheerful blaze of their fire, on the bank of the river, shining upon a dozen swarthy physiognomies, and showing them to be lighted up into laughter, by the joke of one of their companions, or riveted in obvious delight by a story from some gifted speaker, about their native land. The pleasure, at length, of their frugal and even stale repast, but savoury conversation, being superseded by the calls of wearied nature for repose, they give themselves up to sleep. Stretched out around the embers of their fire, wrapped up in their ponchos, sheltered by trees, and covered by the sky, they find that rest which is so often denied to those who woo it by blandishments more courtly, and preparations far more cumbrous and artificial.

There is a great feeling of clanship, and love of country, among the natives of Paraguay.

When they meet in a foreign land (as Buenos Ayres is by them considered to be) they are not only inseparable, but indefatigable in their good offices one to another. You may hire them to work for much less than their natural wages, if you can give them work in company with *their own countrymen*; and few or none of them that can go back are ever known, permanently, to establish themselves *out* of Paraguay.

The country properly called Paraguay is quite distinct from the province of Buenos Ayres, which has sometimes, as a whole, been designated by that name.

Paraguay formed *part* of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres—the richest, most valuable and populous part of it. It was a bishop's see, and, as a government, esteemed next in importance to that of the Viceroy himself. It is the country in which the Jesuits first formed their most celebrated establishments, and of which I purpose hereafter to give a detailed account.

You are struck, upon your first entrance into it, by the fine clumps of trees through which you travel, emerging, ever and anon, into clear, fertile tracts of country, either laid out in cultivation or covered with the richest pasture. There is the finest possible variety of hill and dale. You see lakes spread out in silver beauty in the valley, and forests that never fade into the tints of autumn, but are covered with a foliage rich, varied, verdant throughout the year.

Springs pour their crystal waters, in all directions, down the gentle slopes of the hills, and irrigate the vale below. Cottages, lowly indeed within, but neat and numerous, peep forth from the most romantic situations, surrounded by rich and waving crops of the sugar-cane, and cotton-tree, mandioca, and tobacco; while groups of palm-trees tuft the hills, or stand out in splendid array upon the plain.

But to have a view of Paraguay scenery, in all its majesty and magnificence, it is necessary to get upon some of the hills, near the great stream which winds through the whole province, and thence to observe, for miles, the peaceful, broad, pellucid mass of water, gliding and undulating

through the country which it fertilizes, and wafting, at the same time, the commerce of it, in busy barks, with sails outspread, from one point of wooded beauty to another.

The male inhabitants of Paraguay are a very fine and hardy race of people. They *used* to be employed, before Francia's terrorism paralyzed the country, in the navigation of the river; in agriculture; in the preparation of the famous yerba, or tea; and, finally, in felling the forest-trees, in which the province abounds, and floating them in rafts to Buenos Ayres.

The lower classes of females are very industrious, and almost invariably pretty. Many of them are very ingenious at the loom. There are specimens of their manufacture of cotton cloth, resembling in its texture Indian crape, and also of lace richer than that of Brussels, which having been exhibited to some of the manufacturers of this country, they confess themselves unable to equal. These females, partly owing to the heat of the climate, and partly owing to a primitive simplicity, untruded upon or corrupted by foreign intercourse, are attired in a very simple cotton robe of their own pure white cloth. It falls down nearly to the ankle, and is girded round the waist with a band.

When they go abroad, there is suspended over the back part of their head, hanging down on either shoulder, and sometimes crossed under the chin, a scarf of the same material, edged or bordered with some pretty simple device. They go without shoes or stockings; but with their small ankles and beautiful feet washed scrupulously clean: and as the soil, where it is not of a moist sand, is covered with a fine green sward, and intersected in all directions with brooks, rivulets, and springs, the greatest cleanliness and freshness of person are a striking characteristic of the Paraguay female peasant. Every one of them, especially when filling her pitcher with the pure water which gurgles up from some chosen spring, or carrying it to her little home on her shoulder, looks like a Rebekah: and you might *almost* say of her: "The damsel is very fair to look upon, a virgin; and she goes down to the well, and fills her pitcher, and comes up and says, Drink, my lord, and hasteth and letteth down her pitcher upon her hand, and giveth him to drink."

The population of the country is estimated at 500,000 inhabitants. But this includes a great many wandering tribes of Indians, who living mostly on the Great Chaco, or western side of the river, only visit Assumption occasionally, and cannot be strictly said to be under *any* government, but that of their own respective petty chiefs.

The tribe of Indians, and that was a very large one, which was found by the original Spanish invaders, occupying the *east* side of the river Paraguay, was called the Guarani tribe of Indians. These being subdued, were established principally by the exertions of the Jesuits, in many small townships over the whole province. Each village had its priest, or padre, appointed to teach the inhabitants the principles of the Roman Catholic faith. For the regulation and superintendence of their own municipal affairs, however, which were, it is true, of a very limited and passive kind, they were allowed to nominate one of their own body, with the title of Alcalde, or Justice of the Peace. Of this distinction they were not a little proud. The privilege of being put, in any one case, on a footing of equality with the Spaniards who had invaded them; has always been acknowledged by the Indians as a mark of condescension

from a superior to an inferior race of beings; and they have ever expressed their sense of it by words and actions, constituting, in fact, adoration.

The Paraguay Indians referred to, do very little for the benefit of the community. One part of the produce of their rural industry, after maintaining themselves, goes to purchase a flounce for the Virgin Mary, or a piece of brocade for some other favourite saint. The remaining part is snapt up by the padre, or in some more indirect way extorted for the use of the church. The Indians are passionately fond of the mummery of processions and adoration of saints; and their idolatry is pretty equally divided among these, the priests themselves, and the persons holding any official situation under government. The Roman Catholic religion, in those remote regions, is to all intents and purposes one of strict idolatry.

This is one class, the Guarani Indians I mean, of the inhabitants of Paraguay. *Next* to them are the peasantry descended from the old Spaniards, and if not without a mixture of Indian blood, yet so attenuated by the lapse of time as to be now scarcely traceable. One class of this peasantry is occupied alternately as common day-labourers, collectors, and preparers of the yerba, wood-cutters, and navigators of the river. They are a fine athletic, hardy, and trustworthy race of men. The *other* class is an equally fine race. They are the possessors, generally, of small tracts of ground, which, with the cottage upon it, often repaired and sometimes wholly rebuilt, has been in possession of their forefathers for three or four generations.

The class next above these, in the scale of society, is the larger landed proprietor. His little estate yields him the sugar-cane, tobacco, mandioca, cotton, the sweet potato, and almost every other kind of vegetable, and every variety of tropical fruit. He has frequently, besides his little agricultural estate near town, his larger grazing or cattle-estate, at a considerable distance from it. He has, according to the country notions of comfort, a tolerably comfortable house, in the midst of a beautifully wooded country, finely watered, and every way fertile, and rich by nature. He lives in plainness and simplicity, but in great abundance; in very primitive ignorance, but in the exercise of much hospitality. He seldom meddles with things of the state; and is content to take rank under the better class of merchants. The classes enumerated, *with* the merchants, retail dealers, store-keepers, lawyers, priests, mechanics, and a large mixture of negro and mulatto population, make up the remaining mass of the inhabitants of Paraguay. There is little education, but a great deal of natural simplicity, and almost refinement of manner, among the better classes, particularly of the *females*, in South America; and the Englishmen who have cultivated their society, having any pretensions to be admitted to it (these pretensions, too, sometimes *very* slight), have never, I am sure, had reason to complain of the result.

The commerce of Paraguay, for a South-American state, was very great. Of the yerba it exported annually eight millions of pounds; of tobacco one million; innumerable rafts of wood were floated down the river; and considerable quantities of cotton, sugar, mandioca, earthenware, spirits, sweetmeats, and cigars, were also shipped. For these it took in return, chiefly flour (the climate being too warm for the growth of wheat), ponchos, which are a sort of coarse woollen mantle worn by the natives, and British manufactures.

The manner of procuring and preparing the yerba, or Paraguay tea, is curious. A man desiring to get a quantity of it, provides himself with a number of labourers, ten or twenty, or perhaps more. He furnishes them with ponchos for clothing, knives, axes, spirits, tobacco, and other necessaries, and himself at their head, marches to the immense and almost impenetrable forests, where the yerba-tree (for it is a large forest-tree) grows. At the entrance of the forest he adds to his other preparations a number of live bulls, for food during the time to be occupied in collecting his intended quantity of yerba. These are the only animals hardly enough to penetrate into the forest and live there. The thorns of the underwood get into their flesh; gnats, mosquitos, and every other description of insect annoy and torment them day and night.

Having arrived at the part of the forest where the cutting is to commence, the yerba collector and his gang prepare a hut for themselves, of branches of trees plastered with mud, and slightly covered with thatch. From this hut, as from a common centre of their individual operations, the yerba cutters proceed to different points of the forest, generally two together, with their hatchets, knives, and ponchos.

They commence their operations by cutting such small branches of the tree as have most leaves and young shoots upon them. These being lopt off and put in their ponchos, or tied with thongs, are brought home and deposited at head-quarters twice a day, as the stragglers return, at their stated periods, to dinner and supper. They are warned to the former meal by the perpendicular rays of the mid-day sun; and to the latter by the coming shade of the night. For many weeks, and sometimes for months, are their operations, day after day, thus carried forward. When a sufficient mass of yerba branches and leaves is collected, and a sufficient number of bulls slain to admit of their converting their hides into bags for the tea, a high stage is erected, and overlaid with the branches of the tea-tree in such a manner as to admit the flame of a fire which is kindled beneath, rising up and scorching them. The ground under the stage is well beaten so as to be perfectly hard and consistent. The embers of the fire which had been lit are now swept away; the scorched boughs and leaves are brought down from the stage to the place which the fire had occupied; and being by the heat made brittle and easily pulverized, they are now reduced nearly to powder, by the simple process of well beating them with sticks. The hides of the bulls are now cut in two, soaked, and carefully sewed, so as to make a nearly square bag or bale. The mouth of this bag being left open, the tea is put into it, and so admirably packed and beaten down with large wooden mallets, that when the mouth is sewed up, and the hide become quite dry, the package has the hardness and consistency of a stone. Small as its compass is, it is made to contain from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of the yerba. Of these bales of tea, forty thousand, annually, used to be exported from Paraguay. The price of it there was about three-pence per pound.

It is a most refreshing beverage, and was used by all classes of persons, at all hours of the day and night, in every part of Spanish South America.

When these yerba collectors issue from the woods, their first care is to provide themselves with a horse bridle, richly mounted with silver, and massive spurs and stirrups of the same metal. They then get a

large sleek horse, and having put upon him a saddle, overlaid and underlaid with many folds of fanciful finery, their pleasure is to parade about and see their friends, gamble the little money they have left, and then betake themselves once more to the yerba forest, to labour like slaves for six or eight months more.

It is very common to see a man in Paraguay, with horse furniture of the gorgeous kind I have described, without either shoe or stocking; and with a jacket, moreover, of such scanty dimensions, that one is led to suppose that the rider's system had been, from accumulated savings in broad-cloth, shoes, and stockings, to purchase a rich and massive caparison for his horse.

There is in South America (and is there not, though less obviously developed, in *England*?) much of this false and ostentatious parade. In its essential character, whatever it may be in its accidental features—whether it be mounted on horseback in Assumption, or rolling in gaudy state in London—it is one and the same sort of personage. Regardless of consistency, and ignorant of real comfort, it is ever ready to sacrifice to *show*, all the conveniences, and often the very necessities of life. When I hear of a devotee of fashionable display having first run himself out at the elbows, and then run off to the continent to retrench, I ever think of my Paraguay yerba-man setting out for the woods.

The paper which, under the title of “Doctor Francia,” has preceded this, in the April Number of the “New Monthly Magazine,” commences thus: “Such as *I have described* it, was the community of Paraguay, when the Spanish Governor Velasco, after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, was deposed.”

I forgot, in the flurry of my thoughts on the subject, that I had taken the perilous resolution of appearing in *print*; and I wrote “*have described*,” with reference to my manuscript, where the description of the Dictator's country preceded that of the Dictator *himself*.

You may now, reader, and if you have come thus far with me, most *courteous* reader, perceive, that in ushering so mighty a personage as the Dictator of Paraguay into your notice, there was a certain propriety and decorum in allowing *him* to take precedence of *his country*. In the natural order of things, I necessarily saw the country before I knew the Dictator: but we have *since* seen (for I *hope* in this we are agreed), that his country is only his footstool. You will have no difficulty, therefore, in concluding with me, that the two descriptions now stand in their proper relative places;—first, that of the Dictator,—next, that of the country. Please to read with me, then, the initiatory paragraph of my preceding paper, with the slight interlineation of a monosyllable, thus: “Such as I have” *now* “described it, was the community of Paraguay, when the Spanish Governor Velasco, after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, was deposed.” That was in the year 1811. What, under the chilling sway of the Dictator, the community of Paraguay has become *since*, you are *also* informed, from personal observation, by

A TRAVELLER.

BEGINNING LIFE AT FORTY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"Five feet eight, broad shoulders, hazel eyes, florid complexion, good nose, white teeth, high forehead, curly dark brown hair." Had I been lost or mislaid at the age of nineteen, such a description my affectionate parents might have circulated, in the fond hope of recovering their youngest treasure. *Now* alas!—but I will not anticipate.

I had good health and good spirits, and thought myself good-looking, and that is sufficient to insure happiness at nineteen. I was, however, a younger son,—the youngest, indeed, of five children,—and it was therefore my doom to dig out my own path through the world. My father had it not in his power to do more than give me a sum sufficient to buy me *the spade* with which I was to *dig it*;—in other words, to pay for my outfit. Away I went to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, in a climate where European brows are peculiarly addicted to the moisture which in genteel society is rarely named.

An uncle of mine had an estate in a West India island, and, it being considered prudent to send out somebody to look after it, I was offered an allowance, and at the same time a line of conduct was pointed out which could not fail, if diligently followed, to lead to competence, and indeed, to wealth, in the comparatively short period of twenty years.

I acceded to the proposal with delight. The climate was unhealthy; no matter, I relied confidently on the strength of my constitution, and talked of my return at the end of twenty years, with pockets full of money, as gaily as if I had been speaking of events which were expected to take place in a twelvemonth!

"How indefatigably will I toil," said I, "and how rapidly will the time pass! In twenty years I still shall be on *this* side forty, still in the very prime and vigour of life; young enough to enjoy wealth and all its advantages, and yet old enough to avoid the shoals and quicksands which would probably destroy me were I now *unfortunately* in possession of the expected treasure. How I long to be forty! would that I could overleap the intermediate years, and see myself reflected in yonder mirror, erect and robust, in the full maturity of good looks, forty years of age, with forty thousand pounds in the funds!"

I will not trouble the reader with the name of the island to which I was to be voluntarily transported, nor will point out the precise path in which I was to grub my way to independence. Whether my exertions were to be mercantile or legal,—whether I was perched for twenty years on a high stool before a higher desk,—or superintending slavery (for I am speaking of the *past*) in the open air, in a nankeen suit of *dittos*, with an immense straw hat, shall be matters left to the diligent research of the curious. I at once overleap the laborious interval, and come to the period when I found myself, as had been predicted, thirty-nine, and very rich. Be it most particularly remembered that my life during these twenty years had been one of *anticipation*. I left England for the purpose of enjoying life on my return. Enjoyment during my absence was not thought of. I had an object to gain, and every nerve was strained, every thought was devoted, to its attainment.

